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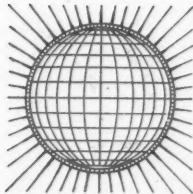
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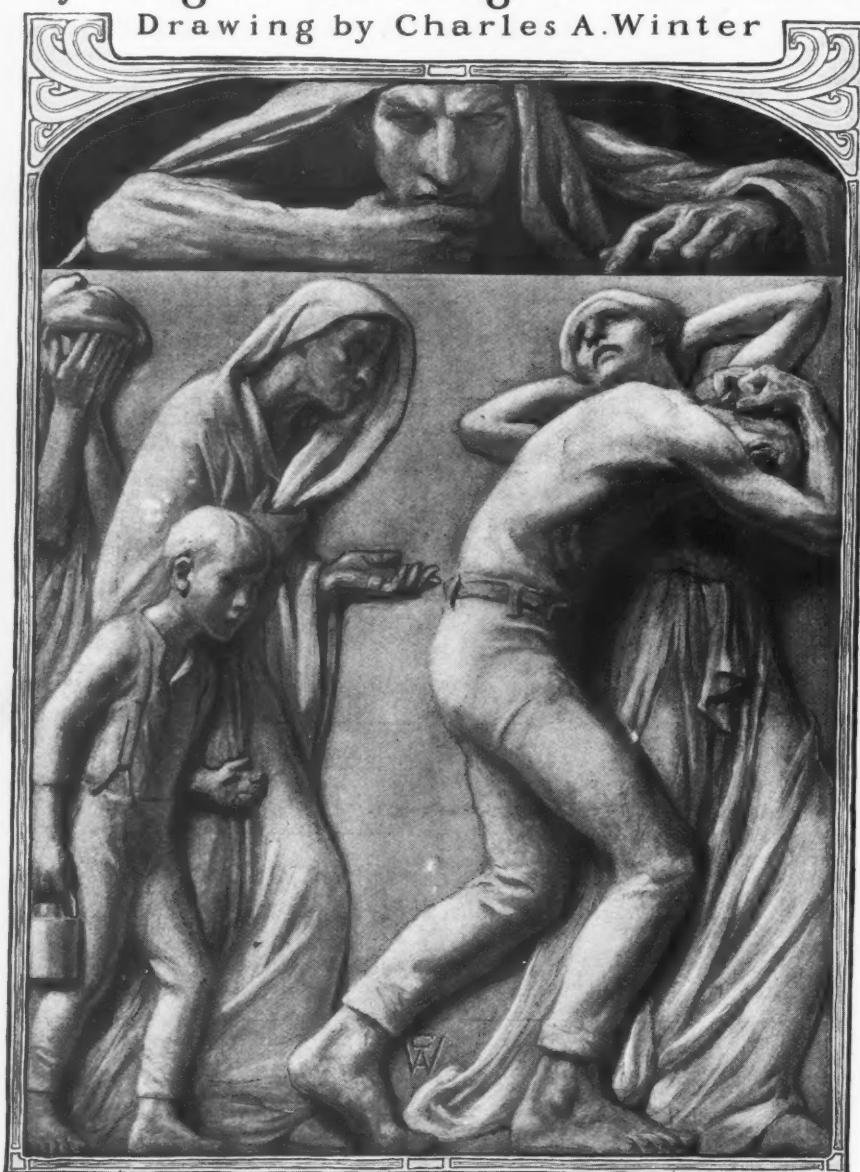


*Never were better stories told in
the pages of any magazine. Look
at the table of contents on page 3.
Read the stories. Tell a friend.*

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NECESSARY EVILS

By Reginald Wright Kauffman
Drawing by Charles A. Winter



"Necessary evil" is a contradiction in terms. When we learn this we shall do away with war, prostitution, child-labor, injustice. Nothing that is evil is necessary



UR modern manner of life is fast making man into a lazy animal. Physically it is sapping the energy of the race. Intellectually and morally we progress not because of it, but in spite of it. Most of us that can afford to go to a tailor for clothes hate to do so, because we don't like to stand up to be measured when we can get something to cover our nakedness "ready made." And we prefer to get our opinions—political, religious, and economic—in the same way. We like to reduce a complex existence to a simple proverb. We like to believe that half a loaf is better than no bread, when, as a matter of fact, it is much worse and shameful into the bargain; and whenever we are confronted by a wrong that we are afraid to attack, we fold our hands and go to sleep upon the comfortable doctrine of Necessary Evils.

Necessary evils! That is one of the basest of all the pet phrases concocted to induce the human mind to stand still and to excuse it for so standing.

When the plague strikes an Oriental city, the people do not pray to Allah to stop the plague: they believe it is a necessary evil, and so they only implore Him to move it along to the next town. Similarly, in the dawn of the race, all diseases were necessary evils, yet to-day most diseases are curable, and nearly all are preventable. About a century ago we considered it necessary that private corporations should handle the bulk of our mail-service, but now we are managing to run it pretty well for ourselves—when we have a sane postmaster-general. Chattel slavery was a necessary evil—until we stopped it. Sociologists and economists are finally agreed that poverty is no more inevitable than tuberculosis.

"Necessary evil" is a contradiction in terms. When we learn this we shall do away with war, prostitution, child-labor: we shall do away with injustice. Nothing that is evil is necessary.



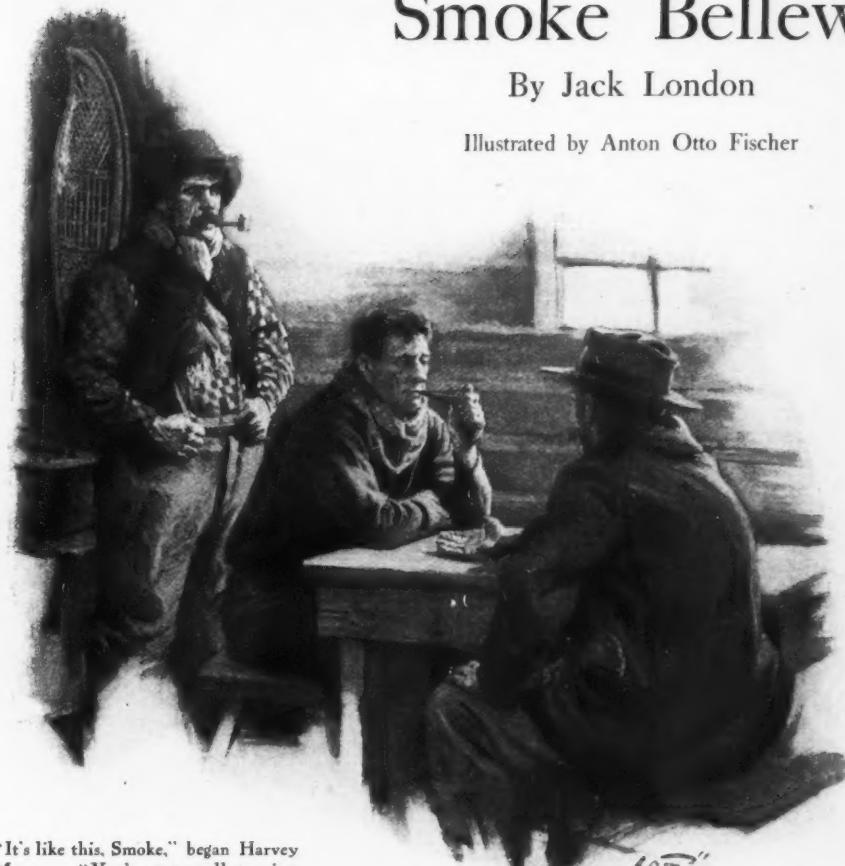
DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Rita was not at home when Valerie came into their little apartment. The parrot greeted her, shrieking from his perch

Smoke Bellew

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer



"It's like this, Smoke," began Harvey Moran. "You've got us all guessing. We don't understand."

Have you ever played a "hunch" at a quiet little game of poker? And did it make good? Smoke was not a gambler—but he did have a "hunch," and he played it to the limit. The result was that Shorty had a dream of gold from which he didn't have to wake up. This is the fourth of Jack London's great stories of the Yukon

Tale Four: Shorty Dreams

FUNNY you don't gamble none," Shorty said to Smoke one night in the Elkhorn. "Ain't it in your blood?"

"It is," Smoke answered. "But the statistics are in my head. I like an even break for my money."

All about them, in the huge barroom, arose the click and rattle and rumble of a dozen games, at which fur-clad, moccasined

men tried their luck. Smoke waved his hand to include them all.

"Look at them," he said. "It's cold mathematics that they will lose more than they win to-night, that the big proportion are losing right now."

"You're sure strong on figgers," Shorty murmured admiringly. "An' in the main you're right. But they's such a thing as facts. An' one fact is streaks of luck."

They's times when every geezer playin' wins, as I know, for I've sat in in such games an' saw more'n one bank busted. The only way to win at gamblin' is, wait for a hunch that you've got a lucky streak comin' and then play it to the roof."

"It sounds simple," Smoke criticized, "so simple I can't see how men can lose."

"The trouble is," Shorty admitted, "that most men gets fooled on their hunches. On occasion I sure get fooled on mine. The thing is to try an' find out."

Smoke shook his head. "That's a statistic, too, Shorty. Most men prove wrong on their hunches."

"But don't you ever get one of them streaky feelin's that all you got to do is put your money down an' pick a winner?"

Smoke laughed. "I'm too scared of the percentage against me. But I'll tell you what, Shorty. I'll throw a dollar on the 'high card' right now, and see if it will buy us a drink." Smoke was edging his way in to the faro-table when Shorty caught his arm.

"Hold on! I'm gettin' one of them hunches now. You put that dollar on roulette."

They went over to a roulette-table near the bar.

"Wait till I give the word," Shorty counseled.

"What number?" Smoke asked.

"Pick it yourself. But wait till I say let her go."

"You don't mean to say I've got an even chance on that table?" Smoke argued.

"As good as the next geezer's."

"But not as good as the bank's."

"Wait an' see," Shorty urged. "Now! Let her go!"

The game-keeper had just sent the little ivory ball whirling around the smooth rim above the revolving, many-slotted wheel. Smoke, at the lower end of the table, reached over a player, and blindly tossed the dollar. It slid along the smooth, green cloth and stopped fairly in the center of "34."

The ball came to a rest, and the game-keeper announced, "Thirty-four wins!" He swept the table, and alongside of Smoke's dollar stacked thirty-five dollars. Smoke drew the money in, and Shorty slapped him on the shoulder.

"Now that was the real goods of a hunch, Smoke! How'd I know it? There's no tellin'. I just knew you'd win. Why, if

that dollar of yours'd fell on any other number it'd won just the same. When the hunch is right, you just can't help winnin'."

"Suppose it had come double naught?" Smoke queried, as they made their way to the bar.

"Then your dollar'd been on double naught," was Shorty's answer. "They's no gettin' away from it. A hunch is a hunch. Here's how. Come on back to the table. I got a hunch, after pickin' you for a winner, that I can pick some few numbers myself."

"Are you playing a system?" Smoke asked, at the end of ten minutes, when his partner had dropped a hundred dollars.

Shorty shook his head indignantly, as he spread his chips out in the vicinities of "3," "11," and "17," and tossed a spare chip on the green. "Hell is sure cluttered with geezers that played systems," he expositored, as the keeper raked the table.

From idly watching, Smoke became fascinated, following closely every detail of the game from the whirling of the ball to the making and the paying of the bets. He made no plays, however, merely contenting himself with looking on. Yet so interested was he that Shorty, announcing that he had had enough, with difficulty drew Smoke away from the table.

The game-keeper returned Shorty the gold-sack he had deposited as a credential for playing, and with it went a slip of paper on which was scribbled, "Out—\$350.00." Shorty carried the sack and the paper across the room and handed them to the weigher, who sat behind a large pair of gold-scales. Out of Shorty's sack he weighed three hundred and fifty dollars, which he poured into the coffer of the house.

"That hunch of yours was another one of those statistics," Smoke jeered.

"I had to play it, didn't I, in order to find out?" Shorty retorted. "I reckon I was crowdin' some just on account of tryin' to convince you they's such a thing as hunches."

"Never mind, Shorty," Smoke laughed. "I've got a hunch right now—"

Shorty's eyes sparkled as he cried eagerly: "What is it? Kick in an' play it pronto."

"It's not that kind, Shorty. Now what I've got is a hunch that some day I'll work out a system that will beat the spots off that table."

"System!" Shorty groaned, then surveyed his partner with a vast pity. "Smoke, listen to your side-kicker an' leave system

1945 IN ASTORIA, OREGON

"Wake me up, Smoke. I'm dreamin'." Shorty moaned as the keeper paid Smoke eight hundred and seventy-five dollars. Smoke smiled, consulted his notebook, and became absorbed in calculation.



alone. Systems is sure losers. They ain't no hunches in systems."

"That's why I like them," Smoke answered. "A system is statistical. When you get the right system you can't lose, and that's the difference between it and a hunch. You never know when the right hunch is going wrong."

"But I know a lot of systems that went wrong, an' I never seen a system win." Shorty paused and sighed. "Look here, Smoke, if you're gettin' cracked on systems this ain't no place for you, an' it's about time we hit the trail again."

II

DURING the several following weeks, the two partners played at cross-purposes. Smoke was bent on spending his time watching the roulette game in the Elkhorn, while Shorty was equally bent on traveling trail. At last Smoke put his foot down when a stampede was proposed for two hundred miles down the Yukon.

"Look here, Shorty," he said, "I'm not going. That trip will take ten days, and before that time I hope to have my system in proper working order. I could almost win with it now. What are you dragging me around the country this way for, anyway?"

"Smoke, I got to take care of you," was Snorty's reply. "You're gettin' nutty. I'd drag you stampedin' to Jericho or the north pole if I could keep you away from that table."

"It's all right, Shorty. But just remember I've reached full man-grown, meat-eating size. The only dragging you'll do will be dragging home the dust I'm going to win with that system of mine, and you'll most likely have to do it with a dog-team."

Shorty's response was a groan.

"And I don't want you to be bucking any games on your own," Smoke went on. "We're going to divide the winnings, and I'll need all our money to get started. That system's young yet, and it's liable to trip me for a few falls before I get it lined up."

III

AT LAST, after long hours and days spent at watching the table, the night came when Smoke proclaimed that he was ready, and Shorty, glum and pessimistic, with all the

seeming of one attending a funeral, accompanied his partner to the Elkhorn. Smoke bought a stack of chips and stationed himself at the game-keeper's end of the table. Again and again the ball was whirled, and the other players won or lost, but Smoke did not venture a chip. Shorty waxed impatient.

"Buck in, buck in," he urged. "Let's get this funeral over. What's the matter? Got cold feet?"

Smoke shook his head and waited. A dozen plays went by, and then, suddenly, he placed ten one-dollar chips on "26." The number won, and the keeper paid Smoke three hundred and fifty dollars. A dozen plays went by, twenty plays, and thirty, when Smoke placed ten dollars on "32." Again he received three hundred and fifty dollars.

"It's a hunch!" Shorty whispered vociferously in his ear. "Ride it! Ride it!"

Half an hour went by, during which Smoke was inactive, then he placed ten dollars on "34" and won.

"A hunch!" Shorty whispered.

"Nothing of the sort," Smoke whispered back. "It's the system. Isn't she a dandy?"

"You can't tell me," Shorty contended. "Hunches comes in mighty funny ways. You might think it's a system, but it ain't. Systems is impossible. They can't happen. It's a sure hunch you're playin'."

Smoke now altered his play. He bet more frequently, with single chips, scattered here and there, and he lost more often than he won.

"Quit it," Shorty advised. "Cash in. You've rung the bull's-eye three times, an' you're ahead a thousand. You can't keep it up."

At this moment the ball started whirling, and Smoke dropped ten chips on "26." The ball fell into the slot of "26," and the keeper again paid him three hundred and fifty dollars.

"If you're plumb crazy an' got the immortal cinch, bet 'em the limit," Shorty said. "Put down twenty-five next time."

A quarter of an hour passed, during which Smoke won and lost on small scattering bets. Then, with the abruptness that characterized his big betting, he placed twenty-five dollars on "oo," and the keeper paid him eight hundred and seventy-five dollars.

"Wake me up, Smoke, I'm dreamin'," Shorty moaned.

Smoke smiled, consulted his notebook, and became absorbed in calculation. He continually drew the notebook from his pocket, and from time to time jotted down figures.

A crowd had packed densely around the table, while the players themselves were attempting to cover the same numbers he covered. It was then that a change came over his play. Ten times in succession he placed ten dollars on "18" and lost. At this stage he was deserted by the hardiest. He changed his number and won another three hundred and fifty dollars. Immediately the players were back with him, deserting again after a series of losing bets.

"Quit it, Smoke, quit it," Shorty advised. "The longest string of hunches is only so long, an' your string's finished. No more bull's-eyes for you."

"I'm going to ring her once again before I cash in," Smoke answered.

For a few minutes, with varying luck, he played scattering chips over the table, and then dropped twenty-five dollars on "oo."

"I'll take my slip now," he said to the dealer, as he won.

"Oh, you don't need to show it to me," Shorty said, as they walked to the weigher. "I been keepin' track. You're something like thirty-six hundred to the good. How near am I?"

"Thirty-six sixty," Smoke replied. "And now you've got to pack the dust home. That was the agreement."

IV

"Don't crowd your luck," Shorty pleaded with Smoke, the next night, in the cabin, as he evidenced preparations to return to the Elkhorn. "You played a mighty long string of hunches, but you played it out. If you go back you'll sure drop all your winnings."

"But I tell you it isn't hunches, Shorty. It's statistics. It's a system. It can't lose."

"System the devil. They ain't no such a thing as system. I made seventeen straight passes at a crap-table once. Was it system? Nope. It was fool luck, only I had cold feet an' didn't dast let it ride. If it'd rid, instead of me drawin' down after the third pass, I'd 'a' won over thirty thousan' on the original two-bit piece."

"Just the same, Shorty, this is a real system."

"Huh! You got to show me."

"I did show you. Come on with me now, and I'll show you again."

When they entered the Elkhorn all eyes centered on Smoke, and those about the table made way for him as he took up his old place at the keeper's end. His play was quite unlike that of the previous night. In the course of an hour and a half he made only four bets, but each bet was for twenty-five dollars, and each bet won. He cashed in thirty-five hundred dollars, and Shorty carried the dust home to the cabin.

"Now's the time to jump the game," Shorty advised, as he sat on the edge of his bunk and took off his moccasins. "You're seven thousan' ahead. A man's a fool that'd crowd his luck harder."

"Shorty, a man would be a blithering lunatic if he didn't keep on backing a winning system like mine."

"Smoke, you're a sure bright boy. You're college-learnt. You know more'n a minute than I could know in forty thousan' years. But just the same you're dead wrong when you call your luck a system. I've been around some, an' seen a few, an' I tell you straight an' confidential an' all-assurin', a system to beat a bankin' game ain't possible."

"But I'm showing you this one. It's a pipe."

"No, you're not, Smoke. It's a pipe-dream. I'm asleep. Bimeby I'll wake up, an' build the fire, an' start breakfast."

"Well, my unbelieving friend, there's the dust. Heft it."

So saying, Smoke tossed the bulging gold-sack upon his partner's knees. It weighed thirty-five pounds, and Shorty was fully aware of the crush of its impact on his flesh.

"It's real," Smoke hammered his point home.

"Huh! I've saw some mighty real dreams in my time. In a dream all things is possible. In real life a system ain't possible. Now I ain't never been to college, but I'm plumb justified in sizin' up this gamblin' orgy of oun as a sure-enough dream."

"Hamilton's 'Law of Parsimony,'" Smoke laughed.

"I ain't never heard of the geezer, but his dope's sure right. I'm dreamin', Smoke, an' you're just snoopin' around in my dream an' tormentin' me with system. If you love me, if you sure do love me, you'll just yell: 'Shorty! Wake up!' An' I'll wake up an' start breakfast."

THE third night of play, as Smoke laid his first bet, the game-keeper shoved fifteen dollars back to him.

"Ten's all you can play," he said. "The limit's come down."

"Gettin' picayune," Shorty sneered.

"No one has to play at this table that don't want to," the keeper retorted. "And I'm willing to say straight out in meeting that we'd sooner your pardner didn't play at our table."

"Scared of his system, eh?" Shorty challenged, as the keeper paid over three hundred and fifty dollars.

"I ain't saying I believe in system, because I don't. There never was a system that'd beat roulette or any percentage game. But just the same I've seen some queer strings of luck, and I ain't going to let this bank go bust if I can help it."

"Cold feet."

"Gambling is just as much business, my friend, as any other business. We ain't philanthropists."

Night by night, Smoke continued to win. His method of play varied. Expert after expert, in the jam about the table, scribbled down his bets and numbers in vain attempts to work out his system. They complained of their inability to get a clue to start with, and swore that it was pure luck, though the most colossal streak of it they had ever seen.

It was Smoke's varied play that obfuscated them. Sometimes, consulting his notebook or engaging in long calculations, an hour elapsed without his staking a chip. At other times he would win three limit-bets and clean up a thousand dollars and odd, in five or ten minutes. At still other times, his tactics would be to scatter single chips prodigally and amazingly over the table. This would continue for from ten to thirty minutes of play, when, abruptly, as the ball whirled through the last few of its circles, he would play the limit on column, color, and number, and win all three. Once, to complete confusion in the minds of those that strove to divine his secret, he lost forty straight bets, each at the limit. But each night, play no matter how diversely, Shorty carried home thirty-five hundred dollars for him.

"It ain't no system," Shorty expounded at one of their bed-going discussions. "I follow you, an' follow you, but they ain't

no figgerin' it out. You never play twice the same. All you do is pick winners when you want to, an' when you don't want to you just on purpose don't."

"Maybe you're nearer right than you think, Shorty. I've just got to pick losers sometimes. It's part of the system."

"System the devil! I've talked with every gambler in town, an' the last one is agreed they ain't no such thing as system."

"Yet I'm showing them one all the time."

"Look here, Smoke." Shorty paused over the candle, in the act of blowing it out. "I'm real irritated. Maybe you think this is a candle. It ain't. An' this ain't me neither. I'm out on trail somewhere, in my blankets, lyin' on my back with my mouth open, an' dreamin' all this. That ain't you talkin', any more than this candle is a candle."

"It's funny how I happen to be dreaming along with you then," Smoke persisted.

"No, it ain't. You're part of my dream, that's all. I've hearn many a man talk in my dreams. I want to tell you one thing, Smoke, I'm gettin' mangy an' mad. If this here dream keeps up much more I'm goin' to bite my veins an' howl."

VI

On the sixth night of play at the Elkhorn, the limit was reduced to five dollars.

"It's all right," Smoke assured the game-keeper. "I want thirty-five hundred to-night, as usual, and you only compel me to play longer. I've got to pick twice as many winners, that's all."

"Why don't you buck somebody else's table?" the keeper demanded wrathfully.

"Because I like this one." Smoke glanced over at the roaring stove only a few feet away. "Besides, there are no drafts here, and it is warm and comfortable."

On the ninth night, when Shorty had carried the dust home, he had a fit. "I quit, Smoke, I quit," he began. "I know when I got enough. I ain't dreamin'. I'm wide awake. A system can't be, but you got one just the same. There's nothin' in the rule o' three. The almanac's clean out. The world's gone smash. There's nothin' regular an' uniform no more. The multiplication table's gone loco. Two is eight, nine is eleven, and two-times-two is eight hundred an' forty-six—an'—an' a half. Anything is everything, an' nothing's all, an' twice all is

cold-cream, milk-shakes, an' calico horses. You've got a system. Figgers beat the figgerin'. What ain't is, an' what isn't has to be. The sun rises in the west, the moon's a pay-streak, the stars is canned corn-beef, scurvy's the blessin' of God, him that dies kicks again, rocks floats, water's gas, I ain't me, you're somebody else, an' mebbe we're twins if we ain't hashed-brown potatoes fried in verdigris. Wake me up, somebody! Oh, wake me up!"

VII

THE next morning a visitor came to the cabin. Smoke knew him, Harvey Moran, the owner of all the games in the Tivoli. There was a note of appeal in his deep gruff voice as he plunged into his business.

"It's like this, Smoke," he began. "You've got us all guessing. I'm representing nine other game-owners and myself from all the saloons in town. We don't understand. We know that no system ever worked against roulette. All the mathematic sharps in the colleges have told us gamblers the same thing. They say that roulette itself is the system, the one and only system, and therefore that no system can

beat it, for that would mean arithmetic has gone bug-house."

Shorty nodded his head violently.

"If a system can beat a system, then there's no such thing as system," the gambler went on. "In such a case anything could be possible—a thing could be in two different places at once, or two things could be in the same place that's only large enough for one at the same time."

"Well, you've seen me play," Smoke answered defiantly; "and if you think it's only a string of luck on my part, why worry?"

"That's the trouble. We can't help worrying. It's a system you've got, and all the time we know it can't be. I've watched you five nights now, and all I can make out is that you favor certain numbers and keep on winning. Now the ten of us game-owners have got together, and we want to make a friendly proposition. We'll put a roulette-table in a back room of the Elkhorn, pool the bank against you, and have you buck us. It will be all quiet and private. Just you and Shorty and us. What do you say?"

"I think it's the other way around," Smoke answered. "It's up to you to come and see me. I'll be playing in the barroom of the Elkhorn to-night. You can watch me there just as well."

VIII

THAT night, when Smoke took up his customary place at the table, the keeper shut down the game. "The game's closed," he said. "Boss's orders."



"Now's the time to jump the game," Shorty advised, as he sat on the edge of his bunk and took off his moccasins. "You're seven thousan' ahead. A man's a fool that'd crowd his luck harder."

But the assembled game-owners were not to be balked. In a few minutes they arranged a pool, each putting in a thousand, and took over the table.

"Come on and buck us," Harvey Moran challenged, as the keeper sent the ball on its first whirl around.

"Give me the twenty-five limit?" Smoke suggested.

"Sure; go to it."

Smoke immediately placed twenty-five chips on "oo" and won.

Moran wiped the sweat from his forehead. "Go on," he said. "We got ten thousand in this bank."

At the end of an hour and a half, the ten thousand was Smoke's.

"The bank's bust," the keeper announced.

"Got enough?" Smoke asked.

The game-owners looked at one another. They were awed. They, the fatted protégés of the laws of chance, were undone. They were up against one who had more intimate access to those laws, or who had invoked higher and undreamed laws.

"We quit," Moran said. "Ain't that right, Burke?"

Big Burke, who owned the games in the M. and G. Saloon, nodded. "The impossible has happened," he said. "This Smoke here has got a system all right. If we let him go on we'll all bust. All I can see, if we're goin' to keep our tables running, is to cut down the limit to a dollar, or to ten cents, or a cent. He won't win much in a night with such stakes."

All looked at Smoke. He shrugged his shoulders.

"In that case, gentlemen, I'll have to hire a gang of men to play at all your tables. I can pay them ten dollars for a four-hour shift and make money."

"Then we'll shut down our tables," Big Burke replied. "Unless—" He hesitated and ran his eye over his fellows to see that they were with him. "Unless you're willing to talk business. What will you sell the system for?"

"Thirty thousand dollars," Smoke answered. "That's a tax of three thousand apiece."

They debated and nodded. "And you'll tell us your system?"

"Surely."

"And you'll promise not to play roulette in Dawson ever again?"

"No, sir," Smoke said positively. "I'll promise not to play this system again."

"My God!" Moran exploded. "You haven't got other systems, have you?"

"Hold on!" Shorty cried. "I want to talk to my pardner. Come over here, Smoke, on the side."

Smoke followed into a quiet corner of the room, while hundreds of curious eyes centered on him and Shorty.

"Look here, Smoke," Shorty whispered hoarsely. "Mebbe it ain't a dream. In which case you're sellin' out almighty cheap. You've sure got the world by the slack of its pants. They's millions in it. Shake it! Shake it hard!"

"But if it's a dream?" Smoke queried softly.

"Then, for the sake of the dream an' the love of Mike, stick them gamblers up good an' plenty. What's the good of dreamin' if you can't dream to the real right, dead sure, eternal finish?"

"Fortunately, this isn't a dream, Shorty."

"Then if you sell out for thirty thousan', I'll never forgive you."

"When I sell out for thirty thousand, you'll fall on my neck an' wake up to find out that you haven't been dreaming at all. This is no dream, Shorty. In about two minutes you'll see you have been wide awake all the time. Let me tell you that when I sell out it's because I've got to sell out."

Back at the table, Smoke informed the game-owners that his offer still held. They proffered him their paper to the extent of three thousand each.

"Hold out for the dust," Shorty cautioned.

"I was about to intimate that I'd take the money weighed out," Smoke said.

The owner of the Elkhorn cashed their paper, and Shorty took possession of the gold-dust.

"Now I don't want to wake up," he chortled, as he hefted the various sacks. "Toted up, it's a seventy-thousan' dream. It'd be too blamed expensive to open my eyes, roll out of the blanket, an' start breakfast."

"What's your system?" Big Burke demanded. "We've paid for it, and we want it."

Smoke led the way to the table. "Now, gentlemen, bear with me a moment. This isn't an ordinary system. It can scarcely be called legitimate, but its one great virtue is that it works. I've got my suspicions, but



DRAWN BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"Look here, Smoke," Shorty whispered hoarsely. "Mebbe it ain't a dream. In which case you're sellin' out almighty cheap. You've sure got the world by the slack of its pants. They's millions in it. Shake it! Shake it hard!"

I'm not saying anything. You watch. Mr. Keeper, be ready with the ball. Wait. I am going to pick '26.' Consider I've bet on it. Be ready, Mr. Keeper. Now!"

The ball whirled around.

"You observe," Smoke went on, "that '9' was directly opposite."

The ball finished in "26."

Big Burke swore deep in his chest, and all waited.

"For 'oo' to win, '11' must be opposite. Try it yourself and see."

"But the system?" Moran demanded impatiently. "We know you can pick winning numbers, and we know what those numbers are, but how do you do it?"

"By observed sequences. By accident I chanced twice to notice the ball whirled when '9' was opposite. Both times '26' won. After that I saw it happen again. Then I looked for other sequences, and found them. 'Double naught' opposite fetches '32,' and '11' fetches 'oo.' It doesn't always happen, but it *usually* happens. You notice, I say 'usually.' As I said before, I have my suspicions, but I'm not saying anything."

Big Burke, with a sudden flash of comprehension, reached over, stopped the wheel, and examined it carefully. The heads of the nine other game-owners bent over and joined in the examination. Big Burke straightened up and cast a glance at the near-by stove.

"Hell," he said. "It wasn't any system at all. The table stood close to the fire, and the blamed wheel's warped. And we've

been worked to a frazzle. No wonder he liked this table. He couldn't have bucked for sour apples at any other table."

Harvey Moran gave a great sigh of relief and wiped his forehead. "Well, anyway," he said, "it's cheap at the price just to find out that it wasn't a system." His face began to work, and then he broke into laughter and slapped Smoke on the shoulder. "Smoke, you had us going for a while, and we patting ourselves on the back because you were letting our tables alone! Say, I've got some real fizz I'll open if you'll all come over to the Tivoli with me."

Later, back in the cabin, Shorty silently overhauled and hefted the various bulging gold-sacks. He finally piled them on the table, sat down on the edge of his bunk, and began taking off his moccasins.

"Seventy thousan'," he calculated. "It weighs three hundred and fifty pounds. And all out of a warped wheel an' a quick eye. Smoke, you eat'm raw, you eat'm alive, you work under water, you've given me the jimmams; but just the same I know it's a dream. It's only in dreams that the good things comes true. I'm almighty unanxious to wake up. I hope I never wake up."

"Cheer up," Smoke answered. "You won't. There are a lot of philosophy sharps that think men are sleep-walkers. You're in good company."

Shorty got up, went to the table, selected the heaviest sack, and cuddled it in his arms as if it were a baby. "I may be sleep-walkin'," he said, "but, as you say, I'm sure in mighty good company."

The next Smoke Bellew story, "*The Man on the Other Bank*," will appear in the October issue.



THE CONFESSIONS OF
Arsène Lupin

The old saying that it takes a thief to catch a thief never rang more true than when applied to the exploits of Arsène Lupin, who can be a colossal thief when he chooses—and he chooses when it pays—but an equally great detective when the occasion calls for that. We called him a great detective in introducing this series of stories, and a host of readers "called us down"—showing that M. Leblanc may count his American admirers by the thousands—but when you have read this story of how he solved a mystery that had set a continent agog we think you will agree that even Sherlock Holmes never did a prettier bit of work

By Maurice Leblanc

Illustrated by E. M. Ashe

Two Hundred Thousand Francs Reward!

TAKE a sheet of paper, old fellow, and a pencil," said Lupin.
I eagerly obeyed, delighted at the thought that Lupin, the great detective-thief, at last meant to dictate to me some of those pages which he knows how to clothe with such movement and fancy.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Quite."

"Write down, 20, 1, 11, 5, 14, 15."

"What?"

"Write it down, I tell you."

He was sitting on the sofa, with his eyes turned to the open window and his fingers occupied in rolling a Turkish cigarette. He continued:

"Write down, 21, 14, 14, 5." He stopped. Then he went on, "3, 5, 19, 19." And, after a pause, "5, 18, 25."

Was he mad? I looked at him hard, and presently I saw that his eyes were no longer listless, as they had been a little while before, but keen and attentive and that they seemed to be watching somewhere, in space, a sight that apparently captivated them.

Meanwhile he dictated, with intervals between numbers, "18, 9, 19, 11, 19."

There was hardly anything to be seen through the window but a patch of blue sky on the right and the front of the house opposite, an old private house, whose shutters were closed as usual. There was nothing particular about all this, no detail that struck me as new among those which I had had before my eyes for years.

"1, 2."

And suddenly I understood—or, rather,

I believed I understood. For how could I admit that Lupin, a man so essentially level headed under his mask of frivolity, could waste his time upon such childish nonsense? For what he was counting were the intermittent flashes of a ray of sunlight playing on the dingy front of the opposite house, at the height of the third floor.

"15, 22," said Lupin.

The flash disappeared for a few seconds and then struck the house again, successively, at regular intervals, and disappeared once more.

I had instinctively counted the flashes, and I said, aloud, "5."

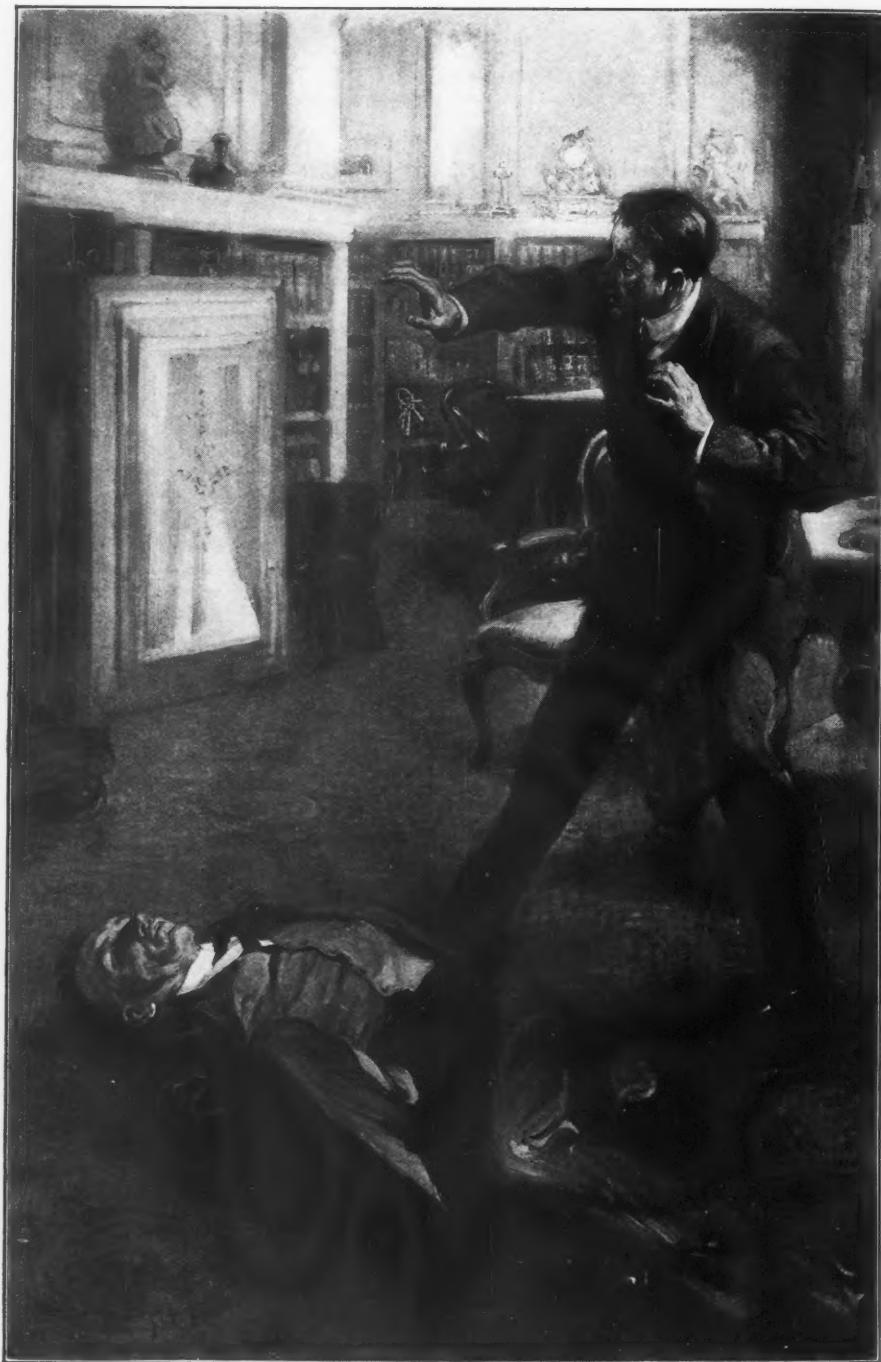
"Caught the idea? Congratulate you!" he grinned.

He went to the window and leaned out, as though to ascertain the exact direction followed by the ray of light. Then he came back and lay on the sofa again, saying:

"It's your turn now. Count away!"

The chap seemed so sure of what he wanted that I did as he ordered. Besides, I could not help confessing that there was something rather curious about the regularity of those gleams on the front of the house opposite, those appearances and disappearances, turn and turn about, like so many flash signals.

They obviously came from a house situated on the same side of the street as that on which we were, for the sun was entering my windows slant-wise. It was as though some one were alternately opening and shutting a casement, or, more probably, amusing himself by making sunlight flashes with a pocket looking-glass.



DRAWN BY E. M. ASHE

He stood there, wild-eyed, gazing at the most horrible, the most abominable sight. "The baroness!" he gasped. "The baroness! Oh, the monster!"—Page 456.

"It's a child having a game!" I cried, after a moment or two, feeling a little irritated by the silly occupation that had been forced upon me.

"Never mind, go on!"

And I counted away. And I put down rows of figures. And the sun went on playing in front of me, with mathematical precision.

"Well?" said Lupin, after a longer pause than usual.

"Why, it seems to have finished. There hasn't been anything for some minutes."

We waited and, as no further light flashed through space, I said, jestingly: "My idea is that we have been wasting our time. A few figures on paper: a poor result!"

Lupin, without stirring from his sofa, rejoined: "Oblige me, old chap, by putting in the place of each of those numbers the corresponding letter of the alphabet. Count A as 1, B as 2 and so on: do you follow me?"

"But it's idiotic!"

"Absolutely idiotic, but we do such a lot of idiotic things in this life. One more or less, you know!"

I sat down to this silly work and wrote out the first letters. "Take no—" I broke off in surprise. "Words!" I exclaimed. "Two English words meaning—"

"Go on, old chap."

And I went on, and the next letters formed more words, which I separated one from the other as they appeared. And, to my great amazement, a complete English sentence lay before my eyes.

"Done?" asked Lupin, presently.

"Done! By the way, there are mistakes in the spelling."

"Never mind those and read it out, please. Read slowly."

Thereupon I read out the following unfinished sentence, which I set down here as it appeared on the paper in front of me:

"Take no unnecessary risks. Above all, avoid attacks, approach ennemy with great prudence and—"

I began to laugh. "And there you are! *Fiat lux!* We're simply dazzled with light! But, all the same, Lupin, confess that this advice, dribbled out by a kitchen-maid, doesn't help you much!"

Lupin rose, without abandoning his contemptuous silence, and took the sheet of paper. He took a few steps up and down the room, lit a cigarette, and said, "There's something urgent here—a queer thing that

puzzles me. Why on earth wasn't the sentence finished? Why is the sentence—" He snatched up his hat and stick. "Let's be off. If I'm not mistaken, it's a business that will want an immediate solution; and I don't believe that I *am* mistaken."

He put his arm in mine, as we went down the stairs, and said:

"I know what everybody knows. Baron Repstein, the company-promoter and racing man, whose colt *Etna* won the Derby and the Grand Prix this year, has been victimized by his wife. The wife, who was well known for her fair hair, her dress, and her extravagance, ran away a fortnight ago, taking with her a sum of three million francs, stolen from her husband, and quite a collection of diamonds, pearls, and jewelry which the Princess de Béry had placed in her hands and which she was supposed to buy. For two weeks, the police have been pursuing the baroness across France and the Continent; an easy job, as she scatters gold and jewels wherever she goes. They think they have got her every moment. Two days ago, our national detective, the egregious Ganimard, arrested a visitor at a big hotel in Belgium against whom the most positive evidence seemed to be heaped up. Upon inquiry, the lady turned out to be a notorious chorus-girl called Nelly Darbel. As for the baroness, she has vanished. The baron, on his side, has offered a reward of two hundred thousand francs to whomsoever finds his wife. The money is in the hands of a solicitor. Moreover, he has sold his racing-stud, his house on the Boulevard Haussmann, and his country-seat of Roquencourt in a lump, in order to indemnify the Princess de Béry for her loss."

"And the proceeds of the sale," I added, "are to be handed over at once. The papers say that the princess will have her money to-morrow."

We had been walking down the street in which I live and had passed some four or five houses, when he stepped off the pavement and began to examine a block of flats, not of the latest construction, which looked as if it contained a large number of tenants.

"According to my calculations," he said, "this is where the signals came from, probably from that open window." He went to the portress and asked her, "Does one of your tenants happen to be connected with Baron Repstein?"

"Why, of course!" replied the good

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woman. "We have M. Lavernoux here, such a nice gentleman; he is the baron's secretary and steward. I look after his place."

"And can we see him?"

"See him? The poor gentleman is very ill."

"Ill?"

"He's been ill a fortnight—ever since the trouble with the baroness. He came home the next day with a fever and took to his bed."

"But he gets up, surely?"

"Ah, that I can't say!"

"How do you mean, you can't say?"

"His doctor won't let anyone into his room. He took my key from me."

"Who did?"

"The doctor. He comes and sees to his wants, two or three times a day. He left the house only twenty minutes ago, an old man with a gray beard and spectacles—walks quite bent. But where are you going, sir?"

"I'm going up, show me the way," said Lupin, who already had his foot on the stairs. "It's the third floor, isn't it, on the left?"

"But I mustn't!" moaned the good woman, running after him. "Besides, I haven't the key—the doctor—"

They climbed the two flights, one behind the other. On the landing, Lupin took a tool from his pocket and, in spite of the protests of the portress, inserted it in the lock. The door yielded almost immediately. We went in.

At the back of a small dark room, we saw a streak of light filtering through a door that had been left ajar. Lupin ran across the room and, on reaching the threshold, gave a cry:

"Too late! Oh, hang it all!"

The portress fell on her knees, as though fainting.

I entered the bedroom, in my turn, and saw a man lying half dressed on the carpet, with his legs drawn up under him, his arms contorted, and his face quite white, an emaciated, fleshless face, with the eyes still staring in terror and the mouth twisted into a hideous grin.

"He is dead," said Lupin, after a rapid examination.

"But why?" I exclaimed. "There's not a trace of blood!"

"Yes, yes, there is," replied Lupin, point-

ing to two or three drops that showed on the chest, through the open shirt. "Look, they must have taken him by the throat with one hand and pricked him to the heart with the other. I say, 'pricked,' because really the wound can't be seen. It suggests a hole made by a very long needle."

He looked on the floor, around the corpse. There was nothing to attract his attention, except a little pocket-mirror, the little mirror with which M. Lavernoux had amused himself by making the sun-rays dance through space.

But, suddenly, as the portress was bursting into lamentations and calling out for help, Lupin flung himself on her and shook her.

"Stop that! Listen to me—you can call out later. Listen to me and answer me. It is very important. M. Lavernoux had a friend living in this street, had he not? On the other side, to the right?"

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

"Mr. Hargrove."

"Where does he live?"

"At No. 92 in this street."

Without another word, Lupin dragged me away once more, ran down the stairs, and, once in the street, turned to the right, which took us past my flat again. Four doors farther, he stopped at No. 92, a small, low-storied house, of which the ground-floor was occupied by the proprietor of a drinking-shop, who happened to be standing, smoking, in his doorway, next to the entrance-passage. Lupin asked if Mr. Hargrove was at home.

"Mr. Hargrove went out about half an hour ago," said the publican. "He seemed very much excited and took a taxicab, a thing he doesn't usually do."

"And you don't know where he was going?"

"Well, there's no secret about it. He shouted it loud enough! 'Police Headquarters' is what he told the driver."

Lupin was just hailing a taxi himself, when he changed his mind, and I heard him mutter: "What's the good? He's too far ahead of us."

He asked if anyone had called after Mr. Hargrove had gone.

"Yes, an old gentleman with a gray beard and spectacles. He went up to Mr. Hargrove's, rang the bell, and went away again."

"I am much obliged," said Lupin, touching his hat.



"Write down, 21, 14, 14, 5,"
said Lupin. Then he went on, "3,
5, 19, 19." And, after a pause, "5, 18, 25."

He walked away slowly, without speaking to me and with a thoughtful air. There was no doubt that the problem struck him as very difficult and that he did not see very clearly in the darkness through which he seemed to be moving with such certainty. He himself, for that matter, confessed to me:

"There are cases that require much more intuition than reflection. But this one, I may tell you, is jolly well worth while troubling about."

We had now reached the boulevards. Lupin entered a public reading-room and spent a long time consulting the newspapers of the past fortnight. Now and again, he mumbled:

"Yes, yes, of course. It's only a guess, but it explains everything. Well, a guess that answers every question is not far from being the truth."

It was now dark. We dined at a little restaurant, and I noticed that Lupin's face gradually became more animated. His gestures were more decided. He recovered his spirits, his liveliness. When we left, and during the walk which he made me take along the Boulevard Haussmann, toward Baron Repstein's house, he was the real Lupin of

the great occasions, the Lupin who had made up his mind to act and to win the battle.

We slackened our pace just short of the Rue de Courcelles. Baron Repstein lived on the left-hand side, between this street and the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, in a three-storied private house of which we could see the front embellished with columns and caryatids.

"Stop!" said Lupin suddenly.

"What is it?"

"Another proof to confirm my supposition."

"What proof? I see nothing."

"I do. That's enough."

He turned up the collar of his coat, lowered the brim of his soft hat, and said:

"By Jove, it'll be a stiff fight! Go to bed, my friend. I'll tell you about my expedition to-morrow—if it doesn't cost me my life."

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, I know what I'm saying! I'm risking a lot. First of all, getting arrested, which isn't much. Next, getting killed, which is worse. But—" He gripped my shoulder. "But there's a third thing I'm risking, which is getting hold of two millions. And, once I have a capital of two millions,

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I'll show people what I can do! Good-night, old chap."

I walked away. Three minutes later—I am continuing the narrative as he told it to me next day—three minutes later, Lupin rang at the door of the Hotel Repstein.

"Is monsieur le baron at home?"

"Yes," replied the butler, examining the intruder with an air of surprise, "but monsieur le baron does not see people as late as this."

"Does monsieur le baron know of the murder of M. Lavernoux, his steward?"

"Certainly."

"Well, please tell monsieur le baron that I have come about the murder and that there is not a moment to lose."

A voice cried from above, "Antoine, show the gentleman up."

In obedience to this peremptory order, the butler took Lupin up to the first floor. In an open doorway stood a gentleman whom Lupin recognized, from his photographs in the papers, as Baron Repstein, husband of the famous baroness and owner of *Etna*, the great horse of the year. He was a very tall, square-shouldered man. His clean-shaven face wore a pleasant, almost smiling, expression, which was not affected by the sadness of his eyes. He was dressed in a well-cut suit of morning-clothes, with a tan waistcoat and a dark tie fastened with a pearl pin, the value of which struck Lupin as considerable.

He led the way into his study, a large, three-windowed room, lined with book-cases, sets of pigeonholes, an American desk, and a safe. And he at once asked, with obvious alacrity, "Do you know anything?"

"Yes, monsieur le baron."

"About the murder of that poor Lavernoux?"

"Yes, monsieur le baron, and about madame la baronne also."

"Do you really mean it? Quick, I entreat you."

He pushed forward a chair. Lupin sat down and began:

"Monsieur le baron, the circumstances are very serious. I will be brief."

"Yes, do, please."

"Well, monsieur le baron, in a few words, it comes to this: a few hours ago, Lavernoux, who, for the last fortnight, had been kept by his doctor in a sort of enforced confinement, Lavernoux—how shall I put it?—telegraphed certain revelations by means of

signals which were partly taken down by me and which put me on the scent of this case. He himself was surprised while in the act of making this communication and murdered."

"But by whom? By whom?"

"By his doctor."

"Who is this doctor?"

"I don't know. But one of M. Lavernoux's friends, an Englishman called Hargrove, the friend, in fact, with whom he was communicating, must know and must also know the exact and complete meaning of the communication, for, without waiting for the end, he jumped into a motor-cab and drove off to the headquarters of police."

"Why? Why? And what is the outcome of that measure?"

"The outcome, monsieur le baron, is that your house is surrounded. There are twelve detectives under your windows. The moment the sun rises, they will enter in the name of the law and arrest the criminal."

"Then is Lavernoux's murderer concealed in my house? Who is he? One of the servants? But no, for you were speaking of a doctor!"

"I would remark, monsieur le baron, that, when this Mr. Hargrove went to the police to tell them of the revelations made by his friend Lavernoux, he was unaware that his friend Lavernoux was going to be murdered. The step taken by Mr. Hargrove had to do with something else."

"With what?"

"With the disappearance of madame la baronne, of which he knew the secret, thanks to the communication made by Lavernoux."

"What! They know at last! They have found the baroness! Where is she? And the jewels? And the money she robbed me of?"

Baron Repstein was talking with extraordinary excitement. He rose and, almost shouting at Lupin, cried:

"Finish your story, sir! I can't endure this suspense!"

Lupin continued, in a slow and hesitating voice, "The fact is, you see, it is rather difficult to explain, for you and I are looking at the thing from totally different points of view."

"I don't understand."

"And yet you ought to understand, monsieur le baron. We begin by saying—I am quoting the newspapers—by saying, do we not, that Baroness Repstein knew the secret of all your affairs, and that she was able to open not only that safe over there,

but also the one at the Crédit Lyonnais in which you kept your securities locked up?"

"Yes."

"Well, one evening, a fortnight ago, while you were at your club, Baroness Repstein, who, unknown to yourself, had turned all those securities into cash, left this house with a traveling-bag containing your money and all the Princess de Béry's jewels?"

"Yes."

"And, since then, she has not been seen?"

"No."

"Well, there is an excellent reason why she has not been seen."

"What reason?"

"This, that Baroness Repstein has been murdered."

"Murdered! The baroness! But you're mad!"

"Murdered—and probably that same evening."

"I tell you again, you are mad! How can the baroness have been murdered, when the police are following her tracks, so to speak, step by step?"

"They are following the tracks of another woman."

"What woman?"

"The murderer's accomplice."

"And who is the murderer?"

"The same man who, for the last fortnight, knowing that Lavernoux, through the situation which he occupied in this house, had discovered the truth, kept him imprisoned, forced him to silence, threatened him, terrorized him; the same man who, finding Lavernoux in the act of communicating with a friend, made away with him in cold blood by stabbing him through the heart."

"The doctor, therefore?"

"Yes."

"But who is this doctor? Who is this malevolent genius, this infernal being who appears and disappears, who slays in the dark and whom nobody suspects?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"And do you want to know?"

"Do I want to know! Why, speak, man, speak! You know where he is hiding?"

"Yes."

"In this house?"

"Yes."

"And it is he whom the police are after?"

"Yes."

"And I know him?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?" demanded the baron.

"You!"

"I!"

Lupin had certainly not been ten minutes with the baron; and the duel was commencing. The accusation was hurled, definitely, violently, implacably.

Lupin repeated: "You yourself, got up in a false beard and a pair of spectacles, bent in two, like an old man. In short, you, Baron Repstein."

The baron drew himself up and looked at Lupin as though he undoubtedly had to do with a madman, and then, without taking his eyes from his strange visitor, he went to the fireplace and rang the bell.

Lupin did not make a movement. He waited, smiling.

The butler entered. His master said:

"You can go to bed, Antoine. I will let the gentleman out."

"Shall I put out the lights, sir?"

"Leave a light in the hall."

Antoine left the room, and the baron, after taking a revolver from his desk, at once came back to Lupin, put the weapon in his pocket, and said, very calmly:

"You must excuse this little precaution, sir. I am obliged to take it in case you should be mad, though that does not seem likely. No, you are not mad. But you have come here with an object which I fail to grasp, and you have sprung upon me an accusation of so astounding a character that I am curious to know the reason. I have suffered so much disappointment and undergone so much suffering that an outrage of this kind leaves me indifferent. Continue, please."

His voice shook with emotion, and his sad eyes seemed moist with tears.

Lupin shuddered. Had he made a mistake? Was the surmise which his intuition had suggested to him and which was based upon a frail groundwork of small facts, wrong?

His attention was caught by a detail: through the opening in the baron's waistcoat, he saw the point of the pin fixed in the tie and was thus able to realize the unusual length of the pin. Moreover, the gold stem was triangular and formed a sort of miniature dagger, very thin and very delicate, yet formidable in an expert hand. And Lupin had no doubt but that the pin attached to that magnificent pearl was the weapon which

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had pierced the heart of the unfortunate M. Lavernoux. He muttered,

"You're jolly clever, monsieur le baron!"

The other, maintaining a rather scornful gravity, kept silence.

"Yes, jolly clever, for it is evident that the baroness only obeyed your orders in realizing your securities and also in borrowing the princess's jewels on the pretense of buying them. And it is evident that the person who walked out of your house with a bag was not your wife, but an accomplice, that chorus-girl probably, and that it is your chorus-girl who is deliberately allowing herself to be chased across the continent by our worthy Ganimard. And I look upon the trick as marvelous. What does the woman risk, seeing that it is the baroness who is being looked for? And how could they look for any other woman than the baroness, seeing that you have promised a reward of two hundred thousand francs to the person who finds the baroness? Oh, that two hundred thousand francs lodged with a solicitor: what a stroke of genius! It has dazed the police! It has closed the eyes of the most far-sighted! A gentleman who lodges two hundred thousand francs with a solicitor is a gentleman who speaks the truth. So they go on hunting the baroness! And they leave you quietly to settle your little affairs, sell your stud and your two houses to the highest bidder, and prepare your flight! Heavens, what a joke!"

The baron did not wince. He walked up to Lupin and asked, without forsaking his imperturbable phlegm, "Who are you?"

Lupin burst out laughing. "What can it matter who I am? Take it that I am an emissary of fate, looming out of the darkness for your destruction!"

He sprang from his chair, seized the baron by the shoulder and jerked out:

"Yes, for your destruction, my bold baron! Listen to me! Your wife's three millions, almost all the princess's jewels, the money you received to-day from the sale of your stud and your real estate: it's all there, in your pocket, or in that safe. Your flight is prepared. Look, I can see the leather of your portmanteau behind that hanging. The papers on your desk are in order. This very night, you would have taken French leave. This very night, disguised beyond recognition, after taking all your precautions, you would have joined your chorus-girl, the creature for whose sake you com-

mitted murder, that same Nelly Darbel, no doubt, whom Ganimard arrested in Belgium. But for one sudden, unforeseen obstacle: the police, the twelve detectives who, thanks to Lavernoux's revelations, have been posted under your windows. They've cooked your goose, old chap! Well, I'll save you. A word through the telephone; and, by three or four o'clock in the morning, twenty of my friends will have removed the obstacle, polished off the twelve detectives; and you and I will slip away quietly. My conditions. Almost nothing; a trifle to you: we share the millions and the jewels. Is it a bargain?"

He was leaning over the baron, roaring at him with irresistible energy. The baron whispered: "I'm beginning to understand. It's blackmail."

"Blackmail or not, call it what you please, my boy, but you've got to go through with it and do as I say. It's your money or your life, my lord! Share and share alike; if not the scaffold! Is it a bargain?"

A quick movement, the baron released himself, grasped his revolver, and fired. But Lupin was prepared for the attack, the more so as the baron's face had lost its assurance and gradually, under the slow impulsion of rage and fear, acquired an expression of almost bestial ferocity that heralded the rebellion so long kept under control.

He fired twice. Lupin first flung himself to one side and then dived at the baron's knees, seized him by both legs, and brought him to the floor. The baron freed himself with an effort. The two enemies rolled over in each other's grip; and a stubborn, crafty, brutal, savage struggle followed.

Suddenly Lupin felt a pain at his chest. "You villain!" he yelled. "That's your Lavernoux trick; the tie-pin!"

Stiffening his muscles with a desperate effort, he overpowered the baron and clutched him by the throat.

"You ass!" he cried. "If you hadn't shown your cards, I might have thrown up the game! You have such a look of the honest man about you! But what a biceps, my lord! I thought for a moment— But it's all over now! Come, my friend, hand us the pin and look cheerful. No, that's what I call pulling a face. I'm holding you too tight, perhaps? My lord's at his last gasp? Come, be good! That's it, just a wee bit of string round the wrists: do you allow me? Why, you and I are agreeing like two brothers! It's touching! At heart, you know,

I'm rather fond of you. And now, my bonnie lad, mind yourself! And a thousand apologies!"

Half raising himself, with all his strength he caught the other a terrible blow in the pit of the stomach. The baron gave a gurgle and lay stunned and unconscious.

"That comes of having a deficient sense of logic, my friend," said Lupin. "I offered

you half your money. Now I'll give you none at all—provided I know where to find any of it. For that's the main thing. Where has the beggar hidden his dust? In the safe? By George, it'll be a tough job! Luckily, I have all the night before me."

He began to feel in the baron's pockets, came upon a bunch of keys, first made sure that the portmanteau behind the curtain



Suddenly, as the portress was bursting into lamentations and calling out for help, Lupin flung himself on her and shook her. "Stop that! Listen to me—you can call out later!"

held no papers or jewels, and then went to the safe.

But, at that moment, he stopped short: he heard a noise somewhere. The servants? Impossible. Their attics were on the top floor. He listened. The noise came from below. And, suddenly, he understood: the detectives, who had heard the two shots, were banging at the front door, as was their duty, without waiting for daybreak. Then an electric bell rang, which Lupin recognized as that in the hall.

"By Jupiter!" he said. "Pretty work! Here are these jokers coming, and just as we were about to gather the fruits of our laborious efforts! Tut, tut, Lupin, keep cool. What's expected of you? To open a safe, of which you don't know the secret, in thirty seconds. That's a mere trifle to lose your head for! Come, all you have to do is to discover the secret! How many letters are there in the word? Four?"

He went on thinking, while talking and listening to the noise outside. He double locked the door of the outer room and then came back to the safe.

"Four ciphers, four letters—four letters. Who can lend me a hand? Who can give me just a tiny hint? Who? Why, Lavernoux, of course! That good Lavernoux, seeing that he took the trouble to indulge in optical telegraphy at the risk of his life. Lord, what a fool I am! Why, of course, why, of course, that's it! By Jove, this is too exciting! Lupin, you've got to count ten and suppress that distracted beating of your heart. If not, it means bad work."

He counted ten and, now quite calm, knelt in front of the safe. He twisted the four knobs with careful attention. Next, he examined the bunch of keys, selected one of them, then another and attempted, in vain, to insert them in the lock.

"There's luck in odd numbers," he muttered, trying a third key. "Victory! This is the right one! Open sesame, good old sesame, open!"

The lock turned. The door moved on its hinges. Lupin pulled it to him, after taking out the bunch of keys.

"The millions are ours," he said. "Baron, I forgive you!"

And then he gave a single bound backward, hiccupping with fright. His legs staggered beneath him. The keys jingled together in his fevered hand with a sinister sound. And for twenty, for thirty, seconds,

despite the din that was being raised and the electric bells that kept ringing through the house, he stood there, wild eyed, gazing at the most horrible, the most abominable, sight: a woman's body, half dressed, bent in two in the safe, crammed in, like an over-large parcel, fair hair hanging down.

"The baroness!" he gasped. "The baroness! Oh, the monster!"

He roused himself from his torpor, suddenly, to spit in the murderer's face and pound him with his heels.

"Take that, you wretch! Take that, you villain! And, with it, the scaffold!"

Meanwhile, shouts came from the upper floors in reply to the detectives' ringing. Lupin heard footsteps scurrying down the stairs. It was time to think of beating a retreat. In reality, this did not trouble him greatly. During his conversation with the baron, the enemy's extraordinary coolness had given him the impression that there must be a private outlet. Besides, how could the baron have begun the fight if he were not sure of escaping the police?

Lupin went into the next room. It looked out on the garden. At the moment when the detectives were entering the house, he flung his legs over the balcony and let himself down by a rain-pipe. He walked around the building. On the opposite side was a wall lined with shrubs. He slipped in between the shrubs and the wall and at once found a little door which he easily opened with one of the keys on the bunch. Of course—and this he had reckoned on—the police had not provided for this secret outlet.

"Well, what do you think of Baron Restein?" cried Lupin, after giving me all the details of that tragic night. "What a dirty scoundrel! And how it teaches one to distrust appearances! I swear to you, the fellow looked a thoroughly honest man!"

"But what about the millions?" I asked.

"The princess's jewels?"

"They were in the safe. I remember seeing the parcel."

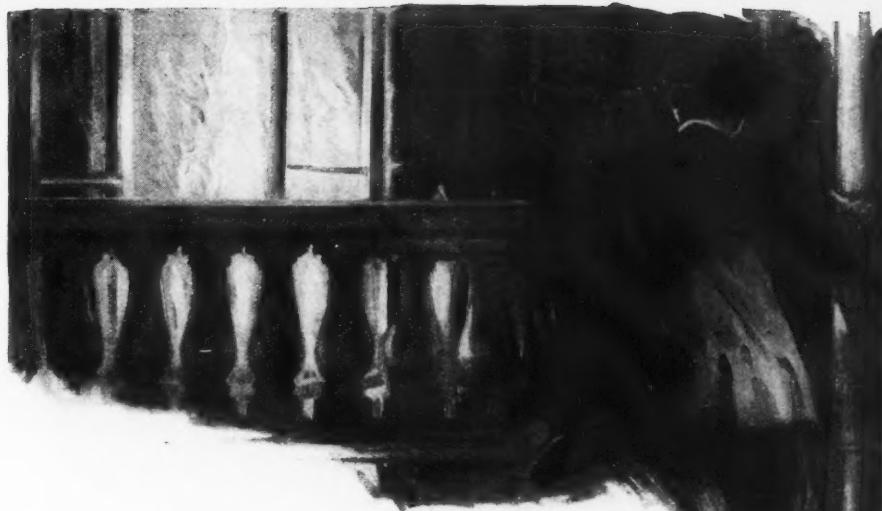
"Well?"

"They are still there."

"Impossible!"

"They are, upon my word! I might tell you that I was afraid of the detectives, or else plead a sudden attack of delicate feelings. But the truth is simpler—and more prosaic: I couldn't stand the sight I saw in the safe!"

"What?"



At the moment when the detectives were entering the house, he flung his legs over the balcony and let himself down by a rain-pipe

"No, I couldn't do it. My head swam. Isn't it silly? Look, this is all I got from my expedition: the tie-pin. The bed-rock value of the pearl is thirty thousand francs. But, all the same, I feel jolly well annoyed. What an awful sell!"

"One more question," I said. "The word that opened the safe!"

"Well?"

"How did you guess it?"

"Oh, quite easily! In fact, I am surprised that I didn't think of it sooner."

"Well, tell me."

"It was contained in the revelations telegraphed by that poor Lavernoux."

"What?"

"Just think, my dear chap, the mistakes in spelling."

"The mistakes in spelling?"

"Why, of course! They were deliberate. Surely, you don't imagine that the steward, the private secretary of the baron—who was a company-promoter, mind you, and a racing-man—did not know English better than to spell 'necessery' with an e, 'attack' with one t, 'ennemis' with two n's, and 'prudance' with an a! The thing struck me at once. I put the four letters together and got 'Etna,' the name of the famous horse."

"That makes it all quite simple!" I exclaimed.

"Very simple. And the incident once more shows that, in the discovery of crimes, there is something much more valuable than the examination of facts, than observations, deductions, inferences, and all that stuff and nonsense. What I mean is, as I said before, intuition—intuition and intelligence. And Arsène Lupin, without boasting, is deficient in neither the one nor the other!"

Arsène Lupin's next confession, entitled "***The Infernal Trap,***" will appear in an early issue.





Love likes to shut his eyes to money matters when he is dreaming dreams, but the wise girl will make him stand and thrash the subject out

Marriage: A Question of Cash

By Margaret E. Sangster

Illustrated by Nell Brinkley

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author of this article, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, is, as our readers know, unquestionably the highest authority we have on practical questions relating to the home. We expect to have other articles from time to time by Mrs. Sangster, dealing with various phases of home life in which each of us—married or unmarried—is vitally interested. Here the question of marriage is discussed. Which is it—romance or hard cash?

A NEW ENGLAND deacon with a well-deserved reputation for stinginess hurried his wife and daughters into their conveyance one Sunday morning after service. The good man's temper was ruffled, and the bystanders had the benefit of his comments on the sermon. "I came to hear the gospel," he said, "and I have had to listen to a lot of nonsense about happiness and home and how to spend my money." The patient little wife tucked into the back seat with her scornfully smiling girls understood that certain sentiments expressed by the pastor had been offensive to her husband, who was of the miserly type and grudged her the handling of the income from the

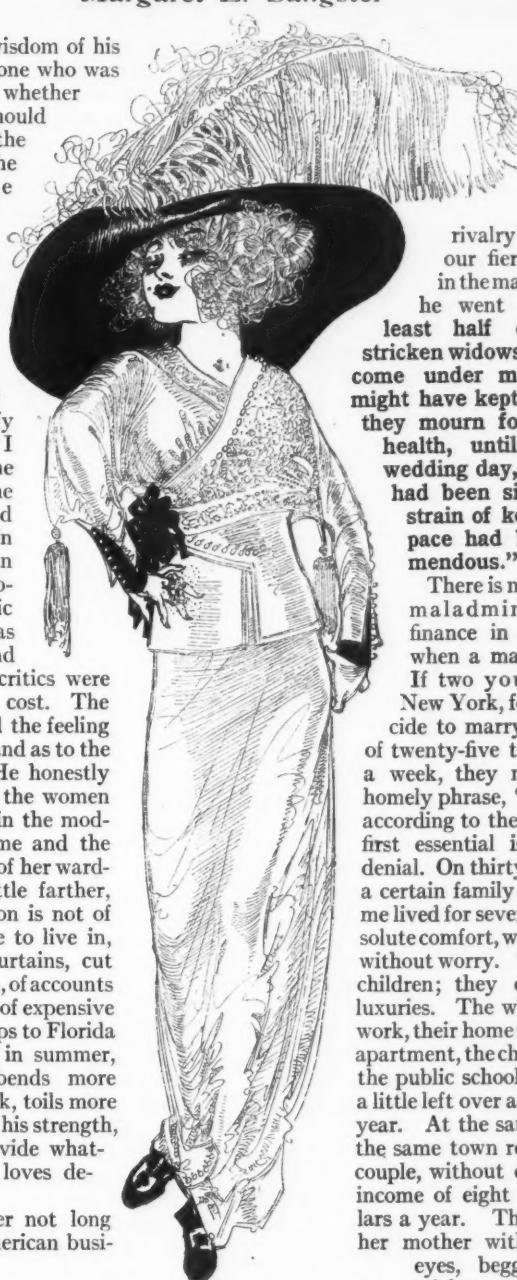
butter and eggs, which in that region was the time-immemorial perquisite of the farmer's wife.

The president of one of our oldest colleges remarked, in a conversation on the infelicities of marriage, that more divorces were due to mismanagement of domestic finance than to any other single cause. Long ago Christopher North, in a brilliant essay, affirmed his conviction that whoever held what was called the key of the kist and the siller, in the partnership of marriage, held the key of the situation in the interests of permanence, comfort, and tranquillity.

I was talking one day with a sensible, commonplace man, one of the vast majority who compose the rank and file, and was

impressed with the wisdom of his conclusion that the one who was the better manager, whether wife or husband, should be the one to have the casting vote as to the disposition of the money which belonged rightfully to both. The American husband is usually chivalrous, generous, and open handed, reluctant to deny his wife anything he can give her and anxious to gratify her slightest wish. "I want Elsie to have the biggest hat and the longest feather and the prettiest gown in the village," I heard an adoring husband observe when the topic under discussion was that of millinery and two or three thrifty critics were descanting upon its cost. The man put in a nutshell the feeling of the ordinary husband as to the toilet of his wife. He honestly wants her to surpass the women of her acquaintance in the modishness of her costume and the elegance and variety of her wardrobe. He goes a little farther, and when the question is not of dress, but of a house to live in, of rugs, furniture, curtains, cut glass, silver, and china, of accounts in department stores, of expensive hospitality, and of trips to Florida in winter or abroad in summer, the man simply bends more strenuously to his task, toils more than hitherto beyond his strength, and contrives to provide whatever the woman he loves demands at his hand.

An eminent lawyer not long ago said that the American business man often reached the breaking-point at fifty and dropped



"I want Elsie to have the biggest hat and the longest feather and the prettiest gown in the village."
I heard an adoring husband observe

into his grave prematurely. "Life is hard upon men," he said, "in the stress and strain of our terrible

rivalry at home and our fierce competition in the market. I know,"

he went on, "that at least half of the grief-stricken widows whose affairs come under my supervision might have kept the husbands they mourn for, in life and health, until the golden-wedding day, if their wants had been simpler and the strain of keeping up the pace had been less tremendous."

There is no excuse for the maladministration of finance in the household when a man is on salary. If two young people, in New York, for instance, decide to marry on an income of twenty-five to thirty dollars a week, they must, to use a homely phrase, "cut their coat according to their cloth." The first essential is mutual self-denial. On thirty dollars a week a certain family well known to me lived for several years in absolute comfort, without debt and without worry. They had three children; they dispensed with luxuries. The wife did her own work, their home was a suburban apartment, the children attended the public school, and they had a little left over at the end of the year. At the same time and in the same town resided a young couple, without children, on an income of eight thousand dollars a year. The wife went to her mother with tears in her eyes, begging that she might return with her husband to the home of her girlhood. "We are in debt up to our eyes," she said;

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"we cannot live on Jack's salary, and I wish I had never married." A woman of this peculiar type insisted in my hearing that it was impossible to live without fresh flowers on the table every day in the year. "It is simple enough," she said. "You merely give the florist an order, and he keeps you supplied."

ONE ROAD TO FAMILY BANKRUPTCY

One sometimes attends a charming reception in a beautifully appointed house, where servants are in waiting to anticipate every desire, where music is furnished by a famous orchestra and a caterer has supplied a feast that lacks nothing in ostentation and variety. The costumes of the women in the receiving line have cost a fortune. **The shimmer of pearls and the luster of diamonds in the toilets of our republican queens and princesses outshine in splendor the ancestral ornaments of the nobility of Europe.** We are nothing if not lavish. Occasionally, as the afternoon grows late, a guest who is intimate in the family may shake hands with a gentleman who is quietly keeping out of sight in a corner of the drawing-room. He it is who pays for all this elegance, and the tragedy of it is that he cannot always afford even the reception itself or its publicity among his financial friends. The man is too often walking on thin ice. He is tided over crises in business by the accommodation of men who have faith in him, and are willing to give him aid. They withdraw their assistance when they learn, perhaps in chance allusion to the matter at home, that his wife entertains with extreme display, and, presto! a crash comes. **A diamond sunburst is sometimes the explanation of a man's bankruptcy.** He could not refuse his wife the decoration on which she had set her heart, and though it possibly was purchased on credit and had not yet been paid for, its effulgence effectually eclipsed his good name and led to his failure.

DOES YOUR DAUGHTER WEAR LYNX FURS?

The daughter of a man who, in a year of hard times, was precariously holding on to the foothold he had secured in business made up her mind that life for her would not be worth living unless she could have a set of lynx furs. Lynx fur was very expensive that season, but she declined to be contented with gray squirrel or any other

substitute, and she positively declared that she would not be seen on the street without furs. Morning, noon, and night she hampered away with amiable persistence, coaxing her father with kisses, wheedling him with loving attentions, and distressing him with tears. She succeeded, and her furs were handsomer than those of any other girl in her set. She looked extremely winsome when she wore them, and incidentally they made imperative an entirely new and bewitching outfit, without which they would have been too fine for good taste. By the time the daughter was arrayed for the season in the garb she and her mother considered essential to their position in society, a strong-willed and conservative friend of the father, who had been his backer and had stood by him firmly, determined, as he said, to draw out and have no more to do with the affairs of Jonathan Blank. "I cannot give my daughter the regalities that his Jane parades in, and I am not going to stand any longer with my hard cash behind such a fool as he must be." The result was calamity. Not only did Jonathan Blank go to the wall in business, but before two years were over he slipped out of existence, a broken-hearted wreck. His widow opened a boarding-house, and the daughter, whose lynx furs had been paid for at so great a price, was glad to sell them for what they would bring. She had had no particular training for self-support, and as the woman who has not specialized in a money-earning pursuit is in these days not wanted anywhere she had plenty of time to lament her early mistake. The probability is that she never attributed her father's downfall and death to her self-indulgence or her foolish vanity.

QUEER NOTIONS OF ECONOMY

Women are fatally myopic about their own stupidity. In the same breath in which they accept the fact that they must retrench, they will plan an excursion that will swallow up the fruits of a year's retrenchment. On the same day in which they have resolved that they will not spend an unnecessary cent, they will come triumphantly home laden with unconsidered trifles belonging to the realm of chiffons, this and the other a miracle of a bargain, behold! amounting to as much as should have been spent in that direction in the course of a twelvemonth. The man of the house, if generous, admires what is shown



DRAWN BY WILL BARNET

Courtship is the vestibule of marriage. It is a season of dreams and romance; but our youthful lovers should devote a few of their poetic evenings to the plain prose of money, for a new home is a new enterprise, and in other new enterprises the responsible parties start at the foundation with a thought of the budget

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him, inwardly registering a vow that his shoes shall be resoled again and his last year's suit be sent to the cleaner's, mended and pressed and made to do duty for another season.

THE END OF HAND-ME-DOWNS

Is there a remedy for a disease that is sapping our vitality and undermining our strength? We deplore the cost of living, and we go on living beyond our means. Under the incessant pressure of anxiety about money, wives grow weary and fancy themselves disillusioned, and husbands become irritable, morose, and hard to live with. The claims of the rising generation are continually more insistent than once they were. The hand-me-downs of former years and simpler times have become lost to memory. When I was a child the first essential looked for by a notable matron, when buying a dress for a growing girl, was its wearing quality. "Will it stand wear and tear, and when daughter number one has had it for a season may it be relied upon to make over for daughter number two?"

THE STRENUOUS DAYS OF "EXTRAS"

The children of that day did not dream of party dresses and dancing-school frocks in variety. At present in their early teens the raiment of young girls costs nearly as much as the trousseau of a bride formerly did. Somehow, with the advance of the higher education synchronizing with advanced ideas about old mahogany, hardwood floors, and rich blending of colors in house-furnishing, our standards have completely altered. There is every reason in the world why our sons and daughters should go to college, why they should be placed where they can receive the best intellectual training and be most successfully prepared for filling their stations in maturity. The American father and mother of to-day have in many instances possessed the advantages of liberal culture. Looking back, however, they must admit that the superfluities of college life at present are in excess of what they recall when they were undergraduates. The extras are formidable and seem incredible. A dance is no longer a simple affair in which youths and maidens join with the accompaniment of a piano or a violin. It means carriages, flowers, hired music, and a string of expenses, adding immensely to the original sum on which

parents had counted when they sent the children away from home. A girl on her spring vacation, returning to college for the final term, must go to her father and explain to him the necessity of various final outlays no one of which she can forego. When the girl and the boy return to their home everything there must be lifted a step higher. I believe with all my heart, as I have said, in the advantages of a liberal education, but I have gradually been forced to the conclusion that there should be choice and limitation in the matter. The education that educates young people away from simplicity, that gives them ideals of refinement and ultimate goals apart from reality and aloof from the practical, is likely to flood us with a host of incapables. The remedy, for surely there is one here, is in greater independence of thought and a return to the customs of a half-century ago. **We shall hear less about the difficulty of obtaining and keeping help in our kitchens when we women understand that the happiest homes, and those which are run with the minimum of friction, are the homes in which women do most of the work themselves. The remedy for the cost of living to-day is in the decision that living shall cost less.**

WHO WILL PAY THE BILLS?

There is another aspect of marriage and domestic finance worth considering, and were the suggestions growing out of it generally adopted the net result would be evident in thousands of homes. Courtship is the vestibule of marriage. Courtship is a season of dreams and romance. In marriage the dreams come true, and the romance continues in roseate charm and ever-increasing delight, or else the exact opposite happens—the romance turns into prosaic reality, and the dreams prove false. **When two young people are in love and have in contemplation the entire surrender of their lives to each other, they would do well to look at the future with clear eyes and from every possible point of view.** They are to marry, and marriage in its highest form is sacramental. They are to begin a new home. A new home is a new enterprise. In other new enterprises the responsible parties start at the foundation with a thought of the budget. Estimates are made, items of all sorts are set down, and a provisional balance-sheet is evolved.



Our youthful lovers should devote a few of their poetic evenings to the plain prose of money. If a girl is marrying into the army or the navy there is usually the most candid revelation, on the part of her gallant young suitor, of the income on which the two must live. In neither the army nor the navy is there found the stupid rivalry as to fashion and display so common almost everywhere else. Everyone knows almost precisely upon what everyone else may count, and the wives of officers, from the lowest to the highest in rank, while they may be envious of one another's charms, popularity, or accomplishments, do not stoop to envy one another's home or manner of living. This is equally true of the wives of professional men in the ill-paid ranks of teaching and in the clerical profession. The wives of ministers do not trouble themselves overmuch concerning the style in which the manse or the rectory of a friend is adorned and carried on. Still, it behoves the young man and the young woman even in these professions to arrive at a plain understanding before marriage as to the disposition of their income. Are they

to be recognized partners in business? The same rule applies with much greater force to the great army of business men whose incomes vary from a thousand or two up to many thousands a year. It applies as well to the multitude who must all their lives depend upon fixed salaries. Those who may suppose themselves exempted from any previous consideration of ways and means are the comparatively smaller contingent of many-millioned men. Yet for everyone, for richer and for poorer alike, there must be shelter, food,

"We are in debt up to our eyes," she said; "we cannot live on Jack's salary, and I wish I had never married." On such a ladder of discontent love easily goes out the window

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fuel, clothing, a margin for illness, for travel, and for incidentals. In every case the style of living should be arranged beforehand, and while it is desirable that a wife should have her personal allowance for personal expenses, above what she requires for housekeeping expenses, it is desirable also that she shall fully understand the sources of her husband's income, the amount of money he must use in or devote to his business, and the amount that can be saved for a rainy day. In the days of courtship, the man's whole being is absorbed in worshiping the beloved object. On her part, the beloved object is ready to sacrifice her preferences, opinions, and caprices to the faintest intimation of a wish on the part of her future lord. With marriage, naturally and inevitably, comes the realization that the two who are to be hereafter comrades and partners are still individuals with aims and wills as wholly their own as before they met. If they can bring common sense and fairness and justice to bear upon the question of money, they may be assured that there will be little friction on other subjects. If only this can be talked over and arranged before marriage, the new home will start under favorable auspices. There will be little danger of the "rift within the lute." **Much in this world must always be compelled to lean upon the exchequer.** After all, whether there is much or little to be used, the important feature is not the amount, but the management.

I hold a brief for the American husband, the most unselfish, courteous, and devoted husband the wide world around. The weakest thing about him is that if his wife asks for a diamond tiara, and he cannot obtain it for her, he reviles himself and, metaphorically, sits down and bewails his day. Now and then, in extreme cases, his weakness tempts him over the brink of rash

speculation; it may be, with other people's money. Then, in due course, the pair in which he occupies the place as senior partner rush prosperously for a while along a brilliant path, and then suddenly dash down a toboggan slide of disaster. Catastrophe is sure to overtake recklessness, waste, and dishonesty.

The American wife at her best is a level-headed, gracious, sweet, and sensible woman. Her prevailing mistake in our modern days is that she measures everything in her own life against the life of a neighbor or friend many degrees above her in the possession of this world's goods. Avoiding this fallacy and reducing the difficult proposition of income and outgo to its appropriate terms, there is no reason why she should not be the happiest wife under the sun.

Unfortunately, three-fourths of our women act upon feeling and not upon reason; impulse instead of judgment is their guide. They decline to take a back seat if they have been accustomed to one in front. The passion for motor-cars which has swept like a devouring tornado across the continent is not half so much the passion of men as of women. For generations, it may be, women have been treated so much like grown-up children that they have not received the definite and positive training in finance which might enable them to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials. Far be it from me to cast reproach or slur upon self-denying, pure-hearted, and faithful women—mothers, wives, and daughters—yet under my observation has fallen within recent years more than one shameful divorce that was directly due neither to the parsimony nor the infidelity of the man, but to the extravagance and insatiate determination, on the part of a blundering and thoroughly selfish woman, to have and to spend great sums of money.



Why We Are Living Together

Letters by the hundred have come in about the two stories by Mrs. Van de Water, "Why I Left My Husband" and "Why I Left My Wife," which we printed in the April and July issues of the *Cosmopolitan*. "Why We Are Living Together" is another study in story form of the topsy-turvy relations which sometimes cause disastrous upsets in married life. We should like to hear from you very frankly your opinion of the man and the woman in this story.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Author of "Why I Left My Husband," "Why I Left My Wife," etc.

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

SOME persons express surprise that one marriage out of every dozen ends in divorce or separation. To my way of thinking, the marvel is that the percentage is so small. I have wondered at it times without number. Yet John Wallace and I still live together. Perhaps other couples have reasons as cogent as ours for not separating, reasons which, so far as the world can see, have kept us a united pair for all these years.

Marriage without love is a crime, say good people. How about a marriage in which the parties to the contract have ceased to love each other? Is life together under such circumstances sin? That is a question which I ask myself often. Up to the present date it has remained unanswered.

I was twenty-five years old when I married. I had been a teacher in a public school in a suburban town to which John Wallace came one spring to superintend the erection of a house for which he had drawn the plans. The wife of the owner of the house had been kind to me, and, through her, I met the successful young architect. At the end of three months we were engaged; at the end of a year we were married. My younger sister, just graduated from normal college, took my place in the village school. She also took my place in the home, for she and I were the only children, and our salaries were of material help to our parents. We had lived simply in a cottage, keeping no servant, although the heavy tasks—such as the laundry work and scrubbing—were performed by a woman who "came in" two days a week. But my sister and I were in the habit of washing our daintiest belongings, such as fine handker-

chiefs and neckwear; while, assisted by our mother, we did all the cooking, sweeping, dusting, dish-washing, and bed-making.

I mention these facts because they may explain one of the attractions which John Wallace's life and surroundings had for me. I did not like the sordid household tasks. My taste was for fine and beautiful things, and when John offered himself to me I knew that, with himself, went his social position, his growing income, a pretty home, and recreations such as I craved.

That I was in love with him I did not doubt. Certain it was that he was in my thoughts day and night, and that, had our engagement been broken, I would have felt that my life was ruined. But in this matter of love it is hard to dissociate the object from his surroundings. And his surroundings threw a glamour over John.

I know that he loved me, for, if not, why did he marry me? I acknowledge that I was good looking, and I was as well born as he. That my father had failed in business years before, and had never succeeded at anything since then, did not alter this fact.

Of course, when we married, John and I went to the city to live. I loved the metropolis and the busy, rushing life there, and I doubt if any bride was ever happier in her new home than I was at first.

John was older than I. He was thirty-three when we were married. During his bachelor days he had made many friends, some of whom I liked, and others of whom I did not admire. He insisted that I be nice to them all. I did not fancy this idea. Now that I was independent of the need of propitiating members of a Board of Education, or the wives of school trustees, I wanted to

Why We Are Living Together

enjoy this freedom. To me, it seemed insincere to be especially nice to rich people in the hope that they might, as John said, "give him a job." I told him this when he regretted that I had not made myself more agreeable to a man by whom I had chanced to sit at a dinner-party the night before.

"He has influence, and can get me a great deal of work," explained my husband.

"How?" asked I.

"He owns a lot of property that is increasing in value and, as he sells to men whom he knows and with whom his word goes, he could, naturally, mention my name as a good fellow to make plans for the buildings they expect to put up. Moreover, he is interested in city affairs, and, by advising managers of public institutions to engage my services, can throw thousands of dollars in my way. So you should have been nice to him. And you weren't. I kept an eye on you, and you scarcely talked to him at all."

"I know it," I said, irritated at this criticism of my manners. "He talked of nothing but himself and his money. That kind of thing is not good form."

My husband frowned. "I wish," he demurred, "that you would try to put aside those school-teacher notions of yours. You judge every man by what he talks about. It is quite possible for a man to chat of himself and his income and yet be respectable. You are narrow, Isabel."

"Do you call it narrowness not to care to 'work' a man for what one can make out of him?" I argued.

"It is narrowness to feel oneself too independent to try to promote one's husband's prosperity by being nice to a possible patron!" he declared hotly.

He renewed the subject the next morning. "Isabel," he began, "you remember that we were talking of Jacob Welch yesterday. You may recall that I took his wife in to dinner the same night on which you snubbed her husband. Well, she is a nice little thing. I told her you would be glad to have her call on you, for she said she would like to know you better."

"But, dear," I protested, "they're such ordinary people—she and her husband!"

John laughed good-naturedly. "But, dear," he mocked, "they're such influential people—she and her husband! So be nice when Mrs. Welch calls."

She came, and I was as pleasant as I could be to a woman with whom I had nothing in

common. The next week she wrote, asking us to dine with her ten days later.

"I don't care to accept," I told my husband. "The dinner is going to be one of those big, formal affairs to which we have not been invited before because we are not in the rich set. I've heard enough about them not to want to go."

"Well, I do want to go," insisted John. "At least, while I do not expect to derive any particular pleasure from the function, I know that it may mean business. So write a letter accepting."

I felt my face flush. "And my preferences count for nothing?" I queried. "In other words, you care more for the chance of making money out of these *nouveaux riches* than you do for your wife's wishes!"

John shrugged his shoulders. "I find," he said, smiling disagreeably, "that my wife likes very well the things that money buys."

"You mean to remind me," I quavered, "that I was poor when you married me! I was, but I was not common—and these, your friends, are!"

"For pity's sake, don't begin to cry, as usual!" he protested impatiently. "Whatever my friends may be they are kind hearted and, presumably, not self-centered. This is shown by their asking you to dine with them when you have done nothing to make yourself agreeable to them. Your intolerable self-sufficiency allows you to think that any effort on your part is unnecessary."

I burst into tears, but they were tears of rage. With a muttered exclamation of disgust, my husband left the room, slamming the door as he did so.

I thought long over the invitation. And, as I mused, I decided to write an acceptance before John could say anything more about the affair. I appreciated in my sober moments that the patronage of this rich and influential public man might, as my husband claimed, mean more money in our purses. I also knew that if I did not comply with John's wishes I would be putting myself in the wrong in his eyes. So I wrote at once to Mrs. Welch, thanking her and saying that we hoped to be with her on the date set.

When I told John that I had accepted the invitation over which he had "made so much fuss," he remarked that he was "glad I had come to my senses about the matter." I bit my lip, but, for that time at least, held my peace.

On the night of the big dinner I dressed with great care. I thought I was still enough of a girl to look well in the dainty white China crape gown I wore. It was modestly décolleté, for I do not like very low-cut waists. My gown had a demi-train, and I wore white stockings and slippers. I thought that I looked rather well, and John confirmed me in this belief, only he put his opinion in the superlative.

As I removed my wraps in the dressing-room of the great house, assisted by a supercilious maid, I glanced at another woman who had just entered. Solomon in all his glory would have looked like a Friar of Orders Gray by comparison with her. Her shimmering satin gown shaded from scarlet to orange; a rope of pearls was on her neck, and her dress was so décolleté that I dropped my eyes for fear she would see me looking at her. Then I went downstairs.

Here I found that the costume I had just

beheld was but one of many—all gorgeous, all with long trains, all cut low—some to the point of indecency. Jewels sparkled from necks, breasts, and coiffures, and when the guests removed their gloves at table they revealed fingers loaded with rings. I felt like a meek and short-tailed white Leghorn hen in a poultry-yard full of peacocks. The voices of the women, too, reminded me of the gorgeous and discordant fowl to whom I have likened them. It was a comfort to remember that men must dress in black, and that, while they may roar, they do not screech.

With this thought in mind I looked across the table to where John sat next his hostess, chatting as easily as if he had been brought up in this set. The sight irritated me. I shook myself mentally, reminded myself that I was better born than these people, and, meeting John's warning glance, turned to the man by whom I sat and talked to him as fast and as thoughtlessly as my tongue would permit. I think I was assisted to this fluency by the champagne which accom-

panied the dinner—this being the only drink which I tasted, although I observed that my husband sipped a little liquid from each of the several glasses before him.

I was not used to champagne, and perhaps the sense of depression which came

later in the evening was but the reaction



I burst into tears, but they were tears of rage. With a muttered exclamation of disgust my husband left the room, slamming the door as he did so

John Sloan's Watercolor

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from the unaccustomed stimulant. Certain it is that when we women sat in the drawing-room while the men lingered in the dining-room over their liquor and cigars, I had to make an almost visible effort to enter into conversation.

What a dreary evening it was! And yet, as the men came in from the dining-room, and I suggested to John that it was time to leave, he looked genuinely disappointed and expressed surprise at the lateness of the hour. In the cab on our way home he asked,

"Well, did you have a good time?"

"I can't remember," I said slowly, "that in all my life before I ever had such a dreadful evening. Those women were the greatest bores I ever knew. They think that life consists in buying clothes and jewelry. Both the men and women are common, through and through."

"I noticed," returned my husband, with a vexed laugh, "that you managed to enjoy their champagne pretty thoroughly, and you did not seem much bored as long as you had a man next you to whom to talk!"

And this was his appreciation of my sacrifice! I thought it over that night and wondered if any man was ever grateful. A few days later when John told me of an order he had received from Mr. Welch to submit to him plans for a new country place, I only remarked that I was "glad some good came out of so much discomfort."

John looked at me for a moment, then said sarcastically: "Wifely sympathy in one's work is delightful. In your case it is conspicuous by its absence."

I have dwelt at such length upon the above incident because in looking back at our married life it seems that, until this time, my husband and myself had never really had any hard feeling, or any serious difference of opinion. I always felt that the Welch episode was the entering wedge that split the unseasoned wood of our married life.

John's plans for the Welch country place were approved, and, that he might keep an eye on the work as it progressed, it was decided that we take a furnished cottage in the vicinity the following summer. I was willing to do this, for I liked the outdoor life and preferred having our own home to going to a summer hotel. I decided to have Sarah, my sister, spend her vacation with us. A distant cousin was to visit my parents for a few months, and suggested that Sarah take

a needed rest during this period. So my young and attractive sister came to us.

I did not appreciate how young and attractive she really was until I saw John's eyes light with pleasure when she came down the cottage stairs to dinner the night of her arrival. The day had been intensely hot. A new cook had come to me that morning, and I had spent much of the afternoon in the kitchen, explaining to her the whereabouts of the various utensils, and initiating her into the mysteries of the range, which, upon occasion, refused to "draw." This had been one of those occasions. When Sarah arrived I welcomed her heartily, then sent her up to her room to wash and rest before dinner-time. Just before the arrival of the train on which I expected John from town, where he had been spending the day, I slipped off to my own room, and, too tired to make an elaborate toilet, twisted up my hair plainly, and put on a thin wrapper, feeling that there would be at dinner only "home people" who would excuse my negligée on this warm evening. I was sure that John did not mind when I made my explanation. But when, a few minutes later, a footfall on the stairs made us both look through the open door of the living-room in which we sat, I wished that I had spent more time on my toilet, heat or no heat. For John uttered an exclamation of pleased surprise at the sight of my sister, and I saw him glance involuntarily at me, and knew that he was comparing his wife in her wrapper with his sister-in-law in her dainty costume. The irony of the situation was that this was the only time, except when I was actually ill, that I had ever failed to dress for dinner. Sarah wore a crisp and cool-looking frock, short sleeved and open at the neck. There was no color about her gown, nothing but filmy, transparent white. Her cheeks were slightly flushed by the heat; her golden hair, which, from babyhood, had always curled naturally in warm weather, made a soft fluff of brightness about her face; her eyes were as wide and blue as a child's. Her figure was perfect, petite and well rounded. She was indeed a fair vision.

My husband sprang to his feet and met her at the foot of the stairs with outstretched hands. To my astonishment, and, I think, to hers also, he bent and kissed her.

"Little sister," he said, in his full, rich voice, "how good it is to see you! And how

fine it is to know that we are to have you here for three months to come!"

She flushed with pleasure, and I echoed my husband's words, but somehow they did not ring true. I had longed to have Sarah with me, and yet, since witnessing John's greeting, I was not as much pleased at her presence as I had expected to be. And I did wish that I had dressed for dinner!

The presence of a pretty girl in one's home precludes the possibility of a quiet time. I learned this soon after Sarah's arrival, as the young people in the neighborhood, after meeting her once, wanted to know her better. What were called in the country community "the summer folks," formed a jolly colony. Sarah was almost as popular with the girls as with the men. She was what is known as "a man's woman," yet her own sex liked her, too. She seemed so naive that the only persons who suspected her of not being an *ingenue* were the matrons whose husbands admired her.

I confess that I was one of these. That my husband found in my pretty sister a charming companion was somewhat of a surprise to me, for I had never seen him really attentive to any woman but myself. I said nothing about it until one afternoon when the express-wagon, delivering parcels that had come

out from the city, left at our door a superb hamper of fruit, addressed to Sarah.

"From one of your admirers!" I said jokingly.

I did not for a moment associate the arrival of the fruit with the fact that John had gone into town that morning on an early train.

"I really believe it is from Brother John," she said eagerly. "Last night I told him that I thought the farmers about here supply us with the meanest peaches and plums I ever ate, and that I would like to go into town long enough to get all the fruit I want."

"Don't flatter yourself," I remarked dryly. "John has not the

habit of remembering that kind of hint. I have asked him three times lately to bring out some fruit from the city, and he has forgotten the request before he reached the front gate."

By this



The words leaped up at me: "For the dearest of little sisters—
from 'Brother John'"

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time Sarah's fingers had torn off the stout paper wrappings, and the hamper stood uncovered. Beneath the lid which she lifted was a mass of plums—yellow, purple, and crimson—rows of luscious peaches, and clusters of golden pears. An envelope lay on top of the fruit. I glanced over Sarah's shoulder as she drew forth the card it enclosed. The words leaped up at me:

For the dearest of little sisters—from "Brother John."

I turned away abruptly and entered the house. Sarah ran after me.

"Isabel!" she exclaimed, "you are not angry, are you?"

"Of course not," I asserted, trying to speak indifferently. "Only, it is amusing to see how John remembers your hints for fruit, and forgets my requests for it."

"But, dear, this is for you, too—all that you want of it. You know"—with a laugh—"that I could not eat all of that stuff in a month. And I know John would want you to have some."

Her words angered me. That my sister was telling me what my own husband would wish irritated me unspeakably. I jerked myself away from her detaining hand.

"When I want you to interpret John's wishes so far as I am concerned I will tell you, Sarah. I am aware that had you not almost asked for the fruit he would never have sent it to you. As you are our guest, he could hardly refuse to comply with your suggestion, especially when you prefaced it by the information that in our home you missed the delicacies you craved."

Sarah's temper, too, rose at this slur. "And yet you suggested a few minutes ago that John had gratified *my* desires and slighted *yours!*" she retorted. "You are a trifle inconsistent, my dear sister!"

A guest coming up the walk interrupted our altercation, and, leaving Sarah to greet him, I ran up-stairs. Alone, I tried to face the situation. How should I meet it? I could not deny that I had put myself in the wrong by showing my sister that my husband's action had angered me. But, since I recognized this, I could be on my guard not to let John suspect that I was hurt. I called on my pride to help me, and, at dinner that night, it stood me in good stead, for I chatted and laughed gaily with two young men, Sarah's friends, who were dining with us. More young people called in the even-

ing, and, after a while, Mr. and Mrs. Welch came by in their automobile and sat with us for a half-hour. When they left, I lingered to talk for a moment with the girls and their escorts, who, in hammocks and rockers, half filled our veranda; then, explaining that, as I had a slight headache, I would ask to be excused and leave my husband to chaperon the party, I went up-stairs. There the depression of the afternoon returned, and I went miserably to bed and lay listening to the sounds of merry voices below until I fell asleep. I awoke with a start, conscious that all was still. Sitting up in bed, I listened. Had the young people gone home? Where was John?

Slipping my feet into my bed-shoes, and throwing a wrapper around me, I stole down-stairs. The front door stood wide open, and the veranda was flooded with moonlight. I heard two voices in low conversation—my sister's and my husband's. Creeping into the living-room, outside the window of which the pair sat, I stood and strained my ears. Sarah was speaking in plaintive tones:

"It spoiled my pleasure in your beautiful gift, brother. Perhaps you ought not to have sent it, since Isabel feels as she does."

John's feet moved impatiently on the bare floor. "Isabel is ridiculously jealous!" he exclaimed. "Pay no attention to it. My giving you fruit takes nothing from her. She has her place, and she knows it. Don't be a foolish child, but let me make believe that I am a real brother. And a real brother would have the right to kiss you and tell you to cheer up. Which I shall now proceed to do."

I watched him as he carried out his threat, and I saw Sarah's white hand steal up and caress his cheek before he straightened himself with a short sigh of weariness or repression.

"Come!" he said abruptly. "This is too lovely a night to go in yet. Let us take a turn down to the gate and back, and look at the moon."

As they passed beyond earshot I went back to my room and, crouching at my own window, saw the two stroll up and down, chatting with apparent lightness, for Sarah's laugh rang out more than once. At last they entered the house, and Sarah started up-stairs. I sprang into bed and pretended to be asleep when she passed my door. As she went into her own room I heard the

clock strike one. Glancing at my watch to be sure I was not mistaken, I went into my husband's room and was waiting for him as he entered. He was whistling softly under his breath when I addressed him from where I stood in the darkness.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, and, even in the dim light, I could see him start. "You come creeping upon one like a ghost, Isabel! I thought you were in bed long ago."

"I was," I replied sullenly. "And where have you been?"

"Down on the veranda, smoking," he answered calmly, turning on his light and proceeding to take off his coat. I looked at him as he stood there, nonchalantly winding his watch, the picture of a man at peace with himself and the world at large. I longed to disturb his equanimity.

"With whom have you been talking all this time?" I asked accusingly.

His reply was in the same unconcerned tone, "With some half-dozen guests whom you left to my tender mercies when you went off to your room some two hours ago."

"Some three hours ago, you mean!" I exclaimed. "Since when you have been tête-à-tête with Sarah."

"I wish I had!" he asserted, still coolly. "But the last of her admirers, except myself"—with a little bow and smile—"did not leave until a few minutes before twelve.

She is, apparently, a most attractive maiden if the length of her visitors' calls is any criterion."

"You seem to find her so," I sneered, "if one may judge by the time you have been sitting alone with her after decent people should be in bed."

"I note that *you* are not there," he said, also sneeringly.

"Because I cannot sleep when I know that my husband and sister are violating all proprieties by making love until the small hours of morning!"

He turned suddenly toward me. "Be careful what you say!"

he exclaimed. "Jealousy is bad enough, but such insults as that are vile. You wrong your sister and me, and you know it!"

"I know," I declared, beginning to cry, "that you have been sitting outside talking to Sarah for the past hour, that you often kiss her, that you send her fruit, and Lord knows what else you do!"

"Fortunately he does know," burst forth John, "and I wish that he would put some sense into your head. I do kiss your sister, as if she were my own sister; I do sit and chat of innocent matters



Creeping into the living-room, outside the window of which the pair sat, I stood and strained my ears

with her; I did send her fruit—and all of these things I do in an open and frank manner. And for them I am insulted as if I were the veriest rascal that ever lived. For Heaven's sake, stop that sniveling!"

I continued to cry; I could not help it, and I felt my anger sweeping away every vestige

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of self-control. "You are a brute!" I sobbed. "I hate you!"

Without another word my husband took me by the shoulders and, as if I had been a child, walked me in front of him into my room, and, leaving me standing there, still convulsed with sobs, went deliberately back into his own room, and I heard the key turn in the door of communication.

Sinking down in a heap upon the floor, I cried stormily. Sarah, in her room across the hall, heard me, and coming in asked me if I were ill, and if she could "do something for me." As she bent over me, I pushed her violently away and commanded her to "leave me alone." This she did without demur. When, at last, I crept miserably into bed and fell asleep, the dawn was streaking the east.

After this the fact that I doubted my husband seemed to make him less careful than he used to be, and I observed that he was attentive to a number of pleasant women, treating each of them with a devoted manner that implied that she was the one person in the world with whom he wished to talk. I mentioned this to him one day, saying that it was strange how many more pleasant times he had with women than I had with men.

"Men pay me little attention," I remarked, adding spitefully, "That kind of thing is not in *my* line."

"That is your misfortune, not my fault," he replied tersely.

Again I felt the angry tears come to my eyes. "If you consider it a misfortune, I will try to remedy it!" I declared.

"Good luck to you!" said John, with an easy laugh.

I was as good as my word, and, setting aside my prim ideas, I made myself as agreeable to the men of the summer colony as I could. I was surprised that I found it easy to talk nonsense when I had once acquired the habit. But, contrary to my desires, I did not succeed in making my husband jealous, nor did my conduct call forth a single protest from him until just before our return to town.

It was a lovely day in early September, the last week of Sarah's sojourn with us. John announced at the breakfast-table that he would like to go on a boating excursion that afternoon, and invited Sarah and myself to accompany him. I accepted at once, before my sister could reply. I hoped that

she would decline, and hoped, still more earnestly, that John would not insist upon her going. But when she demurred, suggesting that perhaps we two might find "three a crowd," he, in spite of my silence, said genially: "Why, little sister, you are never in the way! Of course you must come with us!" He looked over at me as if to urge me to second his invitation, but I avoided his appealing glance. In my soul I determined that this was the time when he must choose me alone, or go without me. So when the hour came to start, I remained above-stairs until John came up to see what was detaining me, as he and Sarah were waiting.

"Aren't you ready?" he asked pleasantly.

"Is Sarah going?" I inquired.

"You know she is," he said. "Come, Isabel, don't spoil a pleasant afternoon for all of us. Cut out your suspicions for once, won't you?"

"I shall not go if she goes," I said firmly. "You must choose between us this time." I tried to speak steadily, but failed.

"Isabel, she is your sister and your guest!" John reminded me.

"And she is, apparently, your owner and your best beloved!" I exclaimed.

As usual, the tears came to my eyes and rolled down my cheeks. My husband sprang forward and dropped his hands heavily on my shoulders.

"Stop that!" he ordered, and I thought that he was going to shake me. "Will you go with us or will you not?"

"I won't go if Sarah does," I whimpered, "and you can go down and tell her so!"

He turned away abruptly. "Then we will go without you!" he declared, and ran swiftly down-stairs. I ran as swiftly, but noiselessly, to the head of the steps and listened to hear what explanation he would make to Sarah.

"Isabel has a headache," I heard him say hurriedly, "and she is afraid that the sun on the water will make it worse. So we will have to go alone."

She made some laughing reply, and they walked away together toward the lake. How I hated them! I was glad Sarah's visit was nearly ended, and never, never would I have her in my house again. As for John, did I ever love him? Did he ever really love me? What slavery marriage was! I had reached the point when my husband's little tricks of manner got on my nerves. I found

myself watching him and inwardly criticizing his every action. Must this kind of thing go on forever? Was it fair to either of us?

For I knew that John was no happier with me than I with him. I also knew that each day the garment of politeness which he wore when I first knew him was getting thin in many places, and I foresaw that, unless it was patched up in some way, it would soon fall to pieces, and the man in all his naked brutality would stand revealed. And who was going to put on the patches? Not I, surely! I did not feel that the possible result would be worth the effort. Moreover, matters had gone so far that I had no influence for good with my husband. Yes, I was hopelessly miserable.

The sound of an automobile-horn drew me to the window. Mr. Welch was coming, driving his own car. A reckless impulse sent me running down-stairs. I was dressed for the outing which I had refused. I had stopped crying some time ago, so my eyes were no longer red. I flattered myself that my pallor was rather becoming.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Welch as I appeared on the veranda. "Where is your husband?"

"Out sailing," I replied lightly.

"Alone?"

"No," I answered, trying to speak unconcernedly, "my sister is with him. They wanted me to go, but I had a slight headache, and I feared the glare on the water."

"Oh, I see," he said musingly, and I felt that he saw more than I had told him. I found myself blushing under his steady gaze, and, involuntarily, I dropped my eyes.

"I have a plan!" he declared. "I ran over to ask your husband to take a ride with me, but since he is not here I will take some one I would rather have; namely, his dear little wife!"

Perhaps I should have resented his caressing tone, but I found suddenly that it was good to have some one speak gently to me, and I remembered that I was a woman whose husband did not love her. The throb of self-pity drove the sudden tears to my eyes. Tears always angered John, and I knew that he despised me because I cried so often. Mr. Welch was different, for he said hastily:

"Poor little girl, you are doleful here all by yourself! Run in and get a wrap, for it will be cool by the time we return, and come

along for a ride that will make you forget your troubles."

"Where's Mrs. Welch?" I asked falteringly.

"Away on a visit to her sister, so I am, for a few days, an old bachelor whose comings and goings concern nobody but himself—and, in this case, your ladyship."

We were soon rolling along briskly between green fields and up and down wooded hills. The car ran smoothly, and the owner understood it so well that he could talk while he drove—an accomplishment not as common as the uninitiated might think. He chatted of his own concerns, as usual, but now that I knew him well they did not bore me. It was good to lean back and feel the cool air sweep over my hot face. I was glad that I was "getting even" with John. If he could go off alone with a woman, I could do the same with a man. The only drawback was that I doubted if I could make him jealous.

When we had been riding for an hour and a half we drew up at the door of an attractive inn, and Mr. Welch insisted on seating me at one of the tables on the broad, vine-shaded veranda. It was very jolly to sit there and forget all discomforts and disappointments. Why, I wondered, couldn't married couples be as good chums as unmarried people could be?

The sun was low in the west when we started toward home. At the end of a half-hour something about the machine gave out, and we came to a standstill. Then I saw how good and kind the man I had once snubbed could be. I knew that under such conditions my husband would have lost his temper. This man's equanimity was undisturbed. His gentleness did not waver. He laughed and joked when he found that I was not worried, and at last succeeded in getting a machine that towed us back to the nearest repair-shop. There we left the automobile and strolled over to a country store where there was a telephone. He rang up my house, then handed me the receiver, saying,

"Perhaps you would like to talk with your husband yourself."

It was John's voice that answered my "Hello!"

"I have been on an automobile ride," I said, "and hope to get home some time this evening. Don't wait dinner for me."

"Where are you?" asked my husband.

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"I don't know," I replied laughingly.

"Who's with you?"

"Mr. Welch."

"Nobody else?"

"No—why should there be?"

"A third person improves appearances in such cases," he said harshly.

"So I thought when you went out this afternoon," I remarked.

I heard a muttered exclamation, but ignored it, and, saying "Good-by" airily, hung up the receiver.

When the repaired machine was ready, Mr. Welch proposed that, as we would reach home too late for dinner, we run over to a good inn about five miles distant and dine. I agreed. Why shouldn't I? Were not my husband and sister even now dining at home alone?

The dinner was good, and as we started on our homeward run I felt exhilarated, as if there was no need to trouble about anything in the world, and all my emotions of pleasure seemed keener than ever. The present was enough; the brilliant moonlight, the swift rushing of the wind past us as we flew over the ground, the delicious smells of the September night, gave me a care-free sensation that I had not known for years. Why ever worry? What was the use?

Our house was dark and quiet as the car drew up at the veranda steps. Mr. Welch helped me out, and I thanked him warmly for the pleasure he had given me. For a moment he held my hand and looked down into my eyes. I had a sudden fear that he might kiss me, but he didn't. At the thought of his lips touching my face I had a sensation of physical shrinking. Even in that moment I noticed, with a kind of subconsciousness, that we were on the very spot where Sarah had stood on that evening a few weeks ago when I saw John kiss her. My taste recoiled at the possibility of such a caress from this man. I wondered swiftly whether my morals or my taste revolted. It is hard to distinguish one from the other.

Saying again, and hurriedly, that the excursion had been perfect, I bade my escort good night and entered the house, closing softly behind me the door which my husband had left open for me. He was sitting by his bedroom window, smoking, when I went up-stairs.

"Well?" he said, as I entered.

"Well?" I repeated.

"Did you have an accident?"

"Yes, the automobile broke down." And, hastening through the recital, I explained, as briefly as possible, what had happened, adding that I remembered that he had told me to cultivate Mr. Welch, and that I had to-day carried out his commands.

"That was months ago," he reminded me. "I no longer need your help so far as he is concerned, for he knows my work now, and that speaks for itself. You did not trouble yourself to make friends with him until you, not I, would benefit by it."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Really," I said, "men *are* ungrateful creatures! I supposed that your patron could still, as you once phrased it, throw work in your way."

"I would prefer to have less of his patronage, and a more careful wife," he asserted roughly.

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. You went off with a man whose wife was absent, and rode alone with him for hours, then dined with him, and came home at midnight. What do you think people will say?"

"Just what they say when they see you and Sarah off on the lake alone, and sitting on the veranda together at all hours of the day and night!" I retorted. After which speech I swept into my room, and, as John had done when I once found fault with his indiscretions, I closed and locked the door of communication between our chambers.

But this time I did not cry. For once after an altercation with my husband I went to sleep dry eyed, and with a smile on my lips.

When we returned to town my sister went back to her home. A day or two after her departure she wrote to me telling me of her engagement to a Western man. They had been engaged when she came to us in June, but she had not told me, as she wanted to have "one more jolly time" before her marriage, which was to take place in the early winter, and she feared I might not approve of an engaged girl's accepting attentions from young men. After a wedding trip they would settle in the West. The cousin who had spent the summer with father and mother had decided to make a permanent home with them, and to take care of the elderly couple for her "board and keep." Sarah confessed that she had confided the



DRAWN BY JOHN ALWYN WILLIAMS

It was very jolly to sit there and forget all discomforts and disappointments. Why, I wondered, couldn't married couples be as good chums as unmarried people could be?

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fact of her betrothal to "Brother John—he had been so dear and sweet" to her.

Her letter came as we sat at our breakfast-table in our town house. As I finished reading Sarah's news I looked across at my husband. He was reading the sporting page of the morning paper. That was one of his habits that vexed me—his way of ignoring all other happenings in the wide world until he had read the athletic news. This morning it was yesterday's baseball score that held his rapt attention.

"Pardon me for interrupting your reading," I said stiffly, "but Sarah tells me that you have known for weeks of her engagement."

"Yes," he said, laying aside the paper with an impatient sigh, "I have. By the way, I see that the Cubs were beaten again yesterday."

I ignored his bungling attempt to change the subject. "You did not tell me of Sarah's engagement—why not?"

"Because she asked me not to."

I uttered an angry exclamation. "And you would consult her wishes before my rights in this matter?" I demanded.

"The secret was hers, not mine," he answered.

"It was her duty to tell me, and if she did not tell me you should have done so!" I insisted.

"And betray a woman's confidence?" was his angry query. "My ideas of honor and yours do not tally."

"Honor!" I jeered. "My idea of honor is to tell one's wife things that she has a right to know."

"And my idea of honor is to hold one's tongue when one is asked to do so," replied John, rising from the table and pushing back his chair with unnecessary violence.

As usual, I felt the tears rising to my eyes. "You and Sarah have made a fool of me!" I exclaimed. "To think that my own sister was engaged to be married for months, and was staying right in my house, and she never told me! That was bad enough; but to know that my husband was as dishonorable as she, is a bit too much!"

John's face flushed darkly. "Look out!" he warned me. "All those tears that you pump up so easily won't wash that word out, do you understand?"

"I don't care!" I burst forth. "It was dishonorable!"

"I hardly think," said John, in a low

voice, although I saw that he was trembling with wrath, "that you are a judge of honor. Men's and some women's views are not the same along those lines. A woman may be so good that she considers a kiss from a man a sin, and yet not be honorable enough to respect his confidences. Thank Heaven, one of the things that is taught a man from childhood is to keep his friend's secrets! I'm going out; you can have your delicious cry in private!"

Such scenes were frequent during that winter.

John and I attended Sarah's wedding, but were no better friends because one bone of contention was removed by my sister's migration to the West.

Our misery culminated one afternoon when John told me that he wished I would postpone a trip I was planning to my old home, and would give a dinner to some of his rich, commonplace patrons who, in spite of my tardy liking for Mr. Welch, were still abhorrent to me. I refused to change my plans. I wanted to see my father and mother, and, moreover, hated the strain of a formal dinner in honor of people whom I did not like. The fact that it was good for John's business I acknowledged, but surely it would do as well a month later. But my husband wanted the dinner very soon.

"Under the circumstances," he said meaningfully, "I think you might occasionally sacrifice your whims to help me."

I suspected what he meant. I appreciated that what I had thought was love for him was but ambition for the easy life he was able to give me. I wondered if he guessed at this truth, and I asked quickly, "What circumstances?"

"That I have never denied you the use of the money I make from such people, and that your life is more luxurious because of the orders I get through them. I say that, such being the case, you might do all in your power to assist me."

"I do not consider that you are doing me such a kindness in providing me with money for my wants!" I retorted. "You could not put another woman in my place and pay her less than you pay me!"

I was angry, and did not care what I said, nor did I pause to think how my words sounded. I was too much excited to consider their vulgarity. But my husband grew very white, and his eyes were as hard and cold as steel.

"So that is the way you regard your marriage, is it?" he burst forth. "If that is your idea of it I have a right to demand that you do as I say. You will entertain my friends when I wish, and as I wish, in this, my house!"

"*Your* house!" I mocked.

"Yes!" he roared. "My money bought it!"

"Yes!" I panted, "and *your* money bought me, too!"

Two hours later I was on my way to my old home. I had thrown into a trunk a few necessities, and had left a note for John, saying that I doubted if I would ever return to him. I meant what I wrote. I also meant it when, the next day, I told my parents the truth. I had expected their sympathy. To my astonishment, my mother burst into tears. (Perhaps I got my habit of crying easily from my mother.) My father treated me with stern severity. He called my attention to the fact that, as I had left my husband of my own accord, I could claim no support from him; that I had disgraced my parents' name; that I was bringing unhappiness on my mother and himself in their old age.

"It is not," he said, "as if your husband were cruel to you. Nor can you prove that he has been unfaithful. He has maintained you in luxury. He has given you money enough to make frequent presents to your mother and myself. Not that I care for that," he added hastily, "but I do care that you are, on account of your temper, throwing away home and position. I wish you had children, for then you might not be so foolish."

I was aghast. I had supposed that my father would pity me. I told him so. He spoke more gently, but still firmly.

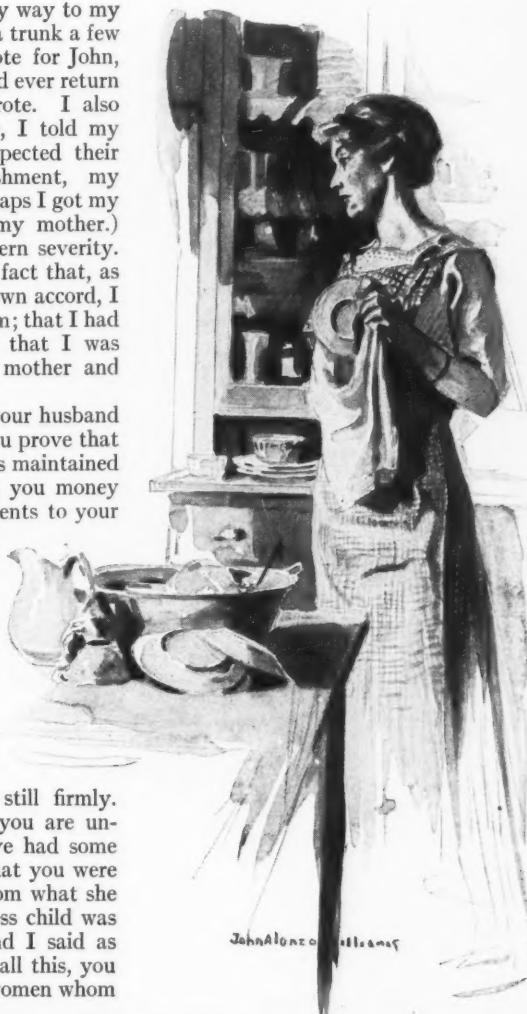
"Dear, I do pity you, for you are unhappy, and you doubtless have had some cause to be. Sarah told me that you were jealous and suspicious, and, from what she said, I fear the silly, thoughtless child was imprudent when with you, and I said as much to her. But, in spite of all this, you have not suffered as do many women whom the world thinks happy."

"The world thinks I am happy," I said wretchedly.

"If your temper were under better control, and if you were more willing to make compromises, your life might be more useful," remarked my blunt parent.

"But, father," I pleaded, "I cannot make any compromises with John! I tell you we don't love each other any longer!"

"That does not alter the fact that you are bound to each other," he stated with a narrowness that maddened me.



As I was a beneficiary, it was incumbent upon me to do my share of the housework. How I loathed it!

"Bound! Yes! But, thank Heaven, there are divorce courts!"

"And on what grounds would you secure your divorce?" asked my father, still calmly judicial.

"Incompatibility of temper!" declared I. "And what proof can you bring that your temper has not been the cause of all the trouble? You have run away from your husband, and thus forfeited any right to his support. How will you earn a living?"

"Teaching, as I did before I was married," I said.

"No school board will accept a divorced woman, or a grass-widow, when it is known that she had no just cause for separation from her respectable husband."

There the matter dropped for the present. My family were careful to speak to the neighbors as if I were visiting them and would return home before long.

Meanwhile the weeks slipped by. I knew that Sarah sent my parents an occasional check, as I had always done, with my husband's knowledge and consent, and I was also aware that these welcome remittances eeked out the old people's very slender income. I felt with each day that passed that I was a beneficiary upon their small store. As this was the case, it was incumbent upon me to do my share of the housework. How I loathed it! I had not been accustomed to it of late, and my roughened hands and aching back attested to this fact. I began to look shabby, for I had brought but little clothing with me, and I had not the money to get more. I found the country life deadly dull, the days long, dreary, and uneventful.

For six weeks no word came from John. Then, one morning, the village carrier brought me a letter in my husband's handwriting. He looked at me sharply as he handed it to me.

"I guess it's from your old man," he said with the jocoseness with which he had been used to address me as a girl. "Folks have been a-wonderin' why you ain't had a visit from him all this time."

With his words the knowledge came to me that I must leave this place and get work somewhere away from people who knew me. But where? And what could I do? I had no way of earning a living except by teaching, and in the years since my marriage methods of pedagogy had changed. More-

over, as my father said, who would accept as an instructor for children a woman who would not live with her husband?

I went up-stairs to my cold room and read John's letter. It was a plain statement of facts. He reminded me that I had left him without sufficient provocation, and in a fit of temper, and that, as this was the case, I would never have any right while I remained apart from him to demand his financial help, even if my pride would allow me to do so. In the first heat of anger he had told himself that he was glad I was gone. Later, as he grew saner, he had hoped that I would come to my senses and return home without making any public scandal.

"I acknowledge," he wrote, "that I hope you will see that it is to your interest and mine that you return. That it would injure me, professionally and socially, to have you desert me cannot be disputed. You have made yourself popular in my set, and there are many persons who are ready to believe that the man is always in the wrong, and who would send me to Coventry on your account. I do not deny that I have often been in fault. Indeed we have both gotten on each other's nerves until it would be ridiculous for either to lay all the blame on the other.

"But let me drop bygones and get down to hard facts. If you choose to come back and behave yourself, I will try to behave myself. We cannot be lovers, but we can be sensible people, who, being tied fast by church and state in that relation which people term *Holy Matrimony*—(save the mark!)—are determined to make the best of conditions as they are, and, to the world, seem to be on comfortable terms. Knowing what we do, we can avoid pitfalls. You will have a handsome home, a good position, and considerate treatment; I will have a good-looking wife and housekeeper, and can hold my place as a rising—or risen—architect and a respectable husband and householder. I have offered to meet you half-way. Let me know your decision at once."

I answered the letter by return mail. The next morning I took the train back to my husband and his home.

A brilliant writer has said that if matches are made in heaven they light the fires of hell very effectually. But has heaven anything to do with such marriages as John's and mine?

The Black Hand

Is Craig Kennedy a *real* detective? Does he actually live and have his being and solve crime-problems as Mr. Reeve says? A surprisingly large number of our readers have asked these questions. One reader—a minister, by the way—said that if Kennedy were a real man he had a “job” for him. As a matter of fact, the only job Detective Kennedy has at the present time or is able to consider is to entertain exclusively the readers of the *Cosmopolitan*. And he is making good at it—good and plenty. No, he is not a *real* man; but he is a new type in fiction and clever enough to be a co-star with Sherlock Holmes and the best of them. Here he strings some wires and worries the Black Hand

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of “The Silent Bullet,” “The Deadly Tube,” “The Diamond Maker,” “The Azure Ring,” etc.

Illustrated by Will Foster

KENNEDY and I had been dining rather late one evening at Luigi's, a little Italian restaurant on the lower West Side. We had known the place well in our student days, and had made a point of visiting it once a month since, in order to keep in practice in the fine art of gracefully handling long shreds of spaghetti. Therefore we did not think it strange when the proprietor himself stopped a moment at our table to greet us. Glancing furtively around at the other diners, mostly Italians, he suddenly leaned over and whispered to Kennedy:

“I have heard of your wonderful detective work, Professor. Could you give a little advice in the case of a friend of mine?”

“Surely, Luigi. What is the case?” asked Craig, leaning back in his chair.

Luigi glanced around again apprehensively and lowered his voice. “Not so loud, sir. When you pay your check, go out, walk around Washington Square, and come in at the private entrance. I'll be waiting in the hall. My friend is dining privately upstairs.”

We lingered a while over our chianti, then quietly paid the check and departed.

True to his word, Luigi was waiting for us in the dark hall. With a motion that indicated silence, he led us up the stairs to the second floor, and quickly opened a door into what seemed to be a fair-sized private dining-room. A man was pacing the floor nervously. On a table was some food, untouched. As the door opened I thought he started as if in fear, and I am sure his dark face blanched, if only for an instant. Imag-

ine our surprise at seeing Gennaro, the great tenor, with whom merely to have a speaking acquaintance was to argue oneself famous.

“Oh, it is you, Luigi,” he exclaimed in perfect English, rich and mellow. “And who are these gentlemen?”

Luigi merely replied, “Friends,” in English also, and then dropped off into a voluble, low-toned explanation in Italian.

I could see, as we waited, that the same idea had flashed over Kennedy's mind as over my own. It was now three or four days since the papers had reported the strange kidnaping of Gennaro's five-year-old daughter Adelina, his only child, and the sending of a demand for ten thousand dollars ransom, signed, as usual, with the mystic Black Hand—a name to conjure with in blackmail and extortion.

As Signor Gennaro advanced toward us, after his short talk with Luigi, almost before the introductions were over, Kennedy anticipated him by saying: “I understand, Signor, before you ask me. I have read all about it in the papers. You want some one to help you catch the criminals who are holding your little girl.”

“No, no!” exclaimed Gennaro excitedly. “Not that. I want to get my daughter first. After that, catch them if you can—yes, I should like to have some one do it. But read this first and tell me what you think of it. How should I act to get my little Adelina back without harming a hair of her head?” The famous singer drew from a capacious pocketbook a dirty, crumpled letter, scrawled on cheap paper.

Kennedy translated it quickly. It read:



DRAWN BY WILL ROPER

In front of Albano's an exciting fight was going on. Shots were being fired wildly in the darkness, and heads were popping out of tenement windows on all sides—Page 490

Honorable sir: Your daughter is in safe hands. But, by the saints, if you give this letter to the police as you did the other, not only she but your family also, some one near to you, will suffer. We will not fail as we did Wednesday. If you want your daughter back, go yourself, alone and without telling a soul, to Enrico Albano's Saturday night at the twelfth hour. You must provide yourself with \$10,000 in bills hidden in Saturday's *Il Progresso Italiano*. In the back room you will see a man sitting alone at a table. He will have a red flower on his coat. You are to say, "A fine opera is 'I Pagliacci.'" If he answers, "Not without Gennaro," lay the newspaper down on the table. He will pick it up, leaving his own, the *Bulletino*. On the third page you will find written the place where your daughter has been left waiting for you. Go immediately and get her. But, by the God, if you have so much as the shadow of the police near Enrico's your daughter will be sent to you in a box that night. Do not fear to come. We pledge our word to deal fairly if you deal fairly. This is a last warning. Lest you shall forget we will show one other sign of our power to-morrow.

LA MANO NERA.

The end of this ominous letter was gruesomely decorated with a skull and crossbones, a rough drawing of a dagger thrust through a bleeding heart, a coffin, and, under all, a huge black hand. There was no doubt about the type of letter that it was. It was such as have of late years become increasingly common in all our large cities.

"You have not showed this to the police, I presume?" asked Kennedy.

"Naturally not."

"Are you going Saturday night?"

"I am afraid to go and afraid to stay away," was the reply, and the voice of the fifty-thousand-dollars-a-season tenor was as human as that of a five-dollar-a-week father, for at bottom all men, high or low, are one.

"We will not fail as we did Wednesday," reread Craig. "What does that mean?"

Gennaro fumbled in his pocketbook again, and at last drew forth a typewritten letter bearing the letter-head of the Leslie Laboratories, Incorporated.

"After I received the first threat," explained Gennaro, "my wife and I went from our apartments at the hotel to her father's, the banker Cesare, you know, who lives on Fifth Avenue. I gave the letter to the Italian Squad of the police. The next morning my father-in-law's butler noticed something peculiar about the milk. He barely touched some of it to his tongue, and he has been violently ill ever since. I at once sent the milk to the laboratory of my friend Doctor Leslie to have it analyzed. This letter shows what the household escaped."

"My dear Gennaro," read Kennedy. "The milk submitted to us for examination on the 10th inst. has been carefully analyzed, and I beg to hand you herewith the result:

" Specific gravity 1.036 at 15 degrees Cent.		
Water	84.60	per cent.
Casein	3.49	"
Albumin	.56	"
Globulin	1.32	"
Lactose	5.08	"
Ash	.72	"
Fat	3.42	"
Ricinus	1.19	"

"Ricinus is a new and little-known poison derived from the shell of the castor-oil bean. Professor Ehrlich states that one gram of the pure poison will kill 1,500,000 guinea pigs. Ricinus was lately isolated by Professor Robert, of Rostock, but is seldom found except in an impure state, though still very deadly. It surpasses strychnine, prussic acid, and other commonly known drugs. I congratulate you and yours on escaping and shall of course respect your wishes absolutely regarding keeping secret this attempt on your life. Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,
C. W. LESLIE."

As Kennedy handed the letter back, he remarked significantly: "I can see very readily why you don't care to have the police figure in your case. It has got quite beyond ordinary police methods."

"And to-morrow, too, they are going to give another sign of their power," groaned Gennaro, sinking into the chair before his untasted food.

"You say you have left your hotel?" inquired Kennedy.

"Yes. My wife insisted that we would be more safely guarded at the residence of her father, the banker. But we are afraid even there since the poison attempt. So I have come here secretly to Luigi, my old friend Luigi, who is preparing food for us, and in a few minutes one of Cesare's automobiles will be here, and I will take the food up to her—sparing no expense or trouble. She is heart-broken. It will kill her, Professor Kennedy, if anything happens to our little Adelina."

"Ah, sir, I am not poor myself. A month's salary at the opera-house, that is what they ask of me. Gladly would I give it, ten thousand dollars—all, if they asked it, of my contract with Herr Schleppencour, the director. But the police—bah!—they are all for catching the villains. What good will it do me if they catch them and my little Adelina is returned to me dead? It is all very well for the Anglo-Saxon to talk of justice and the law, but I am—what you

The Black Hand

call it?—an emotional Latin. I want my little daughter—and at any cost. Catch the villains afterward—yes. I will pay double them to catch them so that they cannot blackmail me again. Only first I want my daughter back."

"And your father-in-law?"

"My father-in-law, he has been among you long enough to be one of you. He has fought them. He has put up a sign in his banking-house, 'No money paid on threats.' But I say it is foolish. I do not know America as well as he, but I know this: the police never succeed—the ransom is paid without their knowledge, and they very often take the credit. I say, pay first, then I will swear a righteous vendetta—I will bring the dogs to justice with the money yet on them. Only show me how, show me how."

"First of all," replied Kennedy, "I want you to answer one question, truthfully, without reservation, as to a friend. I am your friend, believe me. Is there any person, a relative or acquaintance of yourself or your wife or your father-in-law, whom you even have reason to suspect of being capable of extorting money from you in this way? I needn't say that that is the experience of the district attorney's office in the large majority of cases of this so-called Black Hand."

"No," replied the tenor without hesitation. "I know that, and I have thought about it. No, I can think of no one. I know you Americans often speak of the Black Hand as a myth coined originally by a newspaper writer. Perhaps it has no organization. But, Professor Kennedy, to me it is no myth. What if the real Black Hand is any gang of criminals who choose to use that convenient name to extort money? Is it the less real? My daughter is gone!"

"Exactly," agreed Kennedy. "It is not a theory that confronts you. It is a hard, cold fact. I understand that perfectly. What is the address of this Albano's?"

Luigi mentioned a number on Mulberry Street, and Kennedy made a note of it.

"It is a gambling saloon," explained Luigi. "Albano is a Neapolitan, a Camorrista, one of my countrymen of whom I am thoroughly ashamed, Professor Kennedy."

"Do you think this Albano had anything to do with the letter?"

Luigi shrugged his shoulders.

Just then a big limousine was heard outside. Luigi picked up a huge hamper that

was placed in a corner of the room and, followed closely by Signor Gennaro, hurried down to it. As the tenor left us he grasped our hands in each of his.

"I have an idea in my mind," said Craig simply. "I will try to think it out in detail to-night. Where can I find you to-morrow?"

"Come to me at the opera-house in the afternoon, or if you want me sooner at Mr. Cesare's residence. Good night, and a thousand thanks to you, Professor Kennedy, and to you, also, Mr. Jameson. I trust you absolutely because Luigi trusts you."

We sat in the little dining-room until we heard the door of the limousine bang shut and the car shoot off with the rattle of the changing gears.

"One more question, Luigi," said Craig as the door opened again. "I have never been on that block in Mulberry Street where this Albano's is. Do you happen to know any of the shopkeepers on it or near it?"

"I have a cousin who has a drug-store on the corner below Albano's, on the same side of the street."

"Good! Do you think he would let me use his store for a few minutes Saturday night—of course without any risk to himself?"

"I think I could arrange it."

"Very well. Then to-morrow, say at nine in the morning, I will stop here, and we will all go over to see him. Good night, Luigi, and many thanks for thinking of me in connection with this case. I've enjoyed Signor Gennaro's singing often enough at the opera to want to render him this service, and I'm only too glad to be able to be of service to all honest Italians; that is, if I succeed in carrying out a plan I have in mind."

A little before nine the following day Kennedy and I dropped into Luigi's again. Kennedy was carrying a suit-case which he had taken over from his laboratory to our rooms the night before. Luigi was waiting for us, and without losing a minute we sallied forth.

By means of the tortuous twists of streets in old Greenwich village we came out at last on Bleecker Street and began walking east amid the hurly-burly of races of lower New York. We had not quite reached Mulberry Street when our attention was attracted by a large crowd on one of the busy corners, held back by a cordon of police who were endeavoring to keep the people moving with that burly good nature which the six-foot Irish police-

man displays toward the five-foot burden-bearers of southern and eastern Europe who throng New York.

Apparently, we saw, as we edged up into the front of the crowd, here was a building whose whole front had literally been torn off and wrecked. The thick plate-glass of the windows was smashed to a mass of greenish splinters on the sidewalk, while the windows of the upper floors and for several houses down the block in either street were likewise broken. Some thick iron bars which had formerly protected the windows were now bent and twisted. A huge hole yawned in the floor inside the doorway, and peering in we could see the desks and chairs a tangled mass of kindling.

"What's the matter?" I inquired of an officer near me, displaying my reporter's fire-line badge, more for its moral effect than in the hope of getting any real information

in these days of enforced silence toward the press.

"Black Hand bomb," was the laconic reply.

"Whew!" I whistled. "Anyone hurt?"

"They don't usually kill anyone, do they?" asked the officer by way of reply to test my acquaintance with such things.

"No," I admitted. "They destroy more property than lives. But did they get anyone this time? This must have been a thoroughly overloaded bomb, I should judge by the looks of things."

"Came pretty close to it. The bank hadn't any more than opened when, bang! went this gas-pipe-and-dynamite thing. Crowd collected before the smoke had fairly cleared. Man who owns the bank was hurt, but not badly. Now come, beat it down to headquarters if you want to find out any more. You'll find it printed on the pink slips—the 'squeal book'—by this time.



"And to-morrow, too, they are going to give another sign of their power," groaned Gennaro, sinking into the chair before his untasted food

The Black Hand

"Gainst the rules for me to talk," he added with a good-natured grin, then to the crowd: "Gwan, now. You're blockin' traffic. Keep movin'."

I turned to Craig and Luigi. Their eyes were riveted on the big gilt sign, half broken, and all askew overhead. It read:

CIRO DI CESARE & CO. BANKERS
NEW YORK, GENOA, NAPLES, ROME, PALERMO

"This is the reminder so that Gennaro and his father-in-law will not forget," I gasped. "Yes," added Craig, pulling us away, "and Cesare himself is wounded, too. Perhaps that was for putting up the notice refusing to pay. Perhaps not. It's a queer case—they usually set the bombs off at night when no one is around. There must be more back of this than merely to scare Gennaro. It looks to me as if they were after Cesare, too, first by poison, then by dynamite."

We shouldered our way out through the crowd and went on until we came to Mulberry Street, pulsing with life. Down we went past the little shops, dodging the children, and making way for women with huge bundles of sweat-shop clothing accurately balanced on their heads or hugged up under their capacious capes. Here was just one little colony of the hundreds of thousands of Italians—a population larger than the Italian population of Rome—of whose life the rest of New York knew and cared nothing.

At last we came to Albano's little wine-shop, a dark, evil, malodorous place on the street level of a five-story, alleged "new-law" tenement. Without hesitation Kennedy entered, and we followed, acting the part of a slumming party. There were a few customers at this early hour, men out of employment and an inoffensive-looking lot, though of course they eyed us sharply. Albano himself proved to be a greasy, low-browed fellow who had a sort of cunning look. I could well imagine such a fellow spreading terror in the hearts of simple folk by merely pressing both temples with his thumbs and drawing his long bony forefinger under his throat—the so-called Black Hand sign that has shut up many a witness in the middle of his testimony even in open court.

We pushed through to the low-ceilinged back room, which was empty, and sat down at a table. Over a bottle of Albano's

famous California "red ink" we sat silently. Kennedy was making a mental note of the place. In the middle of the ceiling was a single gas-burner with a big reflector over it. In the back wall of the room was a horizontal oblong window, barred, and with a sash that opened like a transom. The tables were dirty and the chairs rickety. The walls were bare and unfinished, with beams innocent of decoration. Altogether it was as unprepossessing a place as I had ever seen.

Apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, Kennedy got up to go, complimenting the proprietor on his wine. I could see that Kennedy had made up his mind as to his course of action.

"How sordid crime really is," he remarked as we walked on down the street. "Look at that place of Albano's. I defy even the police news reporter on the *Star* to find any glamour in that."

Our next stop was at the corner at the little store kept by the cousin of Luigi, who conducted us back of the partition where prescriptions were compounded, and found us chairs.

A hurried explanation from Luigi brought a cloud to the open face of the druggist, as if he hesitated to lay himself and his little fortune open to the blackmailers. Kennedy saw it and interrupted.

"All that I wish to do," he said, "is to put in a little instrument here and use it to-night for a few minutes. Indeed, there will be no risk to you, Vincenzo. Secrecy is what I desire, and no one will ever know about it."

Vincenzo was at length convinced, and Craig opened his suit-case. There was little in it except several coils of insulated wire, some tools, a couple of packages wrapped up, and a couple of pairs of overalls. In a moment Kennedy had donned overalls and was smearing dirt and grease over his face and hands. Under his direction I did the same.

Taking the bag of tools, the wire, and one of the small packages, we went out on the street and then up through the dark and ill-ventilated hall of the tenement. Half-way up a woman stopped us suspiciously.

"Telephone company," said Craig curtly. "Here's permission from the owner of the house to string wires across the roof."

He pulled an old letter out of his pocket, but as it was too dark to read even if the

woman had cared to do so, we went on up as he had expected, unmolested. At last we came to the roof, where there were some children at play a couple of houses down from us.

Kennedy began by dropping two strands of wire down to the ground in the back yard behind Vincenzo's shop. Then he proceeded to lay two wires along the edge of the roof.

We had worked only a little while when the children began to collect. However, Kennedy kept right on until we reached the tenement next to that in which Albano's shop was.

"Walter," he whispered, "just get the children away for a minute now."

"Look here, you kids," I yelled, "some of you will fall off if you get so close to the edge of the roof. Keep back."

It had no effect. Apparently they looked not a bit frightened at the dizzy mass of clothes-lines below us.

"Say, is there a candy-store on this block?" I asked in desperation.

"Yes, sir," came the chorus.

"Who'll go down and get me a bottle of ginger ale?" I asked.

A chorus of voices and glittering eyes was the answer. They all would. I took a half-dollar from my pocket and gave it to the oldest.

"All right now, hustle along, and divide the change."

With the scamper of many feet they were gone, and we were alone. Kennedy had now reached Albano's, and as soon as the last head had disappeared below the scuttle of the roof he dropped two long strands down into the back yard, as he had done at Vincenzo's.

I started to go back, but he stopped me. "Oh, that will never do," he said. "The kids will see that the wires end here. I must carry them on several houses farther as a blind and trust to luck that they don't see the wires leading down below."

We were several houses down, still putting up wires when the crowd came shouting back, sticky with cheap trust-made candy and black with East Side chocolate. We opened the ginger ale and forced ourselves to drink it so as to excite no suspicion, then a few minutes later descended the stairs of the tenement, coming out just above Albano's.

I was wondering how Kennedy was going to get into Albano's again without exciting suspicion. He solved it neatly.

"Now, Walter, do you think you could stand another dip into that red ink of Albano's?"

I said I might in the interests of science and justice—not otherwise.

"Well, your face is sufficiently dirty," he commented, "so that with the overalls you don't look very much as you did the first time you went in. I don't think they will recognize you. Do I look pretty good?"

"You look like a coal-heaver out of a job," I said. "I can scarcely restrain my admiration."

"All right. Then take this little glass bottle. Go into the back room and order something cheap, in keeping with your looks. Then when you are all alone break the bottle. It is full of gas drippings. Your nose will dictate what to do next. Just tell the proprietor you saw the gas company's wagon on the next block and come up here and tell me."

I entered. There was a sinister-looking man, with a sort of unscrupulous intelligence, writing at a table. As he wrote and puffed at his cigar, I noticed a scar on his face, a deep furrow running from the lobe of his ear to his mouth. That, I knew, was a brand set upon him by the Camorra. I sat and smoked and sipped slowly for several minutes, cursing him inwardly more for his presence than for his evident look of the "*mala vita*." At last he went out to ask the barkeeper for a stamp.

Quickly I tiptoed over to another corner of the room and ground the little bottle under my heel. Then I resumed my seat. The odor that pervaded the room was sickening.

The sinister-looking man with the scar came in again and sniffed. I sniffed. Then the proprietor came in and sniffed.

"Say," I said in the toughest voice I could assume, "you got a leak. Wait. I seen the gas company wagon on the next block when I came in. I'll get the man."

I dashed out and hurried up the street to the place where Kennedy was waiting impatiently. Rattling his tools, he followed me with apparent reluctance.

As he entered the wine-shop he snorted, after the manner of gas-men, "Where's de leak?"

"You find-a da leak," grunted Albano. "What-a you get-a you pay for? You want-a me do your work?"

"Well, half a dozen o' you wops get out

The Black Hand

o' here, that's all. D'youse all wanter be blown ter pieces wid dem pipes and cigarettes? Clear out," growled Kennedy.

They retreated precipitately, and Craig hastily opened his bag of tools.

"Quick, Walter, shut the door and hold it," exclaimed Craig, working rapidly. He unwrapped a little package and took out a round, flat disk-like thing of black vulcanized rubber. Jumping up on a table, he fixed it to the top of the reflector over the gas-jet.

"Can you see that from the floor, Walter?" he asked, under his breath.

"No," I replied, "not even when I know it is there."

Then he attached a couple of wires to it and led them across the ceiling toward the window, concealing them carefully by sticking them in the shadow of a beam. At the window he quickly attached the wires to the two that were dangling down from the roof and shoved them around out of sight.

"We'll have to trust that no one sees them," he said. "That's the best I can do at such short notice. I never saw a room so bare as this, anyway. There isn't another place I could put that thing without its being seen."

We gathered up the broken glass of the gas-drippings bottle, and I opened the door.

"It's all right now," said Craig, sauntering out before the bar. "Only de next time you has anyting de matter call de company up. I ain't supposed to do dis wit'out orders, see?"

A moment later I followed, glad to get out of the oppressive atmosphere, and joined him in the back of Vincenzo's drug-store, where he was again at work. As there was no back window there, it was quite a job to lead the wires around the outside from the back yard and in at a side window. It was at last done, however, without exciting suspicion, and Kennedy attached them to an oblong box of weathered oak and a pair of specially constructed dry batteries.

"Now," said Craig, as we washed off the stains of work and stowed the overalls back in the suit-case, "that is done to my satisfaction. I can tell Gennaro to go ahead safely now and meet the Black-Handers."

From Vincenzo's we walked over toward Center Street, where Kennedy and I left Luigi to return to his restaurant, with instructions to be at Vincenzo's at half-past eleven that night.

We turned into the new police head-

quarters and went down the long corridor to the Italian Bureau. Kennedy sent in his card to Lieutenant Giuseppe in charge, and we were quickly admitted. The lieutenant was a short, full-faced, fleshy Italian, with lightish hair and eyes that were apparently dull, until you suddenly discovered that that was merely a cover to their really restless way of taking in everything and fixing it on his mind, as if on a sensitive plate.

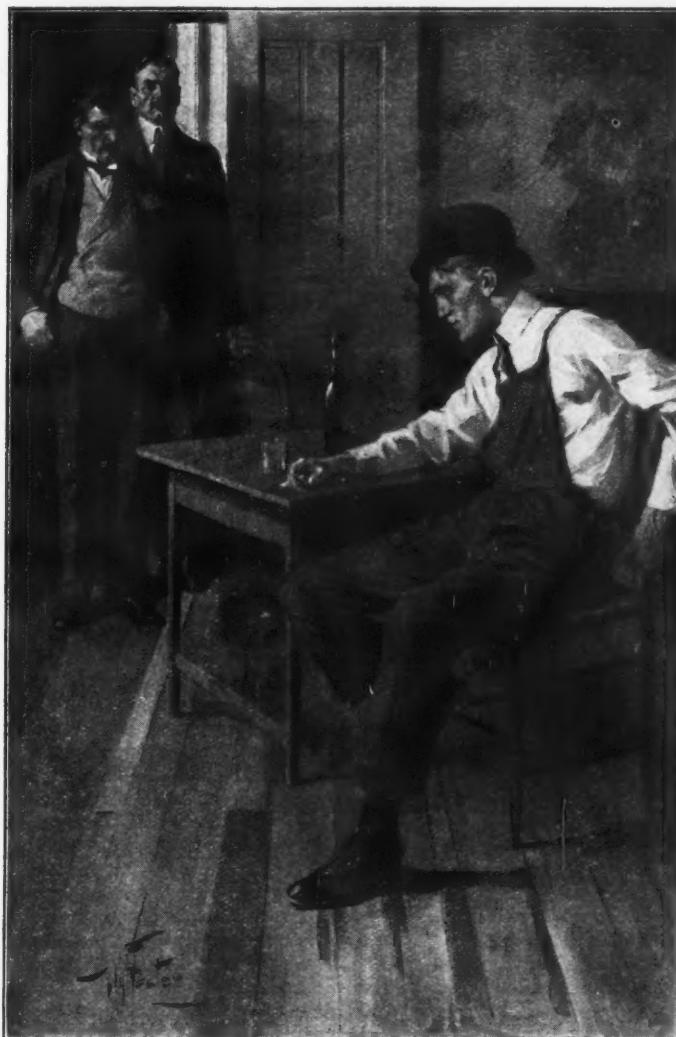
"I want to talk about the Gennaro case," began Craig. "I may add that I have been rather closely associated with Inspector O'Connor of the Central Office on a number of cases, so that I think we can trust each other. Would you mind telling me what you know about it if I promise you that I, too, have something to reveal?"

The lieutenant leaned back and watched Kennedy closely without seeming to do so. "When I was in Italy last year," he replied at length, "I did a good deal of work in tracing up some Camorra suspects. I had a tip about some of them to look up their records—I needn't say where it came from, but it was a good one. Much of the evidence against some of those fellows who are being tried at Viterbo was gathered by the Carabinieri as a result of hints that I was able to give them—clues that were furnished to me here in America from the source I speak of. I suppose there is really no need to conceal it, though. The original tip came from a certain banker here in New York."

"I can guess who it was," nodded Craig.

"Then, as you know, this banker is a fighter. He is the man who organized the White Hand — an organization which is trying to rid the Italian population of the Black Hand. His society had a lot of evidence regarding former members of both the Camorra in Naples and the Mafia in Sicily, as well as the Black Hand gangs in New York, Chicago, and other cities. Well, Cesare, as you know, is Gennaro's father-in-law.

"While I was in Naples looking up the record of a certain criminal I heard of a peculiar murder committed some years ago. There was an honest old music master who apparently lived the quietest and most harmless of lives. But it became known that he was supported by Cesare and had received handsome presents of money from him. The old man was, as you may have guessed, the first music teacher of Gennaro, the man who discovered him. One might have been at a loss to see how he could have



The sinister-looking man with the scar came in again and sniffed. I sniffed. Then the proprietor came in and sniffed. "Say," I said in the toughest voice I could assume, "you got a leak."

an enemy, but there was one who coveted his small fortune. One day he was stabbed and robbed. His murderer ran out into the street, crying out that the poor man had been killed. Naturally a crowd rushed up in a moment, for it was in the middle of the day. Before the injured man could make it understood who had struck him the assassin was down the street and lost in the maze of old Naples where he well knew the houses of his friends who would hide him. The man

who is known to have committed that crime—Francesco Paoli—escaped to New York. We are looking for him to-day. He is a clever man, far above the average—son of a doctor in a town a few miles from Naples, went to the university, was expelled for some mad prank—in short, he was the black sheep of the family. Of course over here he is too high-born to work with his hands on a railroad or in a trench, and not educated enough to work at anything else. So he has been

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preying on his more industrious countrymen—a typical case of a man living by his wits with no visible means of support.

"Now I don't mind telling you in strict confidence," continued the lieutenant, "that it's my theory that old Cesare had seen Paoli here, knew he was wanted for that murder of the old music master, and gave me the tip to look up his record. At any rate, Paoli disappeared right after I returned from Italy, and we haven't been able to locate him since. He must have found out in some way that the tip to look him up had been given by the White Hand. He had been a Camorrista, in Italy, and had many ways of getting information here in America."

He paused, and balanced a piece of card-board in his hand.

"It is my theory of this case that if we could locate this Paoli we could solve the kidnaping of little Adelina Gennaro very quickly. That's his picture."

Kennedy and I bent over to look at it, and I started in surprise. It was my evil-looking friend with the scar on his cheek.

"Well," said Craig, quietly handing back the card, "whether or not he is the man, I know where we can catch the kidnapers to-night, Lieutenant."

It was Giuseppe's turn to show surprise now.

"With your assistance I'll get this man and the whole gang to-night," explained Craig, rapidly sketching over his plan and concealing just enough to make sure that no matter how anxious the lieutenant was to get the credit he could not spoil the affair by premature interference.

The final arrangement was that four of the best men of the squad were to hide in a vacant store across from Vincenzo's early in the evening, long before anyone was watching. The signal for them to appear was to be the extinguishing of the lights behind the colored bottles in the druggist's window. A taxicab was to be kept waiting at headquarters at the same time with three other good men ready to start for a given address the moment the alarm was given over the telephone.

We found Gennaro awaiting us with the greatest anxiety at the opera-house. The bomb at Cesare's had been the last straw. Gennaro had already drawn from his bank ten crisp one-thousand-dollar bills, and already he had a copy of *Il Progresso* in which he had hidden the money between the sheets.

"Mr. Kennedy," he said, "I am going to meet them to-night. They may kill me. See, I have provided myself with a pistol—I shall fight, too, if necessary for my little Adelina. But if it is only money they want, they shall have it."

"One thing I want to say," began Kennedy.

"No, no, no!" cried the tenor. "I will go—you shall not stop me."

"I don't wish to stop you," Craig reassured him. "But one thing—do exactly as I tell you, and I swear not a hair of the child's head will be injured and we will get the blackmailers, too."

"How?" eagerly asked Gennaro. "What do you want me to do?"

"All I want you to do is to go to Albano's at the appointed time. Sit down in the back room. Get into conversation with them, and, above all, Signor, as soon as you get the copy of the *Bulletino* turn to the third page, pretend not to be able to read the address. Ask the man to read it. Then repeat it after him. Pretend to be overjoyed. Offer to set up wine for the whole crowd. Just a few minutes, that is all I ask, and I will guarantee that you will be the happiest man in New York to-morrow."

Gennaro's eyes filled with tears as he grasped Kennedy's hand. "That is better than having the whole police force back of me," he said. "I shall never forget, never forget."

As we went out Kennedy remarked: "You can't blame them for keeping their troubles to themselves. Here we send a police officer over to Italy to look up the records of some of the worst suspects. He loses his life. Another takes his place. Then after he gets back he is set to work on the mere clerical routine of translating them. One of his associates is reduced in rank. And so what does it all come to? Hundreds of records have become useless because the three years within which the criminals could be deported have elapsed with nothing done. Intelligent, isn't it? I believe it has been established that all but about fifty of seven hundred known Italian suspects are still at large, mostly in this city. And the rest of the Italian population is guarded from them by a squad of police in number scarcely one-thirtieth of the number of known criminals. No, it's our fault if the Black Hand thrives."

We had been standing on the corner of Broadway, waiting for a car.

"Now, Walter, don't forget. Meet me at the Bleeker Street station of the subway at eleven thirty. I'm off to the university. I have some very important experiments with phosphorescent salts that I want to finish to-day."

"What has that to do with the case?" I asked mystified.

"Nothing," replied Craig. "I didn't say it had. At eleven thirty, don't forget. By George, though, that Paoli must be a clever one—think of his knowing about ricinus. I only heard of it myself recently. Well, here's my car. Good-by."

Craig swung aboard an Amsterdam Avenue car, leaving me to kill eight nervous hours of my weekly day of rest from the *Star*.

They passed at length, and at precisely the appointed time Kennedy and I met. With suppressed excitement, at least on my part, we walked over to Vincenzo's. At night this section of the city was indeed a black enigma. The lights in the shops where olive oil, fruit, and other things were sold, were winking out one by one; here and there strains of music floated out of wine-shops, and little groups lingered on corners conversing in animated sentences. We passed Albano's on the other side of the street, being careful not to look at it too closely, for several men were hanging idly about—pickets, apparently, with some secret code that would instantly have spread far and wide the news of any alarming action.

At the corner we crossed and looked in Vincenzo's window a moment, casting a furtive glance across the street at the dark empty store where the police must be hiding. Then we went in and casually sauntered back of the partition. Luigi was there already. There were several customers still in the store, however, and therefore we had to sit in silence while Vincenzo quickly finished a prescription and waited on the last one.

At last the doors were locked and the lights lowered, all except those in the windows which were to serve as signals.

"Ten minutes to twelve," said Kennedy, placing the oblong box on the table. "Gennaro will be going in soon. Let us try this machine now and see if it works. If the wires have been cut since we put them up this morning Gennaro will have to take his chances alone."

Kennedy reached over and with a light movement of his forefinger touched a switch.

Instantly a babel of voices filled the store, all talking at once, rapidly and loudly. Here and there we could distinguish a snatch of conversation, a word, a phrase, now and then even a whole sentence above the rest. There was the clink of glasses. I could hear the rattle of dice on a bare table, and an oath. A cork popped. Somebody scratched a match.

We sat bewildered, looking at Kennedy.

"Imagine that you are sitting at a table in Albano's back room," was all he said. "This is what you would be hearing. This is my 'electric ear'—in other words the dictograph, used, I am told, by the Secret Service of the United States. Wait, in a moment you will hear Gennaro come in. Luigi and Vincenzo, translate what you hear. My knowledge of Italian is pretty rusty."

"Can they hear us?" whispered Luigi in an awe-struck whisper.

Craig laughed. "No, not yet. But I have only to touch this other switch, and I could produce an effect in that room that would rival the famous writing on Belshazzar's wall—only it would be a voice from the wall instead of writing."

"They seem to be waiting for some one," said Vincenzo. "I heard somebody say: 'He will be here in a few minutes. Now get out.'"

The babel of voices seemed to calm down as men withdrew from the room. Only one or two were left.

"One of them says the child is all right. She has been left in the back yard," translated Luigi.

"What yard? Did he say?" asked Kennedy.

"No, they just speak of it as the 'yard.'"

"Jameson, go outside in the store to the telephone booth and call up headquarters. Ask them if the automobile is ready, with the men in it."

I rang up, and after a moment the police central answered that everything was right.

"Then tell central to hold the line clear—we mustn't lose a moment. Jameson, you stay in the booth. Vincenzo, you pretend to be working around your window, but not in such a way as to attract attention, for they have men watching the street very carefully. What is it, Luigi?"

"Gennaro is coming." I just heard one of them say, 'Here he comes.'"

Even from the booth I could hear the dictograph repeating the conversation in

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the dingy little back room of Albano's, down the street.

"He's ordering a bottle of red wine," murmured Luigi, dancing up and down with excitement.

Vincenzo was so nervous that he knocked a bottle down in the window, and I believe that my heart-beats were almost audible over the telephone which I was holding, for the police operator called me down for asking so many times if all was ready.

"There it is—the signal," cried Craig. "'A fine opera is 'I Pagliacci.'" Now listen for the answer."

A moment elapsed, then, "Not without Gennaro," came a gruff voice in Italian from the dictagraph.

A silence ensued. It was tense.

"Wait, wait," said a voice which I recognized instantly as Gennaro's. "I cannot read this. What is this, 23½ Prince Street?"

"No, 33½. She has been left in the back yard."

"Jameson," called Craig, "tell them to drive straight to 33½ Prince Street. They will find the girl in the back yard—quick, before the Black-Handers have a chance to go back on their word."

I fairly shouted my orders to the police headquarters. "They're off," came back the answer, and I hung up the receiver.

"What was that?" Craig was asking of Luigi. "I didn't catch it. What did they say?"

"That other voice said to Gennaro, 'Sit down while I count this.'"

"Sh! he's talking again."

"If it is a penny less than ten thousand or I find a mark on the bills I'll call to Enrico, and your daughter will be spirited away again," translated Luigi.

"Now, Gennaro is talking," said Craig. "Good—he is gaining time. He is a trump. I can distinguish that all right. He's asking the gruff-voiced fellow if he will have another bottle of wine. He says he will. Good. They must be at Prince Street now—we'll give them a few minutes more, not too much, for word will be back to Albano's like wildfire, and they will get Gennaro after all. Ah, they are drinking again. What was that, Luigi? The money is all right, he says? Now, Vincenzo, out with the lights!"

A door banged open across the street, and four huge dark figures darted out in the direction of Albano's.

With his finger Kennedy pulled down the

other switch and shouted: "Gennaro, this is Kennedy! To the street! *Polizia! Polizia!*"

A scuffle and a cry of surprise followed. A second voice, apparently from the bar, shouted, "Out with the lights, out with the lights!"

Bang! went a pistol, and another.

The dictagraph, which had been all sound a moment before, was as mute as a cigar-box.

"What's the matter?" I asked Kennedy, as he rushed past me.

"They have shot out the lights. My receiving instrument is destroyed. Come on, Jameson; Vincenzo, stay back if you don't want to appear in this."

A short figure rushed by me, faster even than I could go. It was the faithful Luigi.

In front of Albano's an exciting fight was going on. Shots were being fired wildly in the darkness, and heads were popping out of tenement windows on all sides. As Kennedy and I flung ourselves into the crowd we caught a glimpse of Gennaro, with blood streaming from a cut on his shoulder, struggling with a policeman while Luigi vainly was trying to interpose himself between them. A man, held by another policeman, was urging the first officer on. "That's the man," he was crying. "That's the kidnaper. I caught him."

In a moment Kennedy was behind him. "Paoli, you lie. You are the kidnaper. Seize him—he has the money on him. That other is Gennaro himself."

The policeman released the tenor, and both of them seized Paoli. The others were beating at the door, which was being frantically barricaded inside.

Just then a taxicab came swinging up the street. Three men jumped out and added their strength to those who were battering down Albano's barricade.

Gennaro, with a cry, leaped into the taxicab. Over his shoulder I could see a tangled mass of dark brown curls, and a childish voice lisped: "Why didn't you come for me, papa? The bad man told me if I waited in the yard you would come for me. But if I cried he said he would shoot me. And I waited, and waited—"

"There, there, 'Lina, papa's going to take you straight home to mother."

A crash followed as the door yielded, and the famous Paoli gang was in the hands of the law.

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

There is one good thing about meeting a slick "con" man on paper—it doesn't cost you much. You can chuckle with Wallingford, forget your business while he is extracting pelf from an "easy mark," wonder how in the world he ever thinks of all his get-rich-quick schemes, incidentally get a half-hour's solid enjoyment—and the only thing it costs you is the price of a magazine. Some of our readers tell us that a Wallingford story is worth the price of a dozen issues. We think so, too—and it's the reason why we have just signed a new contract to keep Wallingford exclusively for the *Cosmopolitan* for a good many months to come. In this story he starts a miniature Coney Island and makes his fellow citizens pay

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

BEFORE J. Rufus Wallingford arrived in Prize City, he spent a solid hour in searching through his valuable collection of carelessly exchanged business cards. His search was rewarded by the pasteboard of Thomas J. Hammond, Books and Stationery, 346 Broadway, Prize City, Fine Printing and Engraving a Specialty. Mr. Wallingford studied the reverse of the card more earnestly than he did the obverse. Here was microscopically written, in ink:

May, 1910. New York Central. Little peacock, with a hooked nose and deep creases. Business fuzzer. Rated \$100,000.00. Commercial Club. Wife paints miniatures. Three boys. Oldest, Harry, in college.

Mr. Wallingford spent some fifteen minutes in recalling the brow-creased countenance of Mr. Hammond, then he strolled over to 346 Broadway, and called upon the gentleman. Mr. Hammond, who sat at a desk railed off in the middle of a very neatly kept shop, looked up with frowning abstraction as Mr. Wallingford cheerily greeted him, and the dim light of cold recognition shone in his eyes.

"I'm sorry I can't quite place you," he confessed, and looked back, with a frown, at a clerk who was allowing a lady to go out without having purchased anything.

Mr. Wallingford's expression of cheerful confidence faded as if he were very much disappointed in not being remembered. "I recall you perfectly," he said. "We had a delightful conversation in the buffet-car of

a New York Central flier, one morning last May, from Albany to Forty-second Street."

"Oh, yes," grudgingly admitted Mr. Hammond, with a slight twitching of his creases. Passing the time pleasantly with an affable stranger in a train, and having the affable stranger bob up later in one's place of business, were entirely different matters. "Excuse me a moment, please," and he intercepted the purchaseless lady with an acutely pleasant inquiry as to whether she had found what she wanted. Fifteen minutes later, the lady left with a book under her arm, and Mr. Hammond, much cheered, returned to his visitor. "Yes, I recollect our meeting," he granted. "You gave me a list of theaters and dinner-places, and I found it good advice. Are you in the city on business?"

"I'm not sure yet," returned Wallingford, chuckling; and, hearing the chuckle, Mr. Hammond remembered that Wallingford had been the most delightful traveling companion he had ever met. "It depends on what business opportunities the city has to offer me. First of all, however, I'd like to know something about your local banks."

Mr. Hammond almost turned pale. If it was not etiquette of the road for affable strangers to renew chance acquaintances, how much less was it etiquette for affable strangers to mention banks!

"All our banks are very good," he stated coolly, with his eager eye roving from customer to customer.

"Oh, well, if there's no choice, I may as

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well take the nearest one to the Walsingham," accepted Wallingford, naming his hotel. "I feel a little cautious about it, because I wish to open an account with rather a good-sized check—seventy-five thousand, to be more exact."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Hammond, with an instant change of manner. "I wouldn't go to the Farmers' & Traders' in your case, Mr. Wallingford; I think I should go to the Broadway National." He paused a moment to consider. Depositing a seventy-five-thousand-dollar check for collection, with a view to opening an account, sounded very good. He owned stock in the Broadway National. Still, one never could tell. "Don't say I sent you," he warned. "I can't afford to show favoritism."

"Thanks," said Wallingford gratefully. "I quite understand. By the way, how is your son Harry coming on at college?"

"Fine!" declared Mr. Hammond, with instant responsiveness, and, for the first time, he really smiled. "I didn't imagine you'd remember about him."

"I could scarcely forget him," replied Wallingford convincingly. "You showed me his photograph, you know. It was the best portrait of a fine, handsome, manly lad I had ever seen. He seemed a trifle delicate, though. How is his health now?"

"Couldn't be better," returned Mr. Hammond. "I must show you a picture of him taken last fall," and he opened a drawer of his desk. "Sit down, Mr. Wallingford," and he pushed forward a big leather chair. "Have a cigar. Here is that new photograph."

Wallingford accepted the cigar and the picture with equal apparent pleasure, and he surveyed the latter long and earnestly.

"You've a right to be very proud of that!" he observed with appropriate enthusiasm. "I have a boy growing up, and if he only looks like this, at the same age, I shall be highly satisfied. I suppose he gets his splendid eyes from his mother. They indicate a keen artistic temperament. Is this one of Mrs. Hammond's miniatures?" and he bent forward eagerly to inspect a pasty portrait of a baby, framed in gold filigree.

"That's my youngest," said Mr. Hammond proudly. "I had it displayed at the National Miniaturists' Exhibit, but if I had only known that personal influence

was the leading factor in awarding the prizes, I would have saved Mrs. Hammond the humiliation. You must have a very good memory, Mr. Wallingford, to recollect about my wife being an artist."

"On the contrary, I have a very poor memory," repudiated Mr. Wallingford, with a sad shake of his head. "I meet a great many pleasant people, and it rather distresses me to find that I only remember the most interesting ones."

Mr. Hammond flushed with pleasure. The store was quite busy now, and four customers were awaiting clerks, but he did not offer to serve any of them.

"It's very nice of you to say so," he observed. "How long shall you be in the city?"

"It depends upon local financial conditions. How are they?"

"Not the best in the world," replied Mr. Hammond, with an instant lugubrious expression. "The new traction line, which was to have brought the farmers in to trade, only takes our own people away to spend their money, especially in the summer. They have amusement parks in Riverton and Capitalia. Every time our mechanics have a half-holiday, or take one, they go out of town to ride on the roller coasters, and come home with their arms full of goods which should have been bought at home."

"That's bad," declared Wallingford, genuinely interested. "What you apparently need is an amusement park bigger and better than those at Riverton and Capitalia."

"We've often discussed it, over at the Commercial Club," stated Hammond, with a worried air; "but no one seems to take an active hold of the problem. We've even urged it as a club measure, and might have done something in that way if the Business Men's Club had joined us in the movement."

"Is that club still retarding progress in Prize City?" inquired Wallingford, remembering Hammond's bitter partisanship.

"Still blocking the way," and a frown of anger, this time, condensed Hammond's creases.

"Such a condition is fatal to advancement," announced Wallingford sympathetically, and he arose. "Well, I must trot on over to the Broadway National." He picked up the photograph on the desk,

and examined it anew, with admiration fairly radiating from his big pink face. "By George! that's a handsome boy!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Hammond reached for his hat. "I think I have time to go over to the bank with you and introduce you to the president," he said.

II

THE sight of a real seventy-five-thousand-dollar check at the bank was very good indeed for Mr. Hammond's imagination. That might be a bogus draft, but such a possibility was extremely remote, and,

moreover, Mr. Wallingford displayed no disposition whatever to trade upon the fact that he was known to have deposited so much money. He merely settled down in his hotel and waited for his check to take its due process through the banks. If he had tried to buy anything on credit, or induce anyone to go in with him on any business deal, or sell stock in anything, Mr. Hammond would have been down on him like a flash; for Mr. Hammond was a pretty wise man, and, knew a thing or two, you'd better believe! He had heard about all the swindling games in the world, and had read about still more of them, and had been fleeced on two or three, or four, of them, in



"You see," said Hammond, "we have a strict by-law which says that no liquors shall be brought into the rooms; so we bring in sugar, or tea, or coffee, or whatever we like," and he opened his package of sugar and drew the cork.

The New Adventures of Wallingford

his earlier career. He had cut his eye-teeth, all right, and, though he allowed himself to be highly pleased with Mr. Wallingford as an agreeable companion who had a proper appreciation for the worth-while things of life, including bright boys at college and wives who painted miniatures and a man's position and influence in the commerce of his own city, still Mr. Hammond was not one to be entirely carried away with enthusiasm. He met Mr. Wallingford several times in the course of the next few days, took luncheon with him twice, and spent one very pleasant evening at the Walsingham, where he drank more champagne than was really good for him, and enjoyed it, even in retrospection.

On Friday Mr. Hammond, by his right as a stockholder, learned that Mr. Wallingford's check had proved thoroughly good, and that the stranger now had seventy-five thousand regular dollars in the Broadway National; so, that night, which was the club's official social evening, he made Mr. Wallingford his guest at the Commercial Club, and gave him a two-weeks' card, which privileged him to come up to the rooms whenever he chose, and buy whatever he liked, and pay cash for it.

On the way up to the club, Mr. Hammond stopped in at a grocery-store and bought a pound of sugar and a jovial wink for a dollar and a half. He explained this purchase up in the club, in a little room full of lockers.

"You see, we don't have a bar in the Commercial Club, on account of the strong temperance element in this town," he stated, as he took a self-pulling corkscrew from its nail by the door; "and we have a strict by-law which says that no liquors shall be brought into the rooms; so we all bring in sugar, or tea, or coffee, or whatever we like," and, with a juvenile grin which struggled oddly with his perpetually creased forehead, he opened his package of sugar and drew the cork, whereupon he offered Wallingford a water-glass to drink from.

Two other gentlemen, hatless and coatless, and with billiard-sticks in their hands, walked into the grocery-room, one of them laughing and the other one trying to laugh. The one who was trying to laugh took a key from his pocket, opened his locker, and produced a bottle, holding it sadly up to the light.

"Third straight chocolate-drop Lybar-

ger's lost to-night, Hammond," explained the laughing one.

"Anybody can beat Lybarger," retorted Hammond, giving way to the boyish spirit of the hour. "Mr. Wallingford, allow me to introduce Mr. Woods, our leading druggist. Mr. Lybarger, Mr. Wallingford. Mr. Lybarger sells the worst shoes, at the highest price, of any man in the state. Mr. Wallingford, gentlemen, is an Eastern capitalist whom we hope to have join the march of prosperity in Prize City."

Mr. Woods and Mr. Lybarger, the former a fat young man with an intricately veined face, and the latter a phenomenally lean man with painfully dark hair and complexion, were pleased to welcome the Eastern capitalist into their midst, and Mr. Hammond, under cover of the noise of the running water at the sink, where goblets were rinsed, informed fat Mr. Woods,

"Has seventy-five thousand in the Broadway National, real money!"

"Mr. Wallingford," invited Mr. Woods hastily; "won't you try some of my chewing-gum?" and he produced a bottle from his own locker. "This is some very special chewing-gum. Friend of mine in Kentucky sent it to me. Twenty-five years old."

"Stingy!" charged Lybarger. "You told me that was all gone, a month ago."

"If I hadn't told you that, I wouldn't have had any of it for Mr. Wallingford, by this time. Great Scott, here comes Walt Hubbard!" and, swiftly pouring Wallingford's drink into a clean glass, he jerked his bottle back into the locker, and turned the key upon it.

Others came in, and Wallingford was introduced to them, and they conducted him hospitably to the reading-room. By the time he had sat in his chair, every man in the Commercial Club knew that he had seventy-five thousand dollars on deposit at the Broadway National! He could hear them telling it to each other, and he enjoyed himself very much.

Mr. Hammond was proud of his friend Wallingford, as the evening wore on. He was a good story-teller, and he looked so jovial that, by the time he had told three or four good ones, his auditors laughed every time he said anything at all. Funny stories were not the whole of this impressive big Eastern capitalist's repertoire, however. He knew business, from the retailing of prunes to the financing of a subway, and when he

turned to the discussion of local conditions, and of general business conditions in cities the size of their own, the members of the Commercial Club, one and all, dropped their respective rôles of boys on a holiday and, with deep satisfaction, resumed their own normal characters of eager business men, first, last, and all the time! They quit slipping away to the provision-room when he turned seriously to these vital topics, and, finding him cheerfully ready to answer questions, they plied him with a brisk cross-fire of them. Finally, hoary-headed Dan Blessus, who ran a furniture-factory on the profit-sharing plan, with a daily chapel attachment, and secured the manufacture of his output cheaper than any of his competitors, asked Wallingford the question which had been sprouting at the root of every man's tongue for the last half-hour.

"If it were not presuming too far," he suggested; "I'd like to ask you what your own line might be; but I'm afraid to do so."

"I'll save you the embarrassment of asking," returned Wallingford cheerfully. "I am an industrial physician."

"And surgeon?" inquired fat little Woods, whose sense of the ridiculous was far keener than his sense of propriety.

There was a laugh upon this, and Wallingford laughed the loudest, although, within him, he was afraid of that laugh, lest theirs might turn sinister; and there is nothing more dangerous. To lead that laughter gently by the hand, and turn it into harmless channels, he told a funny story about a doctor who amputated the wrong leg, and then he slipped quite naturally back into the serious conversation upon which he had started.

"Aside from the fancy language," he stated, "I have made it my work to find the commercial needs of one city after another. I study each case as carefully as if I were a physician, or an engineer. Sometimes I find that a city has undeveloped natural resources, such as a bed of suitable clay for making pottery. In that case, I would promote a pottery, finance it, even invest my own money if necessary, put it upon a paying basis, sell out my interest, including the modest amount of stock given me for my services in promotion, and go elsewhere. Every city is more or less commercially incomplete, and has one crying need."

The next question was so natural that six people asked it at once. "What does Prize City need?" they chorused

"An amusement park," replied Wallingford promptly. "My friend, Mr. Hammond, was keen enough to see that local defect, and called my attention to it in our first interview. I have studied your city the entire week; I have made trips to Riverton and to Capitalia, and have driven over all your surrounding country, and my final conclusion is that you not only need an amusement park, but that you must have it. Tell me, what good does the traction line do you?"

A sorrowful chorus assured him that it was a delusion and a snare.

"It's your own fault," Wallingford charged them. "You do not furnish your people what they want, and they go away to get it, as you would do. You should not only provide them with what they want, but with what the people of other cities want. You will then have outsiders coming here to spend their money, instead of your own people going away to spend theirs."

He was told that the Commercial Club had often talked this over.

"That's where you need me," Wallingford laughingly informed them. "You do nothing but talk, largely because you're absorbed in your own business affairs. People need amusement more than they need anything else. What amusement do you give them in the summer? I'll tell you. On Saturday nights, you let them come down and walk around and around Monument Square, and when their legs get tired they can carry the children home. It's no wonder they go to Riverton and Capitalia to ride on the roller coasters, as our friend Hammond puts it. Incidentally, while they're there, they buy dry goods, clothing, groceries, shoes, and millinery. You must reverse those conditions. Build an amusement park bigger than those of Riverton and Capitalia put together. If this project is well carried out, you will get the trade, not only of your own people, but from all the surrounding farms and villages. Every avenue of business will be livened, and money will circulate here as it never did before. You merchants could well afford to dig down in your own pockets, not only to build but to support such a park, if that were necessary. It will not be, however, for such places support themselves, and make a tremendous profit besides. I said, a while ago, that Prize City not only ought to have, but must have this institution.

Now, I go even further. I say that, by George, it shall have it!"

Much applause followed that declaration. The merry villagers clapped their hands and cheered, and shouted to Wallingford that he was all right! that this was the way to talk! No such scene of mad enthusiasm had occurred in the Commercial Club since William Jennings Bryan had told them what their beautiful and progressive city should do in the matter of removing the heel of the oppressor. Somebody shouted "speech!" and half a hundred throats caught up the cry. Willing hands forced Wallingford up on a chair, and then on the table, where he stood, calmly chuckling, while they cheered him to the echo and back again. He was something to cheer, too, they felt, as he stood there so big, and so broad chested, and so prosperous looking and well fed. He disappointed them, however, in the matter of the speech.

"I've made my oration," he smilingly told them. "Now is the time for action. Let us make this a private enterprise, on a good, sound, sensible basis, but under Commercial Club auspices. Somebody appoint a chairman, and let's organize."

With tumultuous fervor, they nominated J. Rufus Wallingford, but he firmly declined the offer, and put his happy friend, Hammond, in the chair.

Before the meeting broke up, the Prize City Amusement Park Company had been fully organized, a committee had been appointed to go out with Wallingford and inspect Dad Thompson's farm, with its brook-fed lake, its wooded terraces, its natural amphitheater, and its providentially arranged campus; and the entire hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock had been subscribed, including Mr. Wallingford's modest, but adequate, twenty per cent. for promotion. If they could have found Dad Thompson that night, they would have bought his farm; but Dad, they discovered, had gone to Pringleville.

The Commercial Club went home quite proud of itself; and wouldn't the Business Men's Club, consisting of the direct and personal business rivals of every member of the Commercial Club, feel cheap, and sleepy, and fossilized!

III

BLACKIE DAW arrived on Saturday morning, took a gorgeous suite of rooms in the

Hotel Blessus, spent a soulful half-hour with a saxophone which he had taken a sudden notion to master, read the papers, ordered a bigger table into his sitting-room, covered it with lunch, drinks, and cigars, and invited each of the local papers to send him a reporter.

"I'm a professional amusement-park promoter," he explained when they were all together. "I came here to fill this town's summer full of shrieks of laughter and whoops of joy. I see, by your clean and wholesome family journals, that I'm a few days late for the party, so I'm going to give a party of my own. Who is this man Wallingford?"

Nobody knew.

"He's a grand little entertainer, though," opined chunky Jinks Woods, of the *Clarion*, with a reminiscent smile. "The Commercial Club is going to make him an honorary member for life."

"So I see," acknowledged Blackie Daw, with fine contempt. "This Wallingford person comes in here, and tells the first six funny stories in the Orator's Guide, tickles fifty business men under the chin, and makes them give him thirty thousand dollars' worth of stock for coaxing them to spend a hundred and twenty thousand."

"Smooth work," admitted Jinks, who acted as spokesman for the party because he could eat, drink, smoke, and talk at the same time, whereas the rest of them could not add the talking to their other duties. "My fat brother Ben says Wallingford's so smooth he don't see how he keeps his clothes from slipping off."

Blackie, with difficulty, suppressed the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. "There you are!" he triumphantly exclaimed. "Your brother Ben has him right. He's a smooth citizen. He has to have his shoes sandpapered; and yet he cons the business men of the Commercial Club into investment with him, and he a perfect stranger! Your brother Ben is a smart man!"

"Don't get me wrong," hastily interposed Jinks Woods, dispensing with the top slice of bread on another chicken sandwich, and substituting a slice of Swiss cheese. "Ben admires smoothness. He's figuring up his bank-account to-day to find how much money he can spare. He wants to give it to Wallingford," and he laughed so infectiously that Blackie wanted to stop and shake hands with him.



"Be sure that your eyes do not deceive you, for the hand is quicker than the eye," said Blackie, and suddenly he whipped forth a thousand-dollar bill

"The point of it is," persisted Blackie, "that he doesn't understand the amusement-park business. He admits it himself. According to all the papers, he has promoted factories, potteries, mines, real-estate deals, and one scheme after another; but never an amusement park. Now, I know more about amusement parks than the man who invented Coney Island. I've ridden on more roller coasters and merry-go-rounds than any living human being. I not only want to promote this amusement park for business but for fun. I want to make the first parachute drop. You couldn't coax this man Wallingford into a balloon with a six-pound beefsteak. I don't believe he's on the level about this park, anyhow."

The peach-faced youngster for the *Tribune* speared another olive, and hastened to Wallingford's defense. "He has seventy-five thousand dollars in the Broadway National," he stated, with cold dislike for any man who would question that final argument. "Jinks Woods, there, asked about it at the bank."

"Gentlemen, draw nigh," said Blackie Daw, with a sudden and entire change of manner. "Observe that I have no cuffs to

deceive you," and he pushed up his sleeves as far as they would go, holding forth both long, slender hands, and turning them about in the fashion of a prestidigitator. He picked up a little black bag from the floor, and set it upon the corner of the table. He moved a platter of sardines from before it. He waved those flexible hands in front of him. Many years ago, Blackie had dealt three-card monte and had manipulated the walnut shells and the elusive little pea, and no whit of his dexterity had passed with the years. He opened the little black bag. Four of the five reporters stopped eating.

"Now, watch me closely," ballyhooed Blackie. "Be sure that your eyes do not deceive you, for the hand is quicker than the eye," and suddenly he whipped forth a thousand-dollar bill, spread it upon the table, and held it down with a lean forefinger, cocking his head, thrusting forth his chest, bowing his back, and placing a fist upon his hip. Even the reporter for the German paper stopped eating.

"Will you hold tight to that, and let me feel the other end of it?" inquired Jinks Woods, disguising his real awe with a thin veil of mockery.

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"Not yet," declared Blackie, waving him grandly away, and suddenly pausing, for a fleeting instant, to grin gleefully into the eyes of each one of them in turn. They caught that spirit of eternal childhood, and, from that moment, they understood him, and were with him, heart and soul. If he had an ulterior motive which they did not understand, they were with that, too. "Now, count," and, with a motion as regular as that of an earnest and sturdy washerwoman, he dived into the bag, with both hands, brought out another thousand-dollar bill by its two ends, and laid it upon the first one. "Two," he counted aloud; and then, repeating the motion, "three; four; five; six; the deeper we go, gentlemen, the more the wonder grows; seven; eight; nine; ten; each and every one an exact duplicate of its handsome little brother; eleven; twelve; watch my hands closely, gentlemen, to see that they do not deceive your eyes; thirteen; fourteen; fifteen—"

"We're astonished," admitted Jinks Woods. "How many are there?"

"Sixteen; seventeen," resumed Blackie, with a friendly grin at Jinks, and he did not stop until he had counted each of the hundred one-thousand-dollar bills in his possession. "How's that for legerdemain?" he demanded.

"It's the finest parlor trick I ever saw," gulped Jinks Woods. "If you don't clamp one of those down and let me feel it, I'll never go away from here happy."

"I'll give you a piece of one as a souvenir," offered Blackie promptly, and he solemnly tore off as generous a corner as banking caution would allow.

Jinks accepted it gratefully, and, with his eyes cast upward to the ceiling, slipped it through and through his fingers. "It doesn't feel much more silky than a dollar bill," he stated with gravely assumed disappointment; then he opened his watch-charm, in which reposed a wisp of red hair, a wisp of black hair, a wisp of yellow hair, a wisp of brown hair, and the silken end of his first and only mustache. With these trophies, and the miniature photo of a dog with one lop-ear, he deposited his newest treasure. "Now put the rest of it away," he pleaded. "I have a pen-knife with me, and I'm afraid of myself. Why did the government let you move the mint here, anyhow?"

"Just this," said Blackie briskly, dropping

his banter immediately; "I heard of this man Wallingford's seventy-five-thousand-dollar bank-deposit, and I came prepared to call his bluff. He hasn't invested a cent of his seventy-five thousand. He's letting the members of the Commercial Club put up the money, and he's taking twenty per cent. I'll invest every dollar of this in a bona-fide amusement-park project, if the real business men of this town will put up an equal amount. There's only room here for one enterprise of the sort, and only one possible location, as I understand it. I'm after that enterprise and that location. Lead me to some live members, let them appoint a treasurer, and I'll pass him this pile of documents tied up in a pink corsage-bouquet ribbon. Money talks. Do you hear it?"

Jinks Woods put his fingers to his ears. "Put it away so I can think," he directed. "It seems to me, Mr. Daw, that you and that pile of noise—say! won't you please put it away!—should be very interesting to the Business Men's Club. I've talked with half a dozen of our members this morning, and they think it's an outrage the way the Commercial Club is always trying to make any public movement a club issue. First of all, we boys will get a story of what you propose to do, and then, if you'd like me to, I'll see some of these fellows for you and arrange a meeting."

"Jinks Woods," declared Blackie with deep emotion, "I shall have you as my sole companion on the first roller coaster ride."

"That's a gospel promise," claimed Jinks, and shook hands most cordially on it. He was glad he had lived long enough to meet Blackie Daw. They were tickled with each other.

The boys prepared to go. Blackie forced another drink upon each of them, stuffed cigars in their pockets, and insisted upon clasping a fool sandwich in the hand of each one as he filed out of the room. Having a half-hour, or possibly an hour, to wait before he could hear from Jinks Woods, he produced his glittering saxophone from its velvet-lined case, and blew out of it the wails of lost souls.

IV

THE guest across the hall had threatened to move to the Walsingham, the guest above was stamping viciously on the floor,

the one below was pounding on the steam-pipes, and a dog in the alley was howling his heart out when Jinks Woods interrupted Blackie's peaceful practice.

"I bought the Business Men's Club for you with that corner of a thousand-dollar bill you gave me, and got some change back," Jinks telephoned. "Hurry right on over."

"Fine," said Blackie. "Wait just a minute. Listen to this," and, lifting his instrument to the telephone, he played, quite perfectly, the gem upon which he had been practising all morning.

"I thought I asked you to put that money away," protested Jinks. "Now it's getting hoarse."

"That's my saxophone!" indignantly returned Blackie. "I was playing you a strain from 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"I wouldn't know the place," decided Jinks. "Say, Daw, you'll do better if you fill that doodad full of tobacco, and smoke it. Hurry on over."

"How do I find the place?" asked Blackie.

"It's upstairs, over the fourth and largest saloon, on the right-hand side as you come up Blessus Street. We have a dumb-waiter running up from there."

"No, thanks; I'll walk up," replied Blackie, and bent a moment of earnest care over his lug-

gage. He took with him the little black bag and a huge portfolio. He studied for a moment over the saxophone-case, but, with a sigh, he left it.

Jinks Woods met him at the top of the stairs with loud acclaim, and made him free immediately of the dumb-waiter, into the yawning mouth of which, after tinkling a bell, he ordered "two number fours," and, placing a quarter upon the shelf, shot it downward, and waited. The number fours having been duly swallowed, he led Blackie into the flag-festooned front room, threw open the dusty blinds and the windows, and told Blackie that he owned the place.

"Just make yourself at home," he invited. "I'll have half a dozen local patriots up here in ten minutes," and he hustled out.

Blackie took instant advantage of his opportunities.

He opened his portfolio, and took from it an amazing collection of water-color sketches, colored lithographs, photographs, half-tones, and zinc etchings of amusement parks and amusement devices from everywhere. Bird's-eye views of Luna and Lost Dreamland vied for attention with crude newspaper sketches of the latest "switch-back" erected at Thank's Grove. These pictures he placed upon mantel shelves, window ledges, chairs, and tables, until roller coasters



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ambled all over the room. Every neck-breaking, nerve-racking, heart-stopping device known to the world of pleasure was represented and in place, and Blackie was playing wheezy ragtime on the antique melodian, when his firm friend Jinks ushered in near-sighted Mr. Crompters, who was the city's leading stationer and bookseller. He said so himself.

"Mr. Crompters is the first man to seize upon any important public project in Prize City," Jinks stated. "He is president of the Business Men's Club, which he founded, and was president of the Commercial Club before this organization split off from that body."

"You are very lucky you did not fall into their clutches," avowed Mr. Crompters, who was given habitually to intemperance of the tongue. "They'll start anything over there, and, in two weeks, you never hear of the scheme again. There's no question that we do need a big amusement park here, but it's a pity that the project should have been taken up by men of the caliber it has. I understand that Mr. Wallingford is a very solid man, too, which makes it all the greater shame."

"He's no more solid than my friend Daw," declared Jinks Woods. "Mr. Wallingford is not investing a penny in his amusement-park scheme, whereas Mr. Daw has a hundred thousand dollars in cold cash, right in that little black grip. I've got a piece of it. This large fortune he will turn over to any treasurer you fellows appoint, until the members of the Business Men's Club raise an equal amount. That sounds like on-the-level talk to me."

Blackie Daw flourished his hand in the direction of Mr. Woods. "I have nothing more to say," he observed. "Here are some of the amusement features I propose to build, to keep Prize City's money at home. Here is my cash share in the proposed investment, and I don't ask to handle either my money or yours. I guess you don't need any arguments as to the need of such an institution. The arguments are all in this morning's papers; and they're good. It's only a question of financing it now, and of who shall build your park."

"It's a question of the sort of men we get to represent such an enterprise," corrected Mr. Crompters.

Blackie Daw adroitly shoved before Mr. Crompters's eyes a small clipping from the

Clarion. "Here are the gentlemen who are financing the other company," he advised.

Mr. Crompters read that list with snorts of indignation surpassing any which he had yet emitted. "Hammond, twenty thousand!" He paused for an extra snort over the name of the other leading stationer and bookseller. "Daniel Blessus, fifteen thousand; Walt Hubbard, fifteen; Lybarger, ten; and here follows a whole shoal of little fellows, running down to sums as small as a hundred dollars! Why, it took nearly thirty members of the Commercial Club to raise a hundred and twenty thousand cash! I notice your brother's name down here for a thousand, Jinks."

"I didn't know he had that much!" complained Jinks. "He's been holding out on the family. Anyhow, I'll bet he hasn't paid it in yet."

"That'll be the trouble with the whole Commercial Club," eagerly seconded Crompters. "Well, I'll guarantee to raise our hundred thousand among not over ten subscribers. I'll take twenty-five thousand myself," and he looked again to make sure that Hammond had subscribed only twenty.

"You will find the subscription-list on the little desk to the right, as you enter the door," stated Blackie politely, and waved his hand in that direction.

Mr. Goodall, a brisk man with a wall-eye, came in just then, full of indignation that Prize City's big amusement park was to be built by incompetents from the Commercial Club, and he subscribed one thousand dollar's more stock than Dan Blessus, who also ran a furniture-factory.

Sam Harvey, a lumpy shoe-dealer, who looked about as well from one angle as another, was pained that such a man as Lybarger should give any portion of amusement to the public, and he set down his name for twelve thousand dollars' worth of stock.

"I'm only digging up the live ones," Jinks confided to Blackie, in a convenient moment. "I won't let a man up here who hasn't so much money his relatives hate him."

Blackie opened the little black grip and tore off the corner of another bill for his aid and ally.

"Thanks," accepted Jinks, with no trace of a grin. "I'll keep these 'till I get enough to make a whole one," and he hurried out to drag in those other members of the Busi-

ness Men's Club whom he knew to be the most profoundly bitter toward the Commercial Club.

It was nearing three o'clock when Blackie appointed an arbitrary committee, of three, to deposit his funds in the Farmers' & Traders' Bank; it was nearing four when he had his full additional hundred thousand subscribed; and it was nearing nine before he got all his tentative stockholders together for an after-dinner meeting of organization.

"The first thing of all to do," Blackie told them, "is to secure the ground. Suppose you appoint a committee to go out with me and inspect Thompson's Lake, which I understand to be the only choice location you have."

They appointed that committee, and they did any other little thing which Mr. Daw suggested; and then they settled down to the real business of the evening—that of entertaining and being entertained. Mr. Daw obliged them with card tricks, with sleight of hand, and many other little feats of remarkable dexterity, but his grand "stunt" of the evening was when he secured some English walnuts, selected three nice, clean shells, whittled some little peas out of erasers from the ends of lead-pencils, and ran a shell-game for them, accepting no bets larger or smaller than one penny, but insisting sternly upon collections. They were, one and all, delighted with that novelty, and admiringly voted him as good as a professional.

They were pleased with Mr. Daw for many reasons. If only they could secure the Thompson property, they would show the Commercial Club how to finance a real amusement proposition! A hundred and fifty thousand was too small an amount, anyhow, to build the extensive plant which the members of the Commercial Club proposed to erect, and thirty thousand of that was bonus stock. In their own project there was no bonus, except the trifling little two thousand which Mr. Daw had insisted upon voting to Jinks Woods for his services in promotion. Theirs was a solid company, and eighty thousand dollars better than the other one; nearly double, in fact!

The news flashed from club to club of all that was being done, and the sessions, at both headquarters, lasted until quite a late hour, with the excitement growing more

and more intense. Jinks Woods stuck with his friend through thick and thin, and, at three o'clock in the morning, the night clerk of the Hotel Blessus, failing to receive any response to his frantic telephone calls, ran up to Blackie's suite, in pursuance of his stern duty, to find Jinks listening raptly to the deep-toned saxophonic harmony of "Home, Sweet Home."

V

DAD THOMPSON's farm was a diversified tract of land, quite picturesque enough to look at, but of no delight at all to a farmer whose artistic imagery ran to fields of waving grain. There were hills and trees and rocks, a tinkling brook and a leaping cascade and a smiling lake, but there was no place to grow corn!

Jinks Woods, who had hunted over Dad's farm until there wasn't a rabbit or a squirrel left, was the guide for Blackie's party of exploration, and he landed them on the creek-road side of the farm, in two automobiles and a gasoline-buggy.

"I know what you want," he said. "There's a bunch of lovers' lanes down this way that you'll spoil with electric lights, but they'll make a fine approach for the carriage and motor crowd. First you'll hear the tinkle of the water-falls, then you'll hear the whiz of the roller coaster, then you'll hear the jingle of money; and that's the end of the route."

Blackie turned to Crompers almost tearfully. "And to think that we only gave Jinks Woods two thousand dollars' worth of stock!" he regretted.

"He should be fined," protested Crompers, who could always find the fly in the ointment, no matter how microscopic. "If the *Clarion* and the other papers had kept still about this location, Dad Thompson would have been glad to sell his rock farm for little or nothing. There's only a hundred acres of it, and fifty dollars an acre, on the average, would be an extravagant price for it. That's five thousand. Now, with all this newspaper talk, he'll probably want oil-field prices for it."

"It's worth oil-field prices to Prize City," enthusiastically stated Blackie. "But why talk of such sordid things as money, gentlemen, in the face of such beauties of nature? Here's a rocky path for which a summer-resort hotel would give a fortune,

and here's an actual cave big enough to put in twelve beer-tables and a slot-machine. If there's enough such corners as this in the place, we'll run an electric belt line through the park, with stations at all the drinking-places; round-trip tickets, five cents, with stop-over privileges. I can see where the elevated belt line, with thirst-stations in the sides of rocks and in tree-tops, is going to be a huge hit, especially if we add a hospital car."

Chattering thus upon the possibilities of the place, and giving his whimsical fancy free rein, Blackie happily followed the leadership of Jinks Woods, down through the beautifully picturesque ravine to the open glade where the Midway feature of the park would probably be established. A wooded spur of the hill jutting into this glade concealed a full view of it, and, as they rounded this spur, Blackie gave an exclamation of genuine delight over the beauty of the crystal-clear lakelet which suddenly lay revealed.

"It's a wonder!" he acknowledged, as the others crowded up beside him. "It's large enough for boating, bathing, and water games, and the shoot the chutes can be put off in that little side bay. Our roller coaster, and the other attractions which require plenty of space, can go over here, and even spread up the hillsides. Over there will be the main station of our elevated belt line. Right across the lake—Well, look who's here!"

A group of gentlemen, headed by the commanding figure of J. Rufus Wallingford, had just turned out of the woods, at the other end of the lake, having come in by the traction entrance, and had paused abruptly to cast looks of black rancor across the prettily rippling water.

"Jiminy Jinks!" exploded Woods. "Look who else is here! Foxy Dad Thompson."

"Hold my hat and saxophone," hurriedly directed Blackie, passing over the former article, and merely imagining the latter; whereupon, in his bare head, and with the tails of his black frock coat flopping behind him, he sprinted, at top speed, toward the gray-haired farmer who had just emerged from the woods above the side of the lake.

Wallingford, with his weight and dignity, could not afford to sprint, but he hastened. Dad Thompson was a sturdy, bow-backed

old chap, with a face the color of a russet apple and two extremely blue eyes far overhung by bushy gray brows. He wore his Sunday clothes, relieved from stiffness by a blue hickory shirt and a flop-brimmed straw hat, and he eyed the approach of the thin-legged Blackie with keen enjoyment.

"Ho-ho-ho!" he laughed, with the hearty vocalization which had kept him youthful at sixty. "I got a skinny old mare that runs just like that, young man, but she wins me a race at every fair."

"I'd like to shake hands with her," laughed Blackie, without panting a mouthful. "What will you take for your farm?"

"I never do business on Sunday," asserted Dad Thompson sanctimoniously. "How much will you give?"

"Ten thousand dollars, spot cash, on Monday," Blackie hastily offered.

"Well, I couldn't give you any answer to-day," avowed Mr. Thompson, with twinkling eyes; "but that don't seem like much of a price."

"It's twice the value of your farm," urged Blackie.

"I didn't know how valuable it was 'till I see all this stuff in the papers," retorted Dad, casting his pleased gaze at the procession which was now nearing them, headed by Jinks Woods, who bore Blackie's silk hat aloft on the end of his cane, like a banner.

"Is this Mr. Thompson?" asked the suave voice of Wallingford.

Blackie Daw was instantly indignant at the intrusion. "I beg your pardon, sir," he objected, eying Mr. Wallingford fiercely. "I am at present engaged with Mr. Thompson in a perfectly private conversation."

Mr. Wallingford, coldly dignified, paid no attention to Mr. Daw's objection.

"I wish to buy this farm, Mr. Thompson," he persisted, "if I can secure it for a reasonable price. What will you take for it?"

"I couldn't give you a figure, this being Sunday," announced Mr. Thompson; "but I've just been offered ten thousand."

"I'll give you twenty," quickly returned Wallingford.

"I might offer you twenty-five if I was handling nothing but other people's money," snapped Mr. Daw; "but since half of the funds of my company is my own, I must consult with my partners."

"Give him twenty-five," directed Crom-

pers, at Blackie's elbow, and nodded with thin affability to Mr. Hammond, who was just behind Wallingford.

"I'll make it twenty-five," bid Blackie eagerly.

Wallingford turned to his committee with pursed lips. He consulted, for a moment, with his Commercial Club friends in low mumbles, then he came to Mr. Thompson and Mr. Daw with a new proposition.

"We may as well make short work of this absurd contest," he suggested. "If it is agreeable to all of you, we will take five minutes for consultation, and then offer Mr. Thompson written bids for his farm; the highest bidder to get it."

"I couldn't promise to consider such bids to-day," Dad advised them; "but I've no objections to looking at what you'll be willing to pay me to-morrow," and he produced a silver watch, weighing about half a pound. With the point of a jack-knife, he pried open the lid. "It's just twenty-eight minutes to eleven, gentlemen," he said.

Mr. Daw and Mr. Wallingford retired with their parties.

"There's no use fooling with this proposition," said Blackie. "This man Wallingford is a reckless cuss, I could see that from his eye. I had a good look at him while we stood there talking. He figures that mere ground is cheap at any price, and he's going to bid high to settle it. I propose that we offer Mr. Dad a cool, clean fifty thousand dollars, and have it over with."

Crompers groaned. "Why, there ain't a

hundred-acre farm in the state worth that much! More than that, I hate to think of Dad Thompson walking off with all that money. He'll take every cent of it and go away from the town, and buy a big wheat-farm in Dakota, like he's threatened all these years."

"Very well," agreed Blackie. "If you don't want Thompson to have the only good crop he ever raised on this farm, we'll let the Commercial Club and its leading citizens present this amusement park to

Prize City."

Lumpy Sam Harvey glanced over at lean Lybarger in the other party. That eminent shoe-dealer was gesticulating vigorously.

"I'm in favor of bidding higher than that crowd can possibly think of, and settling it right here," he announced. "They won't dare bid fifty thousand. They'd only have seventy thousand left to build. We'll have more than twice that amount left."

A laugh

broke out in Wallingford's crowd.

"Ha-ha-ha!" scorned Jinks Woods. "Let's go right to it, boys. Make this sporty offer that my friend Daw suggests, and I'll give you back all my stock except a hundred dollars' worth. I want to save one share, partly for luck and partly so I can kick against the management."

"Gentlemen, Mr. Wallingford has his envelope ready," observed Blackie. "We'd better take a vote on this."

They looked. Mr. Wallingford held a white envelope in his hand, and he was smiling confidently. Mr. Hammond was



—L. L. Connelly
"Ho-ho-ho!" pealed Dad Thompson. "It's a dead heat, boys"

The New Adventures of Wallingford

smiling confidently. Mr. Lybarger and Mr. Blessus were smiling confidently, and so were all the others of the Commercial Club crowd.

"Damn!" remarked Mr. Crompers. "I vote fifty thousand."

That vote was unanimous.

Dad Thompson received a bid in each hand, and smiled so broadly that his mouth was entirely surrounded by leathery curves. When he opened the bids, however, he stretched those horizontal curves into vertical ones.

"Ho-ho-ho!" he pealed. "It's a dead heat, boys."

"Who gets it?" demanded Jinks Woods, standing on tiptoe in his eagerness.

"Nobody, this being Sunday," responded Dad happily. "Anyhow, it's a tie vote; fifty thousand apiece. Guess you'll have to bid again, boys."

Both parties wore most mournful faces. The price of land was reaching an uncomfortably dizzy height. Wallingford looked particularly gloomy, and Blackie called attention to that fact.

"They won't go much higher," he confidently asserted.

"They'd better not, or I'll let them have it, so far as I'm concerned," growled Crompers. "It'd serve old Dad Thompson right if we'd refuse to bid any more. Anyhow, if this crowd decides to offer above five thousand dollars more, you may count me out."

Since Crompers hung to that resolution, and since Blackie did not seem anxious to shake his resolve, five thousand more was all they bid, and Wallingford's crowd won the contest, at sixty thousand dollars.

"If this was a business day, I'd take something to bind the bargain," announced Dad; "but, seeing that it ain't, if Mr. Wallingford will just put some real cash, say a thousand dollars, in this envelope with his bid, I'll open it the first thing tomorrow morning, and do business," and he looked Wallingford hard in the eye.

Wallingford, returning that steady gaze critically, finally smiled, and emptied his pocketbook. It contained eight hundred dollars, and he secured the balance from Hammond.

Mr. Wallingford's party was jubilant, but sober and thoughtful about it; for half their capital, they felt, was a staggering price to pay for even this wonderful site. Mr. Daw's committee was disappointed,

though relieved. Jinks Woods was broken hearted, but Blackie Daw was furious! He told Mr. Wallingford, in most emphatic terms, what he thought of him; he shook his finger under that astonished gentleman's nose, and was, with difficulty, restrained from making a physical assault upon him, a condition of affairs which seemed to embarrass and annoy Mr. Wallingford very much.

It was Jinks Woods who really prevented the fight. Plunging his bulky little body directly into Blackie's breast-bone, he braced his cylindrical legs, and screamed up at Blackie:

"Be game, old sport, be game! You're licked; be game!"

"Let me at him! Let me at him!" yelled Blackie, whirling his arms over Jinks's shoulders.

"Be game!" pleaded Jinks. "Listen. Let me show you how game I am. Will you listen, Daw? Now! Three cheers for the Prize City Amusement Park, whoever builds it! One, two, three; whoee!" and Jinks's voice shrilled a cheer with all his lungs.

He cheered alone, but his plucky losing spirit produced one good effect. Blackie Daw clasped his hand to his brow and thought quite conspicuously; then he mounted a stump, and spread forth both his long arms commandingly.

"Gentlemen, I am about to make a speech," he warned them. "First of all, I apologize to everybody for my hasty temper. I was a little demon, as a child. I apologize to Mr. Wallingford, who is probably a gentleman whom, under other circumstances, I should like to know. He looks as if he might be kind to his family, anyhow." An all-round laugh cleared up that breach. Wallingford laughed, too, but he looked worried. "The fine, game spirit of Jinks Woods has opened my eyes to the fact that we were all wrong. After all, this amusement park is for the benefit of every person living in Prize City, and particularly for the benefit of all her merchants, of both the Commercial and Business Men's clubs. Get together, gentlemen; get together."

"Three cheers!" screamed Jinks Woods, jumping up in the air and waving his hat. "Now! One, two, three; whoee!"

Lybarger, feebly, and Blackie Daw, with a will, joined him in that first cheer.



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

It was Jinks Woods who really prevented the fight. Plunging his bulky little body directly into Blackie's breast-bone, he braced his cylindrical legs, and screamed up at Blackie: "Be game, old sport, be game! You're licked; be game!"

"One, two, three; whoee!" yelled Jinks, whose fervor nothing could abash.

Blackie, Wallingford, Lybarger, lumpy Sam Harvey, and a few scattering voices in each crowd joined in that one heartily. Old man Blessus was seen to open his mouth.

"Great!" shouted the encouraged Jinks. "Let's make it unanimous. All together, now! One, two, three; whoee!"

"Whoe!" came the strong chorus, with no silent voice, and Jinks used his last remaining breath to dance a hoe-down.

There was a moment of silence.

"How about it, boys?" suggested Lybarger, glancing particularly at Sam Harvey.

"It seems sensible," granted Harvey.

Mr. Hammond quietly asked a brief question from each of his committee.

"I suppose the invitation should come from us," he acknowledged, addressing Mr. Crompers and his party. "Mr. Wallingford admits that, with the opportunities here, we shall more than likely need your help. We should be very glad to have you join us. It is a big work, and we all should have a share in it."

"We are glad of the opportunity," graciously admitted Mr. Crompers.

"Three cheers for everybody!" demanded Jinks Woods, having replenished his breath.

In the proceedings which followed, the two factions mixed with a cordiality they had not known for years, and Mr. Hammond found himself standing beside Mr. Crompers in perfect amity.

"You'll retain your stock in the new amusement park organization, won't you, Mr. Daw?" Hammond inquired as Jinks enthusiastically introduced that gentleman.

"No," refused Blackie sadly; "this has become purely a local organization, and, moreover, I would not invest where I held less than fifty per cent. of the stock."

"We're very much indebted to you for bringing us together," returned Hammond.

"That's so," acknowledged Blackie. "I demand, for my services, the first ride on the roller coaster, for myself and Jinks Woods, and that you give Jinks his stock in the new company, and make him press-agent."

"We'll promise that," laughed Hammond. "Eh, Crompers?" and Crompers also promised.

"Three cheers!" announced Jinks, but he was so hoarse that nobody heard him.

VI

As they rolled out of Prize City, on the same train, on Tuesday night, Blackie inquired, "Well, Jim, did Dad sting you on the settlement to-day?"

"No," chuckled Wallingford; "except to keep that thousand he worked out of me at the auction. I knew he meant to do that when I gave it to him."

"He's a queer old cuss," laughed Blackie. "He had more fun out of it than any of us. He's some actor, too. It's a wonder to me he didn't feel grouchy giving up all that money to you."

"Why should he?" demanded Wallingford. "He's been trying for years to sell that farm for five thousand dollars. I paid him ten for it, the day after I landed here, and sent him away till I wired for him. He was glad enough to come back and conduct the sale for us, at a six thousand dollars' profit, and besides that, every farmer loves to sting the smart Aleck folks in his nearest town."

"They're not stung!" indignantly denied Blackie. "We've done them more good than your dinky little thirty thousand dollars' worth of stock; and my bringing them together was worth the fifty thousand we cleaned up on the land deal."

"It was a happy thought," admitted Wallingford. "By the way, Blackie, you overacted at the auction. For a while, I thought you were half in earnest."

"I was," confessed Blackie. "I wanted to win that bid, in spite of our understanding as to prices."

"Towinit!" protested Wallingford. "Why, you crazy lollipop, you had real money up!"

"I'd have left it up," Blackie informed him. "Jim, I was plumb wild to stay there and build that park!"

"To have the first ride on the roller coaster," guessed Wallingford, eying him in wonder, even while he laughed. "I believe you'd do it."

"Well, why not?" defended Blackie. He was gloomy for as much as one complete minute. "Let's see if we can't get that drawing-room," he suddenly proposed. "I want you to hear me play 'Home, Sweet Home,' on the saxophone." There was another half-gloomy silence, and then he suddenly smiled, and was quite care-free again. "Oh, well," he announced; "I'm going back and have that first roller coaster ride with Jinks, anyhow."

The next story of "*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*" will appear in the October issue.



An Artist in Dollars

By Alan Dale

IT was between the acts at the tiny Theater des Capucines, on the Boulevard. My heart went pitapat, for I was in my most febrile mood. I had just sent in my card to Mlle. Gaby Deslys, who was posing as the star of the entertainment, and—well, I have no illusions. My card is always most honorable in little old N. Y., and I vaguely wondered how it would work in Paris with such a lovely person as Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies. To help it along—I mean the card—I placed a piece of silver, stamped "*République française*," in the hand of the myrmidon who glared at me. He pocketed the insult, and his glare mellowed into a beam. Then I stood still in the tiny courtyard outside of that baby theater (it accommodates about one hundred and fifty people only) and continued to pitapat and palpitate in my arch, yet febrile way.

A little silver piece in Paris (marked "*République française*") really does work wonders. The sardonic myrmidon actually refused to keep me waiting, as he might have done. He came to me in servile abandon, informed me that madame had finished to dress herself, and graciously would receive me, if I would give myself the pain to follow him to her room. Would I give myself the pain? Oh, surely yes, monsieur. Lead me to her, for I would converse with her for some minutes. Thanks infinitely.

So I was led to the dressing-room of Gaby

Deslys, across the tiny stage of the Capucines. The curtain was down, of course. I had a dreadful feeling that it might rise and reveal me to an enraptured Parisian public, without rehearsal. This dread feeling made me quicken my footsteps, and I nearly fell as I reached the dressing-room of Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies.

A duenna popped out her head and begged me to wait one second while Gaby slipped on a jacket. I didn't like to say, "Don't mind me, I implore of you." I thought it might sound fresh, and I loathe freshness—don't you?—in everything but fish and eggs. Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies did not keep me waiting long. I had no time to fret and fume. The duenna put forth a bony hand and pulled me in.

There sat Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies on a sofa, waiting to be dressed (or undressed?) for the next act. She smiled a surprised smile as she saw me, and didn't put me at my ease at all. She was certainly young and pretty, but her smile—that didn't come off—was a trifle hard. I could read her like an open book, and nothing that she subsequently said surprised me. She had the appearance of a lady who was a bit astonished at her own notoriety, and who was determined to make the most of it while it lasted. And she—as well as you and I—certainly knows that the goldest of notoriety eventually perisheth.

"I do not speak English" she said, her



"Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies is certainly young and pretty, but her smile is a trifle hard. She has the appearance of a lady who is a bit astonished at her own notoriety, and who is determined to make the most of it while it lasts. And she—as well as you and I—certainly knows that the goldenest of notoriety eventually perisheth"



Some unconventional portraits
of pretty French music-hall
actresses to America for a thousand
cause she would

smile gradually acidulating, "so if monsieur does not speak French it is useless."

"I speak French like a native—of New York, madame," said monsieur affably, and this time the acidulation of her smile melted. She surveyed me graciously (the duenna sat beside her on the sofa), and I lost my self-consciousness a trifle later than I usually lose it. Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies looked a good deal like Grace George, though she is *not* as pretty by any means. Spiel—

"I have had so many offers to go to New York," said Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies effusively, "but I refuse to go. New York will not pay me enough. It is a question of money with me. I have no sentiment. Can I by going to New York make a lot of money

of Mlle. Gaby Deslys, the actress, who won't come and dollars a day behave to sing twice

to pay me for the irritating journey? Apparently I cannot. No. I will not go."

As I hadn't asked her to go, this seemed a bit unnecessary. As she spoke of money her features hardened. Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies, young, pretty, elegant, really didn't look awfully mercenary. It was quite a new experience for me. Nearly all the ladies I chat with are wedded to their art—and all that sort of thing. Money—they don't know what it means. With Gaby Deslys it was otherwise. She talked of nothing but cash.

"I was furious," she said confidentially. "I was offered fourteen thousand dollars a month to go to New York. Here in Paris, where I am known and loved, I get ten thousand dollars a month. Much less, you think? No. For in New York



I must rehearse for twenty days, and they refuse—they dare to refuse—to pay me for rehearsals. I protest. It is unheard of. It is an insult. To rehearse for twenty days for nothing—oh, la-la-la! *Que c'est drôle! Pensez!* And I say no, I will not come!"

I tried to look sympathetic. Poor little gell, expected to do an exhausting dance that lasts at least ten minutes for fourteen thousand dollars a month! What a pittance! (I'd dance for less, but then I'm no "artist.")

"Then I had an offer from a Mr. William Morris, who has a music-hall in New York. He promised me one thousand dollars a day. Know you Mr. William Morris? It appears that he is quite reliable, is it not? His offer was liberal, but what do you think? He actually had the nerve to ask me to play twice a day!!! Two times every day! I laugh in his face. I promise to come for one thousand dollars a day, to appear at night only. It does not please him. No. *I* appear twice a day. *Mais, c'est rigolo!*"

"Madame could not dance two times a day," interposed the duenna. "She is too frail. Oh, I assure you she is fragile. She is a delicate little thing."

Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies sighed. I thought she was going to weep as she reflected on the cruelty and rapacity of Americans. She did not weep. Still, she was much hurt. I wished that she would drop money. Money is nice, but pretty girls don't look nice when they talk so much about it. I had watched Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies from the front of the theater, and I thought her very sweet. Now she looked as hard as nails.

"In London, where I go next month," she said, "to appear at the Alhambra, which is but seven hours from Paris, I get ten thousand dollars a month; in Berlin I get twelve thousand dollars. Why should I go to New York?"

"Wouldn't you like to see the United States?" I asked asininely, as though a lady like Gaby Deslys liked to see anything.

"I am not curious," replied Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies coldly, "and yet they tell me that I should be advertised as nobody has ever been advertised—that hundreds of reporters would meet me and know me; that I should be feted and paraded and made famous, and that never in my life should I have savored such *récitages*. It does not tempt me. If I go to New York for fourteen thousand dollars a month I must break up my beautiful home in Paris. Then, per-

haps," she said wistfully, "even if I took that terrible risk they might not like me in New York. Do they love the dance?"

"They loved Pavlova," said I bravely.

Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies looked a bit disconcerted. I was glad I had disconcerted her. For between Pavlova and Gaby Deslys there is the gulf that separates fame from notoriety.

"Pavlova is an artist," she condescended to admit. "I adore her myself. So she made a hit in New York? I am glad. Tell me another thing. Are they prudes in New York? Will they stand for anything risky?"

By advice of counsel, I refuse to publish my answer. Yes, I positively refuse. You may all guess it, if you like, but I sha'n't tell you.

"Because," she went on, "I have a new sketch that I am going to do at the Alhambra next month that is very, very frank." (She described it to me. It was—and more.) "I thought they wouldn't stand for it in London, but it has been submitted to the authorities, and they will allow it. I do not know why they allow it, but they do. Of course, evil to him who evil thinks. I play it very delicately, very daintily, and it is most artistic. But it is what you call just a bit shady. I do not think New York would like it. Do you?"

Again I refuse to chronicle my reply. It amused Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies as much as anything could. She is absolutely lacking in a sense of humor. She thinks, and acts, and breathes, and hopes in pure, unsophisticated dollars and cents.

"You *do* dance very prettily," I said presently.

"You think so!" she remarked, not a bit flattered. "They like me everywhere, and they pay me well. I am learning English—enough to be able to play a sketch in that language. I shall speak English in London. Oh, they are fond of me there! Just think of ten thousand dollars a month! With the exception of Sarah Bernhardt, and of Réjane, no foreign artist has ever drawn such a salary. And they do not ask me to rehearse for nothing! That is an indignity that I would never tolerate."

"She is so fragile," bleated the duenna again.

"I am *not* strong," assented Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies. "I must live easily. It fatigues me much to dance. I am thin and delicate.



More Gaby Deslys portraits.
have made her prob-
"show-girl" in both

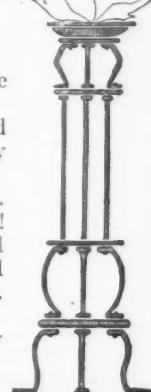
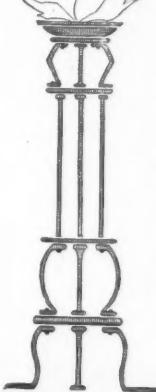
Her beauty and her acting
ably the most popular
Paris and London

I must take care of my constitution. I would not dance twice a day for one million dollars."

I shouldn't like to offer it! My opinion is that she'd dance perhaps three times a day for a million, but why fatigue a poor little gell?

"They call me," she said suddenly. "I must dress. Eugénie, give me my gown. My hat! My lace mantilla! Monsieur, I cannot ask you to remain. If you will call again to see me I shall be enchanted. Come any time, and I will receive you. Hurry, Eugénie. *Au plaisir, monsieur. Merci, beaucoup.*"

After all, Gaby Deslys was frank. *I am* rather weary of ladies who talk about their art. *I do* like a change. And certainly I got one with Gabrielle-of-the-Lilies.





DRAWN BY M. LEONE BRACKER

"Joe just stepped out for a moment," said Jack, calm and cool once more. "When I want to bring this lady to, how do I do it?"

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(*"The Little Joker"*)

The Little Joker

Do you remember the story called "The Claws of the Tiger," which we published a short time ago? To our way of thinking it was one of the most scathing arraignments of the white-slave evil we have seen in print. In fact, we believe that oftentimes the quiet method of fiction written in an entertaining way is far more effective than the hammer-and-tongs "fact" story. Here is an example. Thousands of unprotected young girls leave their homes every year. What is to become of them? What dangers will they meet? What temptations must they avoid? David Graham Phillips, always an ardent student of social life and conditions, points out in this story one of the sordid pitfalls in the way of the unprotected young woman who leaves home for the first time

By David Graham Phillips

Author of "The Hungry Heart," "The Husband's Story," "The Grain of Dust," etc.

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

PRATTVILLE, the last station on a nesty, weedy spur of the Pennsylvania system, consists of six or seven thousand people dozing together upon the flat black loam of central Illinois, embowered in its luxuriant vegetation six months of the year, and all but smothered in its luxuriant mud the other six months. The world knows not Prattville; but, by way of newspaper, book, magazine, and fashion journal, Prattville knows the world, the movements of elegant society both in the East and abroad, the latest creations in manners, ideas, and dress.

One summer the high society of Prattville was enlivened by two notable accessions, who sprang into instant popularity and stimulated the gaiety to the verge of giddiness—what Prattville called and thought giddiness. The reason for this memorable accession is interesting and even curious.

In a brief three months' campaign through southern Michigan, Gentleman Joe Bemis and Lanky Carr—brother of that Lanky who several years later was lynched in the Ozark region—sold to four "leading agriculturists" as many gold bricks of as alluring an exterior as any that Nosey Gonzalez ever manufactured in his plant in South Chicago. They came back to Chicago with nearly seventeen thousand in cash; having paid the chief of police the usual two thousand each for a permit of

safe residence, they set about living like gentlemen until their money should be gone. But within a week the chief gave them the tip to jump, and jump quick.

"One of them jays," explained he—they were conferring in a ground-floor back room of Fatty Jessup's "gilded palace of sin" in South Clark Street, and were drinking the carbonated Lake Erie cataba which Fatty bought at forty-two cents the bottle and sold as champagne at three seventy-five—"one of them Michigan clod-mashers has got a pull," said the chief. "It's up to us to make a bluff at doin' somethin'. So you and Lanky'll have to still-hunt for fresh air a month or two."

Lanky went East; Joe, not in the best of health "through eating the rotten fodder those jays live on because they send everything decent they raise to the city"—Joe decided to make a visit at home. Home meant Prattville, where his family was of the best and whence he had fled at thirteen with a minstrel show to become a circus-follower and finally an all-round confidence man. As he had made his career under an assumed name, Prattville did not associate the occasional newspaper stories of Gentleman Joe Bemis with the eldest son of Judge Abbott, the son who was doing so well with stocks and the like in Chicago and New York.

As Prattville with no companionship would be intolerable for him for more than two or three days, Joe looked around among

The Little Joker

his acquaintances for one who would be presentable and also could be trusted with the secret. He chose young Jack Candless, handsome, a "swell dresser," and so well mannered and so correct of grammar that it was difficult to believe him a graduate of the streets and the gangs. Being a professional sport, Jack was as much the outcast and the son of Hagar as was Joe; but he was not a crook. His instinct for square play, an inborn contempt for all forms of indirection as sneaking, had kept him straight in circumstances that might have crushed mere principle got by association and training. Virtue is as rare in the slums as vegetation above the snow-line—and as hardy.

Jack did not like Bemis, and had to do with him only as there is compulsion throughout the brotherhood of outcasts; but he accepted promptly. On his way from city to city he had often gazed with admiration and a certain vague envious longing at the quiet, beautiful little houses and villages, living a life exactly the opposite of that which had been his from birth in a tenement in Hell's Kitchen. And Joe's "invite" not only meant exploring that life of eventless peace; it also meant seeing and mingling with respectability. Jack had no desire to be respectable; on the contrary, he had a deep prejudice against respectability, the phases of it he had known having been repulsively smeared with hypocrisy—and in Jack Candless's view hypocrisy was the quintessence of the vices, the most craven form of cowardice. Still, he felt there must be something of value in anything so eagerly sought after and so tenaciously clung to as respectability; and until he found and weighed that something his education as a man of the world would not be complete.

"Don't forget my name's Joe Abbott down here," warned Bemis, as the train drew near Prattville. "Perhaps you'd better take a new handle, too, though you're not so well known as I—at least not yet."

Like all the criminal class, Joe was exceedingly proud of his fame and of the solid basis in audacious achievement.

"How would Montague, or, better still, Champirey, strike you? Yes, John Champirey—that'll do, as you've got all your stuff initialed 'J. C.'"

"Not I," said Candless, quietly, in the

tone that settles things. "I fight under my own flag."

"But you mustn't let 'em know you're a sport," protested Abbott, alias Bemis. "I'll give out you're in the same line as I—stocks and real estate."

"As you please," conceded Jack. Stocks and real estate were of the same nature as cards and horses, were simply legalized branches of the profession, but really none the better for that, in the eyes of any sensible man.

Joe Abbott's rare visits home were always a delight. The whole town welcomed him, and he threw money about, flirted with the girls, organized picnics and moonlight dances, attended church with his father and mother, and in every way conducted himself like a pillar of the best society. Bringing the good-looking, agreeable if rather shy and silent Mr. Candless—"on his way to be a rich man," Joe assured everybody—Joe was doubly welcome. That month of June was the gayest Prattville had ever known. It was an old story to Joe, albeit an amusing one; to Jack, it was entirely new, and he was having the time of his life. Toward the end of the month, however, he suddenly sobered. On the first day of July, as he and Joe were shaving in their adjoining rooms at the old Abbott homestead, he called out,

"I'm leaving this afternoon."

"Leaving!" cried Joe. "Why, I thought you liked it."

"So I do," replied Candless. Half to himself he added, "Too well."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Abbott. "You're going to Olga Morton's picnic on the Fourth. I heard you tell her you'd come, in that stiff, cool manner of yours. That manner's great, Jack. It has made the whole town think you've got millions already. God, what a haul we could make if this wasn't home, sweet home! But I suppose you'd balk. It's dashed queer about you. For the life of me I can't see what difference it makes how you separate a mutt from his money. If anything, my way's the most novel. I always frame up the game so that the come-on thinks he's going to do me, and when I do him he has only learned a powerful moral lesson in the folly of trying to swindle. If the preachers would soft-pedal the alluring wickedness of sin and bear down hard on the folly of it, we'd have to go out of business, eh, Jack?"

No answer. Candless was shaving just under the jaw-bone, a difficult place when one has a jaw.

"Why shouldn't we give this town a lesson?" pursued Joe. "We could float a mine. You could get away with the goods, and I could save my face here by pretending you'd took me in, too."

"I'm leaving this afternoon," said Jack.

Young Abbott came to the doorway. "Look here, old man, if it's a question of funds, you know I've got a bunch, and of course I'll stake you."

"No, thanks, I'm a whole lot to the good, still."

"You ain't going to desert me, are you?" wheedled Joe.

"Sorry, Joe, but got to do it."

"What's up? Too slow here?" And Joe looked searchingly at the stern, handsome young face in which was already written so much of experience, of character; for character begins with the struggle to live, and that struggle had begun for Jack soon after he was weaned.

Before Joe's scrutiny, Candless hesitated, flushed. Then, gazing into the mirror, he said: "I ought never to have come down here. I ought to have kept to my own kind."

Joe was puzzled for a moment; then a queer, ugly look came and went in his eyes—a revelation of the abhorrent actuality that lay in wait beneath that smooth, genial surface of his. "You don't mean you're stuck on Olga Morton?" he inquired, with railery.

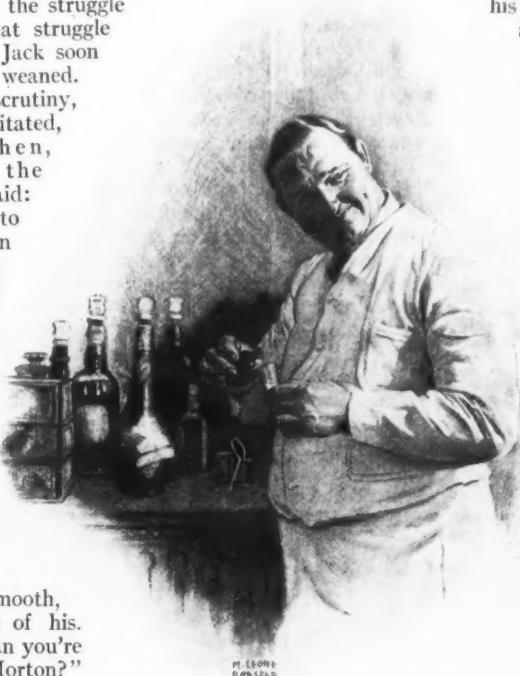
"Yes," said Jack curtly. He gave a short, savage laugh, and went on with his shaving.

Olga Morton, the gayest and the prettiest girl in Prattville, was of its aristocracy. In all times and in all places aristocracy means money, means those pursuing the occupations that bring most wealth with the least labor and happen to be regarded as respectable. In those days and in Prattville, dry goods, retail dry goods, was about as lucrative a line as was known. Hence the Mortons, the biggest dealers in dry goods in that section, were of the very top-notch aristocracy. For a Jack Candless, a professional sport, a common gambler, a man with no wealth, no reputation, no prospects—for such a person to aspire to marry Olga Morton was an obvious absurdity. Joe felt like laughing in his face. If he hadn't been physically afraid of Jack, he would have told him what he thought of such impudence; for, in the bottom of his

heart, Joe was an utter snob and looked on himself as high removed above all his pals because he had a father, two grandfathers, and three great-grandfathers. But his physical fear of his guest, who had been a light-weight champion and would have swept the ring as a middle weight if he hadn't graduated into gambling, restrained him from even a covert sneer.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" said Joe.

Jack shrugged his superb shoulders. "Forget it, and hustle back to my own kind. I couldn't get her if I wanted her, and I



"This here?" said Lefty. "It's what's called the 'little joker'."

The Little Joker

wouldn't take her if she'd come. So it's me for Chicago by the two-o'clock express."

"Guess you're right, old man," said Abbott with a promptness of acquiescence that wounded and angered his guest. "Nothing doing there for you. She may have led you on, just to make things more interesting. But she'd simply laugh at you if you got sloppy."

"She'll not have the chance," retorted Jack, color high and head haughty. "I'll clear out and forget her. I think I'll push on East—make a little tour of the summer resorts. I'm playing a little too close to the edge of my velvet, anyhow."

"Go to New York," suggested Joe. "The boys there have got next to the reform crowd, and everything goes again—even my line. I'll join you in about ten days."

Without saying good-by to anyone but the Abbotts, Jack departed for Chicago, a brave and smiling figure until the train pulled out of the Prattville station, then a melancholy, crushed heap in a corner chair in the parlor-car. He roused himself, tried to jeer himself out of his weakness. In Chicago he bucked the tiger like a crazy man. All in vain. There, before his eyes, always, were the big, honest, innocent eyes of Olga Morton, and her slim, trim figure, and those slender hands and feet of the thoroughbred.

"It ain't fair," he said to himself. "If I'd had a ghost of a chance, I'd have won her. I know I could. She played up to me strong—as strong as a decent girl dares."

At times he almost decided to go back, make a clean breast of it, and try to get her to wait a few years for him. But the folly—and worse—of this was too clear for so clear headed a man. "I'm a born sport," he reminded himself. "I'll live and die one. Might as well talk about a nigger becoming a white man. If I told her I'd change, I'd be lying. And while she's gay and lively, it's in an innocent sort of a way. She'd hate this kind of life—and I'd despise her if she didn't!"

So Jack hung on at Chicago, like a man with a frightful pain who endures it because he feels it can't last and who wonders each moment if the next won't bring relief. He fell into the habit of dropping in at Fatty Jessup's every afternoon and evening. Fatty's place had not theretofore been one of his hang-outs; Fatty ran rather to crooks and the politicians that live upon the criminal class; and while Jack knew all

that crowd, he preferred to associate with and to build himself up among the straight sports. He went to Jessup's because he was hoping to see Joe Bemis. Joe ought to be coming back; Joe would bring news of Olga Morton. One afternoon about a week after he left Prattville, he strolled in among Fatty's gilt columns and vast mirrors with their summer dress of pink gauze. He stood at the far end of the bar, with a sandwich and a glass of beer. Without realizing it he was watching the "barkeep," Lefty Rucker, mix a singularly elaborate drink in a small thin glass, hardly larger than the kind used for liquors. His attention was finally fixed by Lefty's expression—a grin of wicked good nature and self-complacence.

"What's that mess you're getting together there?" inquired Jack.

Lefty put away the half-dozen bottles from each of which he had been pouring a few drops into the little glass. He held it up and gazed admiringly at its contents, almost colorless, just the faintest tinge of gold. "This here?" said he. "It's what's called the 'little joker.'"

Jack knew Fatty's and its ways. He scowled. "Knock-out drops, eh?"

"Not on your life," replied Lefty. "We don't do nothing of *that* sort. We're high class—which," he added with his nasty grin, "means here, as elsewhere, doing as you please, but doing it lawful."

Jack understood. Some regular customer of Fatty's was having difficulty in carrying out his designs upon the victim he had lured to one of the famous infamous private dining-rooms up-stairs; Lefty's skill as a mixer of drinks had been enlisted. Jack was not profoundly shocked, not more shocked than one of the upper world would be at hearing that a high financier was swindling a multitude by an issue of worthless stocks, or that some rich man had circumvented a poor girl by offering her luxury, or had led her into the horrors of a hateful marriage by stupefying her moral sense and sense of decency with a dowry. He was as used to the "little jokers" of the underworld as we to the "little jokers" of the upper world. He was not shocked, but disgusted; for cowardice always disgusted him. He had no impulse to interfere; it was none of his business. He did not approve—far from it. But, as between underworld and upper world—as between those who lived by the various favored forms of



What had he almost seen in the dim room? *Whom* had he almost seen? Joe and—and—

social piracy and those who lived by the smug and sneaking pilferings of trade and commerce and finance—of sanded sugar and overworked toiler and jobbery in necessities, money, stocks, and bonds—as between his own world and that other world with which he himself was at open war, he stood aloof when he could not stand with his own. He answered Lefty's laughter with a scowl, and turned about and left Fatty's place with a muttered: "Hell of a hole! I must keep out of it."

In the doorway he remembered his business, hesitated, returned. Lefty had just got under way, with the drink upon a tray.

"Seen Joe yet?" asked Jack.

"He's in the house right now," replied Lefty. "Want him?"

"I'll wait, if it isn't too long."

"I think he can come," said the bartender-waiter. "I'll just take this upstairs and tell him to come down."

Lefty disappeared through the door at that end of the bar—the door opening into the passageway from which ascended the stairway to the floor of small thick-walled dining-rooms with their padded doors. A few minutes later he returned with the empty tray. "Joe's gone out,"

said he. "But he'll sure be in to-night. If I was you, I'd drop back here along about eleven or twelve."

"I'll see," said Jack. "Tell him to come to Simpson's. I'm eating there. I'll be upstairs afterward."

He gave Lefty a dollar and went out. A few steps and something, some light missile from above, struck the top of his hat and ricochetted into the street. He saw it was a bit of bread-crust, and glanced up. The Venetian blind of one of Fatty's second-story windows was swiftly and softly descending. Jack saw only a hand, a man's hand, a heavy ring on the little finger. Ring and hand and Lefty's statement together enabled him to recognize Gentleman Joe. On impulse he smiled at the window shade and waved friendly; then, remembering the "little joker," he frowned and strode on. It might not have been of Joe's ordering, but Joe was of the "little joker" sort of man—and not fit for a high-class sport to associate with. At the corner he glanced back—glanced upward at the shaded open window. The slats of the blind were level, and the light from without so fell that he had a faint, fleeting glimpse of the interior. He turned, strode on. As he

went the fainter features of the interior that had been photographed for an instant on his retina began to come out not clearly, but in hazy and elusive fashion. What had he almost seen? *Whom* had he almost seen? Joe and—and—

Round he wheeled, rushed back to Clark Street, flinging men and boys out of his way, leaped across the street, dashed round to the "family entrance" of the dive, up the stairs four at a time. He tried the door of the room whose window he had been inspecting. It was locked; he put his shoulder against it, and it bent so that the lock gave and the door flew open. On the threshold of the adjoining connecting room stood Joe Abbott. As Candless, blazing insane rage and murder, advanced upon him, he hurled a champagne-bottle. It struck Jack full in the front of the head, crushing his hat-brim, sending him staggering against the wall, to slide to the floor. But before Joe could spring upon him, Jack rose. Joe darted out through the door, and Jack heard him leaping and crashing down the stairs.

He staggered into the adjoining room. It was a mere box, gaily if cheaply furnished. On the sofa lay Olga Morton, in a sleep—or a stupor. Jack rang the bell violently; Lefty came on the run. He stared, mouth agape, when he saw Candless where he had expected to see Bemis.

"Why, where's Joe?" he exclaimed.

"Just stepped out for a moment," said Jack, calm and cool once more. "When I want to bring this lady to, how can I do it?"

"Dead easy," Lefty assured him. "Just tie up some salt in the corner of a napkin, wet it, and put it in her mouth. Or slip a piece of ice inside her collar and down the small of her back. Want me to do it?"

"No, thanks," said Jack. "I'll look after her."

"Joe coming back?"

"Hardly think so," replied Jack. "I'll settle, if he don't."

"Oh, that's all right." And Lefty withdrew, closing the door behind him.

Jack returned to the inner room. Olga was still asleep—sleeping quietly, naturally, her face flushed, her lips parted in a faint smile. Jack arranged her skirts smoothly, so that even her feet were concealed; then he sat down to wait. Never had she been so pretty or more charming in the youth and grace of her figure, the youth and grace

of her small oval face, the delicate form and color of her small ear, peeping coquettishly from her thick wavy auburn hair. As the young sport looked his expression grew tender, sad, tragic. Her eyes opened; her glance, sweet, frank, innocent, like the soft friendly inquiry in the eyes of a young deer that has not yet heard about hunters, rested upon him, puzzled, then astonished, then smiling. As she became completely conscious, she blushed, sprang up.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "Why, I must have fallen asleep." With a frown and a pout, "I told Joe I couldn't drink, that the least bit made me drowsy." A quick glance around, then, "Where is he?"

"Gone out," said Jack.

"Oh!" Her exclamation seemed a careless comment upon a matter which was of no consequence. She stood at the window. "So you decided to come back right away?"

"Yes," said Jack.

"I saw you, and I couldn't resist the temptation to throw that bread on your hat." She was sparkling and showing her even white teeth; her glance fell upon his brow. "Why! Your forehead's swollen!"

"Yes," said Jack.

"Let me put some ice-water on it. However did you get such a bruise?"

"It's nothing," said Jack.

She ran into the other room; he rose and followed. As she advanced toward him with a wet napkin, he waved her back.

"Sit down," he commanded. "I want to talk to you."

She looked astonished, a little frightened. "What a strange tone!" cried she, glancing anxiously up at him. "Are you offended? Do you think it wasn't right for me to take that drink?" She turned toward the table. There stood the little glass, almost full. "You can see for yourself, I barely touched it."

"Lucky," said Jack.

A strained silence; then she said, "How much longer is Mr. Abbott going to be gone?"

"He's not coming back," replied Candless. "Please sit down."

"Don't stare at me in that queer way," she commanded impatiently. But she seated herself at the table. "After all," she added, "it's none of your business what I do."

"None in the world," admitted Jack, seating himself opposite her at the little

table with the finger-bowls and small coffee-cups still on it. "Because I love you don't give me any right over you, does it?"

She glanced at him in a pleased, startled way, blushed, laughed. "Why didn't you say so down home," she demanded, "when"—with a mischievous smile—"when I gave you every chance?"

"Because I'm not actually crazy about making a fool of myself."

Another strained silence, he gazing at her, she gazing into the little glass with the innocent-looking, pale-gold poison. She rose. "I'm not going to wait any longer," said she. "Anyhow, it's no use." She seated herself again and, with forearms on the table and clasped, nervous hands and flushed cheeks, she leaned toward him and talked rapidly: "On the way up here—on the train, I realized I was doing something very, very silly. I'd never have run away from home with Joe if father hadn't forbidden me to see him. I don't know what got into father. He's always been so busy, he never paid the least attention to me. Anyhow, he just up and said I wasn't to see Joe again—said he had heard something about him, but wouldn't tell me what it was, he being such a friend of Joe's father. I got on my high horse, and he got on his. It was the first time in my life I'd ever been forbidden to do anything, and I simply couldn't stand for it."

Jack nodded sympathetically, lighted a cigarette.

"Besides," continued the girl, "I was sick and tired of Prattville. It always has seemed dull. It seemed duller than ever after—after—you left."

There Miss Morton colored violently, but not more violently than did Mr. Candless. Neither was looking at the other. She began to dabble the tips of her rosy fingers in the finger-bowl, he to fidget with the matches. He finally set them off. When the excitement and smoke and smell had subsided, she said:

"I really mustn't wait any longer. I want to send that telegram home, to ease their minds and tell them I'm coming. Besides, I don't like it here, somehow. It's such a queer sort of place. I never was where they served drinks before—never in my life. Oh, I know it's all right or you and Joe wouldn't let me come here."

"Me and Joe?" said Jack.

"It is all right, isn't it?"

"Good enough for Joe—and me," replied Candless. "Let's go."



He tried the door of the room through whose window he had seen Joe and—and—It was locked

"We can leave word for him—that we'll be back. My train don't go till four o'clock."

"Yes, we can leave word."

"What *are* you thinking about?"

"You and Joe—and me," said Jack.

Miss Morton went into the little sitting-room, arranged her hair and her hat, reappeared, looking radiant and more deliciously young and innocent than ever. "Come along," said she to Jack, who was in a brown study. "What *are* you thinking about?" With a frown: "How I do *hate* to go back to Prattville! But I simply *can't* marry Joe."

"No," said Jack.

She went out and down the stairs, he following. As they advanced into the street, a newsboy came along shouting an extra—"All about the elopement of a Prattville heiress with Gentleman Joe!"

Miss Morton halted, gasped, grew white, caught Jack's arm, leaned heavily on it.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "It's out! Oh, hide me somewhere. What shall I do? Hide me, please! Oh, I can't go back now. I can't! Why, however did it get out so soon? Papa must have gone wild and made a fool of himself. He hasn't any head at all. Oh, dear!" And she began to sob.

Jack hailed a hansom. When it was before them at the curb he said to the driver, "To Lincoln Park," and to her, as he helped her in, "The air will do you good."

"Get one of those papers," said she.

"No," replied Jack. "It'll only stir you up."

"I reckon you're right," admitted she, rather reluctantly and with a lingering curious gaze upon the black type of the headlines. Then, the sense of her own plight sweeping over her, she sank back with a despairing wail: "Oh, *what* have I done? I don't want to marry Joe. I don't love him. I don't even like him any more. Why was I such a ninny! And I can't go back home—I can't!"

"No, you can't," said Jack.

"But I will," she cried angrily. "I won't marry him. I won't do it! He didn't act a bit nice while we were waiting for you. I had to sit on him—hard! I'm sure I don't see why they call him Gentleman Joe in the paper. They wouldn't if they knew him. I think father was right about him. Oh, gracious! I forgot. You're a friend of his."

"No," said Jack.

"I'm glad of that. You wouldn't advise me to go on and marry him?"

"No," said Jack.

"Then you think I ought to go home and live it down."

"No," said Jack.

"But I've got to do one or the other."

"No," said Jack.

"Then what can I do?"

Silence.

"Prattville is a—a graveyard. And such gossips!"

"Yes," said Jack.

"But there is nothing for me to do but to go back"—this with a hopeful, questioning glance at the cool, calm, handsome profile.

Silence.

"I did think some of going on the stage."

"No," said Jack.

"No, no, no," she mocked, half laughing, half angry. "Has the cat got your tongue?"

"No," said Jack. Now he was looking at her.

"Don't look at me so queer. What does it mean? What *are* you thinking about?"

"That I love you," said Jack.

Miss Morton blushed and gave her attention to the horse's ears. After a pause, she ventured timidly, "I suppose you think I'm a worthless, flighty girl."

"Flighty," said Jack.

"You still—still—" Miss Morton could not finish.

"Yes," said Jack. "And always shall."

Another silence. "What do *you* advise me to do?" inquired she.

Jack gave a faint sigh, blurted out, "Marry me."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Morton, and she sank hastily back into her corner of the hansom.

A very long silence, the hansom moving at a quiet pace along the shady drive. Then she began to laugh. "Did anything ever happen, so queer?" she demanded. "You were to have been best man, and now you want to marry me. I run away with one man, then a few hours later I run away with another. Then—"

"Then you marry him."

"You don't really mean that."

"Indeed I do." Candless's tongue was still recalcitrant, but his gray-blue eyes were highly eloquent, seemed bent on making up for his clumsy tongue—and more.

"You wouldn't marry a girl that had—had—done what I've done."

"I'd marry you, no matter what you did. If you hadn't—hadn't broken away, I'd never have had a chance at you."

"Why not? Oh, why didn't you say these things down home? You won't believe it, but I liked you better than any man I ever saw—honest, I did. And when you went away, it just seemed to me like the bottom had dropped out of everything. I got so lonely I was reckless. I didn't seem to care what happened. And when Joe asked me to run away with him, I—I just up and did it."

"You will marry me?" said Jack.

She looked at him searchingly. Her eyes filled with tears. "Will I?" she exclaimed. "Just try me."

Jack laughed. "You'll love me all right, all right," he said. "I'll make you the happiest woman that ever wore a wedding ring."

Their eyes met. She looked long into his; then she said in a low sweet voice that made him thrill as he had never thrilled in all his life, "Yes—you will—Mr. Candless."

"Mr. Candless!"

They both laughed. "Jack, then," said she. "You acted so grand and distant with me down home that I never dared even to think of you as—as anything but Mister."

"Do you mind if I call you Olga?"

"I'd not mind anything *you* did. And, do you know, it was because Joe tried to put his arm round me that I got so mad in the restaurant."

Mr. Candless took the hint. And then he kissed her—it was exactly in front of the Lincoln statue. "We'll take the train for

Milwaukee now," said he, "and be married there this evening. Is it a go?"

She nodded, eyes dancing with excitement and delight. Then, suddenly serious, "You don't think I'm altogether frivolous, do you?"

"No," said he. "All you need is a good steady hand—light, but not too easy, and you'll go the whole race without a break."

"That's just so," assented she emphatically. "I don't see how you ever came to understand me so well."

"A man that couldn't understand a proposition after thinking about nothing else for more than a month wouldn't be fit for much in my line," replied he.

"No, I suppose not," said she. "I've always heard that real estate takes lots of brains."

But Candless seemed not to hear—unless his reckless smile was evoked by her remark. He was busy telling the driver to make a dash for the railway station. When they were aboard the train and she sank back

in the great upholstered armchair in the parlor-car, Jack gave her a long strange look that made her cheeks blanch and her eyes widen.

"Yes, dear?" she inquired breathlessly.

"It's settled now," replied he—the train had just got under way. "We go on together—to the end."

She gave a little sigh of happiness, and repeated softly, "To—the—end."



Mr. Candless took the hint. And then he kissed her



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Buffalo Bill and General Miles viewing the camp of the hostile Sioux Indians near Pine Ridge, South Dakota, January 16, 1891

The War with the "Messiah"

HOW THE FAITH IN CHRIST'S SECOND COMING WAS TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF BY A CUNNING IMPOSTOR WHOSE INFLUENCE RAN LIKE A FLAME THROUGH THE WESTERN INDIANS, WHO WERE CHECKED FROM A BLOODY UPRISING ONLY BY THE KILLING OF SITTING BULL

By General Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A.

I THOUGHT, when I was assigned to the Division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago, that I had heard the last of Indian depredations and war, yet I had scarcely assumed command when there arose rumors of disaffection and a threatened uprising of the tribes scattered over the western half of our country. Orators were haranguing the different tribes. The so-called prophets, "medicine men," as well as the intriguing leaders, were influencing the Indians in a religious belief and inspiring a hope in the hearts of a doomed race that some divine interposition

was about to rescue them from their impending fate.

This last hope and belief of an unfortunate race was founded on the philosophy of the Christian religion. They had been told of the second coming of Christ, that the Messiah would return to his own people—the meek and lowly, the downtrodden and oppressed, and not to the exalted and cruel. They had also been taught that the generations that had gone before would be restored to life; and, strange as it may seem, an unknown and insignificant man living in Nevada assumed the character

of the Redeemer, first proclaiming secretly to a few that he was the Messiah returned to earth to bless his chosen people. The impostor sent one or two trusted emissaries to the tribes east of the Rocky Mountains to tell some of the disaffected Indians in each tribe of the presence of the Messiah near Walker Lake in Nevada. One remarkable Indian characteristic is their capacity for keeping their secrets, concealing their woes and the spirit of revenge until a time when they planned to surprise their enemies and break forth into open hostilities. This secret was kept for more than two years. The year before there was any open manifestation of war, three men left the large tribes located in southern Dakota and Montana, and so secretly did they leave and move that their absence was not discovered for a year. These men were Kicking Bear, Short Bull, and Porcupine. The first was a tall, stalwart savage, a fierce fighting man, a natural leader and ideal warrior. The second was a small sharp-featured dreamer, who, if he had been a white man, would have been an agitator and exhorter, rather than a leader. The third was a keen, wiry, active savage, hostile to the white race and devoted to the welfare of the Indians.

THE SECOND COMING OF THE MESSIAH

These men, who could neither read nor speak the English language, journeyed three hundred miles to the Crow camp in the Northwest, thence west to the Shoshones and Utes, and still farther west to the tribes living in Utah and Nevada. They traveled on horseback, by rail, and on foot, finally reaching the camp of the so-called Messiah, who received them with cordiality but with severe formality. He proclaimed to them that the prophecy made nearly two thousand years before had been fulfilled, that their own land was to be transformed into the Happy Hunting Ground, and that all the departed Indians were to be restored to life. He told them that he was about to move eastward, when there would be driven before him vast herds of wild horses, buffaloes, elk, deer, antelope—everything the Indians prized most—and as he moved east, the dead Indians would rise from the dust and join the innumerable throng. It was to be an ideal Indian heaven, such as had been the hope and prayer of those living, as well as the generations which had gone before. He taught the emissaries this religious

theory, as well as mystic ceremonies and modes of worship before unknown to them. They, in turn, were to go on before and announce to the various tribes the coming of the Messiah. The missionaries returned as they went, visiting the various tribes and secretly telling them of this new revelation, and it was several months after their return before it was even known to the agency officials that they had been absent.

REVENGE THROUGH THE FAKE "LIBERATOR"

This new dispensation was received with warm hearts, especially as it came at a time when the Indians were depressed by the maladministration of their affairs. Treaties had not been fulfilled, their supplies were overdue, and they were suffering for food. The hostile element received this information with great joy, and when it was communicated to Sitting Bull, it aroused the turbulent nature of that great chief and awakened his ambition and hopes to free his country from the presence of the white race, whom he had long hated with all the ferocity of his nature. He said that they should not await the coming of the Messiah, but should arise in a body and go forth to greet him. He immediately sent runners to every tribe in the Northwest of which he had any knowledge. He also sent runners to the tribes in Canada, some of which had been on friendly terms with the white race, appealing to them to rise and leave their reservations, congregate near the base of the Rocky Mountains, and journey westward until they should meet the Messiah to welcome and escort him in his triumphant march toward the rising sun.

Nothing could be more fascinating to the savage nature than such a dream or superstition. It consumed the heart and soul of the entire Indian race. With the more hostile savages, it rekindled the flames of hostility and revenge which had been smoldering for years. They believed that their prayers would be answered, their woes righted, and their wrongs atoned for. They believed that their subjugation would be followed by liberty and that the limited power of their race was to be increased by the unnumbered host that was to appear. It was a threatened uprising of colossal proportions, and only the prompt action of the military prevented it from being carried out.

I considered it of the first importance to secure the arrest of Sitting Bull and his re-

The War with the "Messiah"

moval from that part of the country. My first effort in that direction proved a failure, owing to adverse influence that was used to defeat my purpose. However, I sent another positive order, directed to the commanding officer of the nearest military station, to secure the person of Sitting Bull without delay. This order was sent to the commanding officer at Fort Yates, North Dakota, who detailed a troop of cavalry and a few trusted Indian scouts, under the command of Major E. G. Fechet, an experienced, judicious officer, who executed the order with great celerity; but even his prompt action came very near being too late.

ON THE TRAIL OF SITTING BULL

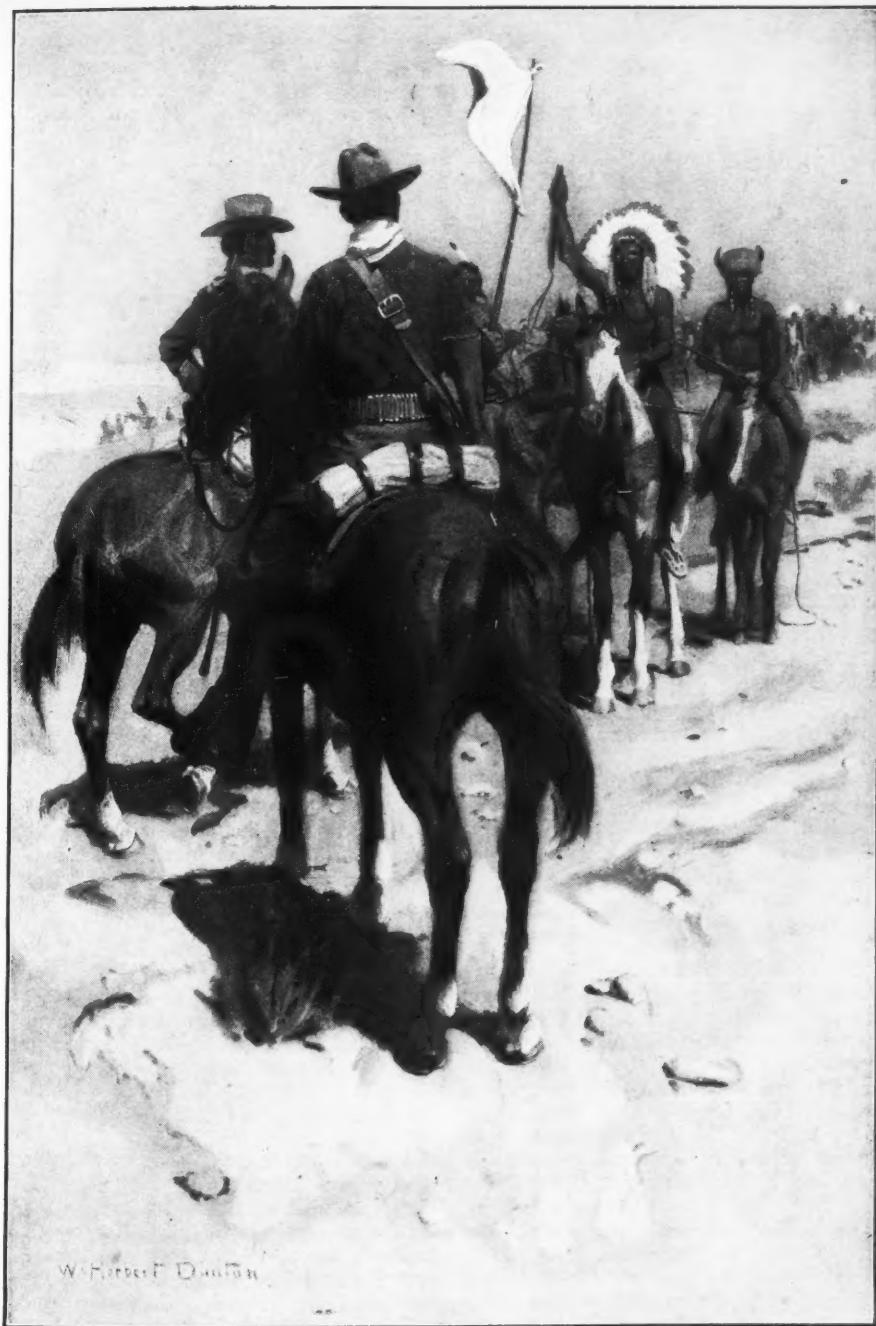
A few hours of delay would have been fatal, as Sitting Bull, with some two hundred trusted warriors, had made preparations to leave that morning and join the great hostile camp which was then assembled in the Bad Lands of South Dakota, preparatory to a general uprising of all the hostile Indians. Major Fechet moved his command at night some thirty miles to the close proximity of Sitting Bull's camp, and sent his friendly Indians forward to arrest the great war-chief. They proceeded to Sitting Bull's lodge and informed him that he was a prisoner and must go with them. He protested, but to no avail. They had proceeded but a few steps when he raised the war-cry, which aroused his followers, who rushed to his rescue. Then occurred a short, desperate combat in which Sitting Bull was killed, with quite a number of his followers, as well as five of the Indians who had made the arrest. The remainder, however, held their position until the prompt arrival of the troops, who dispersed the Indian warriors in every direction. It was strange that the last encounter of this greatest of Indian chieftains was a tragedy in which he fell by the hands of men of his own race. He was the strongest type of the hostile Indian that this country has produced. His reputation had been made by courage, energy, and intense hostility to the white race in his early days. He had gradually risen to leadership until he became the great organizer and controlling spirit of the hostile element. None of the other Indians possessed the power of drawing and molding the hearts of his people to one purpose, and his fall appeared to be the death-knell of the Indian supremacy in that Western country.

While this was going on, great numbers of the Indians had left their agencies, abandoning their little homes and cultivated fields, in some cases destroying their property as they left, and had moved to a very broken country known as the Bad Lands of South Dakota. Here the doctrine of the impostor was openly and earnestly proclaimed. The leaders harangued the camps night and day, rehearsing the woes of the Indians and the promises of the Messiah. Everything was done to arouse the dormant animosity and spirit of revenge. Runners were sent to the different agencies, calling upon them to join this great gathering. Of course the threatening attitude of the Indians made it necessary for the military authorities to take action. A large part of the available troops of the army were assembled in that division, prepared for a campaign. Fortunately a branch of the Burlington Railroad could be utilized in the disposition of the troops. The large Indian camp was located near the center of the angle formed by the main line and the branch of the Burlington road. By distributing troops at available points on the two lines, we were enabled partly to envelop the Indians, and at the same time place a barrier to the west of them, thereby preventing their contemplated movement in that direction.

A BLUNDER AND A MASSACRE

As soon as a sufficient force was assembled, the troops were gradually moved toward the Indians' position, pressing them back toward their agency. In the meantime the Indians under Big Foot, a noted chief, left their agency on the Missouri River with the intention of joining the hostile camp assembled in the Bad Lands. A strong force of cavalry was sent to intercept them, and so far succeeded as to come in close proximity with them, causing them to halt. A parley occurred, but the commanding officer, instead of insisting on their disarmament and return to their agency, took a promise that they would do so and returned the troops to camp; whereupon the Indians, as soon as night came on, escaped and continued their journey toward the Bad Lands.

Another force was ordered to intercept them, which was done before they reached the main camp of the hostiles, and a demand made for their surrender. This they agreed to do and camped near the troops that



W. Herbert Dunton

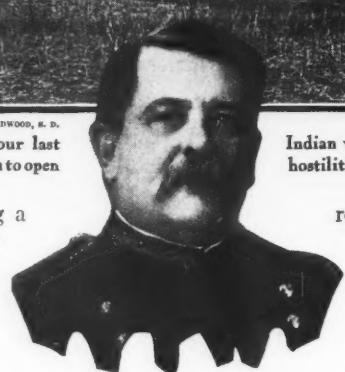
A futile parley with Big Foot. This noted chief was leading his followers to the camp in the Bad Lands when he was intercepted by cavalry. The commanding officer took the Indians' word that they would return to their agency and left them. The Indians went on, and a bloody battle was fought the next time troops met them



(c) 1891, BY J. C. H. GRAHAM, DEADWOOD, S. D.

The great council that ended our last leaders attempted to incite them to open

night. The next morning a formal demand was made for their arms, whereupon the Indian warriors came out into the open field and laid their arms on the ground. While they were being searched, and a party that had been sent into camp was searching for arms, a controversy occurred, and the Indians thought they were going to be killed. Their fanatical leaders commenced what was known as the ghost-dance, one of their ceremonies being to take up dust and throw it over the warriors under the superstitious belief that they could be made invulnerable to the bullets of the troops. This was continued for a brief time, when hostilities commenced. The Indians made a rush for their camps, the troops unfortunately being so placed that some of them were in the line of fire of their comrades; also many of the shots directed at the warriors were thrown straight into the camp of women and children, and a general mêlée and massacre occurred, in which a large number of men, women, and children were killed and wounded; in fact, the commanding officer



Major Jesse M. Lee, who was placed in charge of the Indian chiefs sent East as hostages

Indian war. Obeying the call of a man claim-hostilities. But General Miles, who had pre-

reported that the camp or village had been destroyed.

The Indians fled in all directions, pursued by the troops, and the bodies of the dead and wounded were found on the prairies, some of them at long distances from the place of the disturbance. I have never felt that the action was justified, and

believe it could have been avoided. It was a sad fatality that Indian disaffection and war should finally end in a deplorable tragedy. Regrettable as it was, I am gratified that for twenty years it has not been repeated, and I hope and trust it may never occur again.

An affair occurred the following day that came near visiting upon the troops the fate they had inflicted upon the Indians. A band of about sixty young warriors, mostly boys, set fire to a building at the mission six miles from Pine Ridge. The colonel of the 7th Cavalry, with eight troops and a detachment of artillery, went to drive them away. The Indians fell back toward their main camp, followed by the troops. Without taking proper precaution the col-



ing to be the Messiah, great numbers of Indians previously conquered most of the big chiefs, suc-

nel moved his command down a ravine, and was soon in a pocket, with the Indians occupying the hills and bluffs on three sides. The colonel sent back repeated requests for assistance and for troops to rescue his command. The last messenger, Lieutenant Guy Preston, a gallant officer, dashed up the valley under fire and returned with the relief. Fortunately Lieutenant-Colonel Guy V. Henry, a very able officer, was within reach. Although his battalion of four troops of the 9th Cavalry (colored) had marched one hundred miles during the last twenty-four hours, he moved rapidly to the rescue. The four troops were deployed to the right and left and drove the scattered Indians from the hills and bluffs and relieved the 7th Cavalry from what might have been another massacre.

These two affairs occurred but a short distance from the great hostile camp, causing great excitement, and for a time it was feared that nothing could prevent a serious outbreak and devastating war. Yet the strong cordon of troops continued their slow



Lieut.-Col. Guy V. Henry, who saved the 7th Cavalry from a second massacre at Pine Ridge

had congregated in the Bad Lands and their leaders in inducing them to vote for peace

pressure, moving more and more closely to the main Indian camp, so as to overawe it by force, and at the same time every measure was taken to draw them back to a peaceful condition by sending messages to the principal chiefs. Fortunately I had met most of the leaders on former occasions. Many

of them had surrendered to me before, in the campaigns of the Northwest, and I was enabled to appeal to their sense of reason and better judgment and to convince them of the impossibility of the theories upon which they were acting. I also assured them, in case they should surrender to peaceful conditions, of strict compliance with the terms of their treaty; that a representation of their condition would be made at Washington; and that I would be their friend. This argument, although it required many days and great effort, finally prevailed, and I succeeded in drawing that large camp back to their agency, where they agreed to abandon their hostile designs and follow my direction. This was one of the most gratifying events of my life, as it undoubtedly saved

The War with the "Messiah"

many valuable lives and the country from a devastating war. It was effected without the Indians breaking out into the settlements and without the loss of a single life outside of those engaged in the military service and the Indians above mentioned.

DIPLOMACY BETTER THAN WAR

The bringing about of this desirable result consumed many anxious months, occasioned by the necessary delay in getting the troops into position and moving them judiciously to where their presence would have the best effect; and, at the same time, long delays had to be made before the Indians would accept the terms of the government. The delays incident thereto, not being understood by those distant from the scene of action, excited adverse criticism, unfavorable comments charging inefficiency, etc. I received many insulting communications, denouncing what the writers supposed to be procrastination or timidity on the part of the military, and from others anxious to have hostilities precipitated in order that the vultures might prey upon the spoils of war.

These last active operations occurred during the severity of the winter. The ground was covered with sleet at times and frequently with deep snows, but the troops were well equipped for a winter campaign, and very little suffering occurred among them.

When the Indians moved back to their agencies, they were advised to give a guarantee of their good faith that such threatening of hostilities or actual war would not occur again in the near future; and, as an earnest of this, they were told that they should send a body of representative men to the East as hostages, and as a pledge that in the future they would keep the peace. This they consented to do, and a party of some thirty of the principal warriors was gathered together and sent to the nearest railway station, and thence by rail to the headquarters of the division at Chicago. This body included two of the Messiah's missionaries, Kicking Bear and Short Bull. I placed Captain Jesse M. Lee in charge of their agency, and he, by his rigid integrity and able administration, soon won the confidence and gratitude of the Indians.

A small delegation composed of the representative men of the two tribes was also

selected and sent to Washington with a few judicious officers to represent the condition of their people, the non-fulfilment of the treaty stipulations, and the want of provisions and their suffering in consequence. This body included such prominent chiefs as American Horse, Red Cloud, and Broad Trail.

After peace was fully restored, the troops were reviewed preparatory to their being sent back to their former military stations. This review was one of the most interesting in my experience, as it occurred in mid-winter and during a snow-storm. The vast prairie, with its rolling undulations, was covered with the white mantle of winter. That scene was possibly the closing one that was to bury in oblivion, decay, and death that once powerful, defiant, and resolute race. It was doomed to disappear, leaving behind it no evidence of its former life and power; and as the warm breezes of spring would remove the robe of winter, a new life, verdure, and beauty would appear. Those prairies would see a new civilization, happy homes, prosperous communities, and great states; and the sound of the merry bells of industrial activity and the music of progress were to take the place of the war-cry and the echoes of alarm and violence.

THE REAL END OF INDIAN WARS

The scene was weird and in some respects desolate, yet to me it was fascinating—possibly on account of the jubilant spirit occasioned by the reflection that one more Indian war had been closed, and closed in the most satisfactory way, without desolation and devastation in the settlements, as others had closed in former times. I did not then realize that we had reached, probably, the close of Indian wars in our country.

The march of the troops, fully equipped in their winter apparel, the long wagon- and pack-trains, and ambulance corps, was a novel and a most fitting spectacle for the closing scene of the drama. As this formidable force moved to stirring music and with sharp cadence over the snow-clad fields, it could not but have made a strong impression upon the thousands of Indians who witnessed it. They had a fair opportunity of appreciating the terrible power which they had fortunately avoided, as well as the advisability of remaining at peace in the

future. At its close, the troops moved to their various destinations, not since to be reassembled against the Indians.

It has been more than twenty years since that time, and not a single hostile shot has been fired between the government forces and the Indians. Nearly all the great warriors have passed on to the Happy Hunting-Ground, and the young men of to-day have even ceased to know the skill and experience of the hunter. They are not familiar with the use of firearms. Their attention has been called to the peaceful pursuits. They have been taught a better way of life than that of the hunter and warrior. They have come up through the schools instead of following the war-path. They have had the benefits of a life of civilization, rather than the hostile camp.

In October, 1894, I was transferred from the Department of the Lakes to the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York. This is the most delightful station in the United States, and is located at what was formerly the seat of gov-

ernment of Colonial Manhattan, near the center of wealth and population. It has, among its many advantages, that of being in close proximity to all that is most desirable in a great metropolis; and yet, by reason of its position in the harbor, it is capable of preserving an isolation like that belonging to a country estate.

The command embraced all the troops in the Atlantic States, as well as some stationed on the Gulf Coast.

The year in New York was perhaps one of the pleasantest in my military life. One advantage of that command was that it brought me into contact or communication with many of the leading men of our country at New York, the mecca of the land, where all our people go for business or pleasure, or for political interests. It is also the great gateway of our country through which the people go to and return from all other parts of the world. In that way I met many interesting foreigners; and it was also my duty to call officially upon all the prominent officials of the armies and



SIDE PICTURES (C) S. C. H. GRABILL

Sitting Bull, the greatest war-chief the Indians ever had, who was killed by men of his own race, December 15, 1890. F. D. Baldwin (left) and M. P. Maus, who were with General Miles in nearly all his Indian fights

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navies of the world who visited the port in an official capacity.

COMMANDING THE UNITED STATES ARMY

I presume one thing that made that station most enjoyable was the prospect of going from there, after a year's service, to the command of the army. I was assigned by the President to that command by orders, as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT,

General Orders,

No. 53 WASHINGTON, October 2, 1895.

By direction of the President, Major-General Nelson A. Miles is assigned to the command of the Army of the United States;

The travel enjoined by this order is necessary for the public service.

DANIEL S. LAMONT,
Secretary of War.

I accordingly issued the following order:

General Orders, HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
No. 54 WASHINGTON, October 5, 1895.
By direction of the President, the undersigned
hereby assumes command of the Army of the
United States. NELSON A. MILES,
Major-General.

The army then numbered 25,000 men. That number had become crystallized to that extent that the politicians and people thought there was some significance in it and that the army of the United States should not be less nor more than 25,000. Years before it had varied in the scale of numbers from 1000 to 60,000, but for nearly a quarter of a century it had remained as I found it. It was defectively organized, and promotion was most discouraging; so much so that many good officers left the service. At one time I had on my staff an excellent officer, Lieutenant Davis, who had been a lieutenant thirty years. My efforts to improve the condition of the army will be found in official reports and recommendations. At the time of my being assigned to the command, the entire fortification system was passing through a transition period. The armament for our coast-defenses had been effective during the great Civil War against wooden ships; but in 1895 it had become obsolete. Even the great stone and brick fortifications that had cost many millions of dollars were worthless against modern guns and projectiles. A fort that could stand the fire of guns used in 1860 would be more dangerous to the men inside than to those outside, from the fact that the power of the modern gun is such that it is capable of

throwing a projectile weighing more than a thousand pounds entirely through the walls of such a fort and then have force enough to pass through another of the same dimensions. It was difficult to make Congress understand the great change in ordnance that had been wrought during the last few decades. Still it is gratifying to know that our coast-defenses for all the ports of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf coasts are in practically strong and safe condition, although the cost of putting them in that condition has been near \$200,000,000, and more will be required to supply them with suitable ammunition.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WORLD'S ARMIES

During the spring of 1897 a war occurred between Turkey and Greece, and I was ordered to Europe to observe the military operations of that war. This duty, together with the duty enjoined by an order to represent the War Department at the Queen's Jubilee on the sixtieth anniversary of the reign of Victoria, and an additional order to attend the autumn maneuvers of the Russian, German, and French armies, gave me an opportunity of seeing all the principal armies of Europe.

The Turkish army, which we hear less about than any other, is a well-organized, disciplined, strong army, numbering, at that time, 700,000 effective men, who are trained to look upon the Sultan as the spiritual head on earth of their religion. It has the effect on the mind of the Turk of inspiring his confidence and his faith that in serving his Sultan he is serving his God. There is certainly one advantage in their religion, in that it maintains absolute sobriety. The use of liquor is abhorrent to the Mohammedans, and as a result their army is absolutely a temperate organization. The personnel are strong men; and their military institutions are conducted with great economy. They take pride in having maintained their position against other European governments acting in conjunction or separately.

On leaving Constantinople the journey down the Bosphorus, the sea of Marmora, and the Hellespont was most agreeable and gave me an opportunity of seeing the heavy fortifications guarding the Dardanelles. On arriving at Athens, I reported to the Secretary of War, who gave me every facility for visiting the army then occupied against the



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The rescue of the Seventh Cavalry near Pine Ridge. The troopers were hemmed in in a ravine by overwhelming numbers of Indians, when Lieut.-Col. Guy V. Henry rode to their rescue with a battalion of colored troops and drove the Indians from the hills

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Turkish army in the north of Greece. I found it bivouacked very near the Pass of Thermopylae. This gave me an opportunity not only of seeing the two armies in battle array, but also of riding over the historic ground where the Spartans fought and fell 2400 years before in their battle with the Persians.

IMPRESSIONS OF A WORLD TOUR

Greece to me was the most interesting country visited in Europe. The ruins of its colossal monuments and temples are still living evidence of that marvelous, intelligent ancient civilization, when a good part of the rest of the world was in the gloom of barbarism.

I also had a very good opportunity of seeing the Italian and Austrian armies. They were in splendid condition and fortunately for those countries have not been required to engage in serious campaigning for many years.

The French soldiers, individually, in uniform and equipment, appear the least attractive, yet when seen in large bodies they appear thoroughly organized, well disciplined, and their field maneuvers were quite as good as anything I saw in Europe.

Germany is one vast military camp where all the male population are required to be thoroughly drilled, disciplined soldiers. Their armament, equipment, and uniforms are most effective and attractive. Still, the expense of maintaining such a strong military force is a heavy burden upon the country. One evidence of this is seen in the fact that a large part of the labor is performed by the women.

Second after Greece, Russia was the most interesting country to me, as it was so unlike our own country or any other part of Europe; quite a different race and language, and a different religion. Still, it has grown during a thousand years from a wild tribe to a mighty empire, extending its power over the continents of both Europe and Asia. There are not yet more than five per cent. of its population able to read, yet it is making progress toward enlightened civilization. The people are a strong hardy race, and the army is well officered and well disciplined.

I was granted an audience by the Emperor, whom I found to be a most courtly, dignified gentleman, not only well informed on all military matters, but also interested in the

development of his country, especially that vast wilderness of Siberia, very much like what our Western country was a few years ago. He had been over the zone of the trans-Siberian railway before he became Emperor, and was then president of the company. I found him quite familiar with the history of the development of our Western country and the advantage derived from railway communications, and he hoped to follow our example and divide the vast wilderness into small sections to be given to actual settlers, thereby producing a nation of home-builders similar to our own.

The celebration of the anniversary of the reign of Victoria was to me the most interesting event of that visit to Europe.

ENGLAND'S DEBT TO VICTORIA

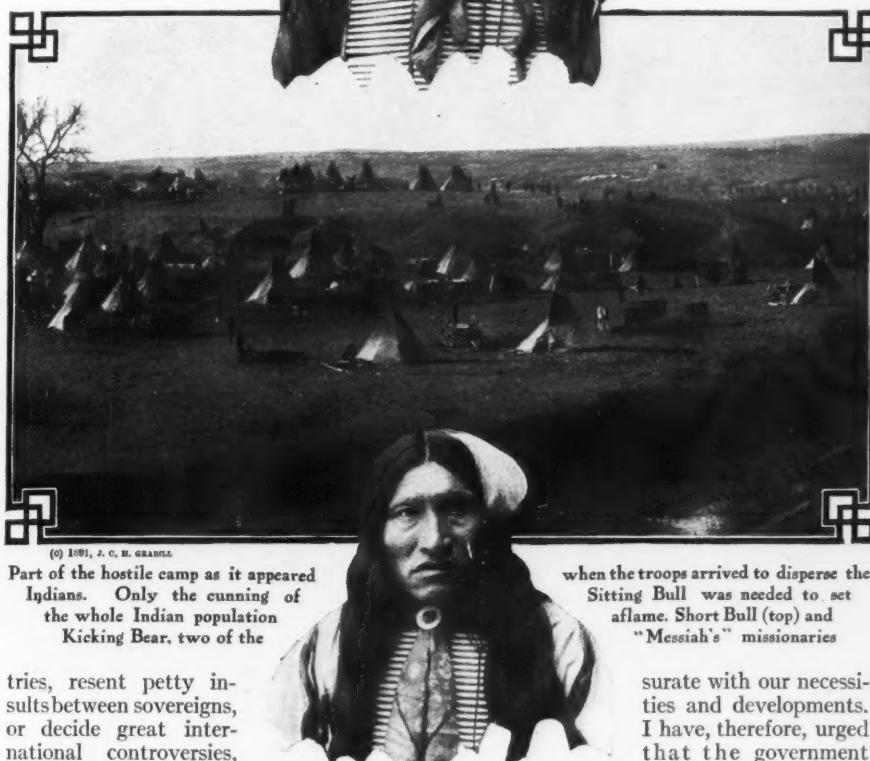
The reign of Victoria, queen of England and empress of India, was in many respects the most remarkable in history. Ascending the throne at the age of eighteen, a devoted wife and mother, a kind-hearted noble woman, she blessed those nearest and dearest to her. She possessed a heart of such benevolence that she could forgive those who, on five different occasions, sought to take her life; her mind was richly stored with valuable information, generous impulses, strong convictions, and noble purposes. During the long years of her sovereignty, other nations had gone into decay; but Great Britain had steadily developed into a mighty empire, embracing more than one quarter of the human race and more than eleven million square miles of territory.

In celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the reign of this gracious sovereign, there was manifested a love and devotion such as had never before been witnessed. It frequently brought tears of joy to her eyes. She was regarded by her people from every quarter of the globe as the most womanly queen and the most queenly woman that ever graced a home and a throne. It was a manifestation of gratitude to the wise and benevolent sovereign who had done so much to promote the strength, progress, and welfare of that vast empire. The representatives of the civil government were a body of strong intellectual men, and the military and naval power was of the highest order. The army, commanded by Lord Wolseley, was in excellent condition. Its appearance was equal to that of any of the armies of Europe.

My observation of the affairs of Europe

were made under the most favorable circumstances. How long war will continue to excite the ambition, the passions, avarice, and applause of the human race it is impossible to determine. How long great armies and navies will be gathered for the gratification of rulers to acquire, protect, or desolate coun-

tions or avarice of foreign powers. I, therefore, resolved that, during the time I should hold the important position then occupied, I would use all my influence to have adopted a system which I had recommended for years; this system being to fix a standard for the physical force of the nation that would be commen-



(C) 1891, J. C. H. GRANVILLE

Part of the hostile camp as it appeared Indians. Only the cunning of the whole Indian population Kicking Bear, two of the

when the troops arrived to disperse the Sitting Bull was needed to set afame. Short Bull (top) and "Messiah's" missionaries

tries, resent petty insults between sovereigns, or decide great international controversies, no one can tell. The present standing armies of Europe are approximately 4,000,000 men, imposing a colossal burden upon the people. I could not but rejoice that our Republic is walled in by two great oceans, with no menacing and threatening neighbors requiring the maintenance of a great standing army similar to those maintained by other countries. Still, I realized the danger of going to the other extreme, and by overconfidence, apathy, or indifference reach a degree of weakness that would tempt the ambi-

surate with our necessities and developments. I have, therefore, urged that the government decide upon what percentage of the physical

strength of the nation should be instructed, trained, and prepared for war purposes; and if our government could be persuaded to adopt such a standard, to be increased every decade, corresponding to the growth of the nation, it would be the safest and wisest policy, and in time we could commend it to the favorable consideration of other nations.

I am gratified that that policy has since been practically adopted by our government.

The last instalment of General Miles's Memoirs will appear in the October issue.

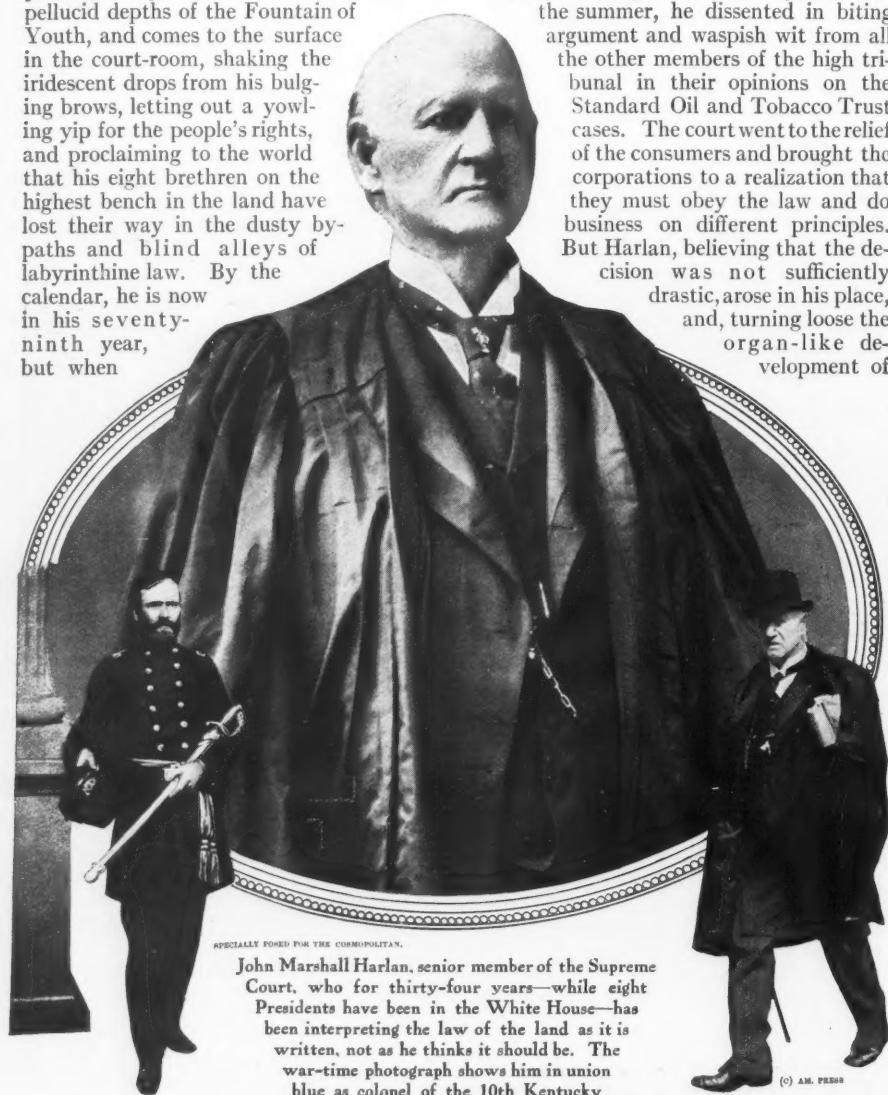
Justice Harlan—Dissenter

By James Hay, Jr.

JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN, athlete, near-octogenarian, and associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, refuses to grow old. Poising himself every day at 7 A. M. on a rising and resilient stack of dissenting opinions, he does a parabolic leap, takes a header into the pellucid depths of the Fountain of Youth, and comes to the surface in the court-room, shaking the iridescent drops from his bulging brows, letting out a yowling yip for the people's rights, and proclaiming to the world that his eight brethren on the highest bench in the land have lost their way in the dusty by-paths and blind alleys of labyrinthine law. By the calendar, he is now in his seventy-ninth year, but when

it comes to emitting condemnation, anathema, and invective against the trusts, he is young, wiser than Solomon at his wisest, better than Rhadamanthus at his best.

Harlan became more than ever a commanding figure in current events when, just before the Supreme Court adjourned for the summer, he dissented in biting argument and waspish wit from all the other members of the high tribunal in their opinions on the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases. The court went to the relief of the consumers and brought the corporations to a realization that they must obey the law and do business on different principles. But Harlan, believing that the decision was not sufficiently drastic, arose in his place, and, turning loose the organ-like development of



SPECIALLY POSED FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN.

John Marshall Harlan, senior member of the Supreme Court, who for thirty-four years—while eight Presidents have been in the White House—has been interpreting the law of the land as it is written, not as he thinks it should be. The war-time photograph shows him in union blue as colonel of the 10th Kentucky

(c) A.M. PRESS

his throat, bowled out the whole court, interlarding his paragraphs of satire, sarcasm, and cynicism with predictions, detailed and full, that the United States was on its way to the dogs, dogs unmuzzled and unleashed. He fayed the trusts, scourged their methods, and extended to the masses of the people his profound pity. The only thing he neglected to do was to tie up the voluminous expression of his opinion with twenty yards of crape and haul it to the Capitol in a hearse. But his performance was finished and excellent enough to make him the hero of the consumer and to bring upon him the abuse and execrations of sundry well-known corporations, including their component parts, officials, and attorneys.

This, however, was not the first instance of Harlan's going against the views of his associates on the bench. He has been making up his own mind according to the law as he reads it for many years, and he has reveled and rioted in the pastime of sticking to his opinion when once he has reached it. Other justices may change and yield and alter at the sweet insistence of their fellows, but not Harlan. Strong for the power of the national government and eager to punish offending corporations, he has learned from the law that the trusts can be kept in their places, and to this idea he clings with all the tenacity of a miser to his gold. When his opinion necessitates his dissenting from his confrères, he ups and dissents to the queen's taste—dissents in language that a child can understand, in terms stripped of Latin phrases and legal circumlocutions. He goes to the point at issue as a wolf to the victim's throat. What he deals in is a series of hammer-like blows, cataclysmic knockouts, and thunderous catastrophes.

He is as good at this as he was not long ago when the spry young lawyers of Washington played a match game of baseball with the stately judges.

"Harlan up!" called the scorer.

The justice trotted to the plate, glared at the pitcher, gave his bat a few preliminary swings, and hit the first ball. When it dropped into a gulch about twenty yards behind the center-fielder, the mighty hitter was nearing second base. All through the game he was a wizard with the willow. Dissenting from the idea that he was too old to hit, he piled up triples and doubles to his heart's content.

In his thirty-four years in the Supreme Court he has hung up the record for making

dissenting opinions, against either all his fellows or the majority of them. When he is considering a case, he fastens himself up in his library, pulls down all the books bearing on the matter in hand, studies far into the night for many nights, and then makes up his mind. After that, he is fixed, irrevocable, immutable. He figures that the government is paying him for his ideas, not for sentiments other people would like to inject into him, and he esteems his own mind and processes of thought as highly as he does those of his associates. If they don't like his opinion, it's their lookout, not his.

But Harlan is not merely an able jurist, doing his duty in consecrated effort and with a fine disdain for its ultimate effect. He is a lovable, kindly, popular man. He lectures on law at a university in Washington, and to the young men who sit under his instruction he is a boon companion and father confessor. He laughs with them, embellishes his talks with strong, colloquial language, and gives them advice, sympathetic advice that rings true to the "boys."

In the Presbyterian church he is a pillar, a dynamo, and a live wire. In 1905 he was vice-moderator of the General Assembly of the United States, and every Sunday, when he is in Washington, he teaches a Bible class the real meaning and intent of the Scriptures. It may be noted in passing that what he teaches is the good old solid religion minus the free-thinking tendencies of modern times. It was only a few months ago that he upbraided in a public address the society people of the capital for desecrating the Sabbath.

When he is not deciding a case or teaching religion or lecturing on law, he plays golf or travels for his health. And in it all, work or recreation, he is roped up to the high speed and going at a hundred-mile clip.

And thus he has been all his life. Away back in 1858—more than half a century ago—he was a county judge in Kentucky, his native state. When the Civil War broke out, he raised a regiment and commanded it on the Union side. Later he was elected attorney-general of Kentucky. After declining a diplomatic mission in 1877, he was made an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, and in 1893 he was a member of the Behring Sea tribunal of arbitration in Paris.

Young? Why, he's so young that, if he felt a twinge of rheumatism in his leg, he'd swear it was only a touch of housemaid's knee!



Hanson Booth

The Heart of a Wallflower.

By Emily Newell Blair.
Illustrated by Hanson Booth.

Nowadays most of the fiction young ladies you read about have the story-hero on his knees and "locoed" before the end of the first page. They are the modern, up-to-date queens and "easy winners"—fetching, irresistible. Quite as it should be? Without the shadow of a doubt. But once in a while Cupid marks a derelict. And then? Well, read this little story—the heart-outpourings of a young woman who—until *he* comes along—draws blanks in the eternal game of love

CHILDHOOD

MOTHER DEAR: I'm very miserable. I must tell some one, and there's no one to tell but you. Father can't understand, but of course mothers can, even up in heaven. I'm ten now, but I guess you haven't forgotten that I was five when you died. I'm

big for my age, but maybe you look down at night and know. Did you see my new party-dress that Maggie—that's our newest housekeeper's name—had made for me? She told father I needed one for William Griggs's party, and he said: "Go ahead. You know where to charge it." Maybe you can't see it, for it's kept in the dark closet, so I'll tell you about it. It is silk, with big

pink flowers in it, trimmed with ruffles of lace. It is low necked, because Maggie says party dresses are always low in the neck, and the sleeves come only to the elbow. The sash is pink, very, very pink. Can't you just see how nice I look in it? When I went to the party she crinkled my hair beautifully and let it all hang long. I wish it was golden. Princesses and pretty girls always have golden hair. There was the Sleeping Princess and Goldilocks and Cinderella and lots more. I can't say exactly what color mine is. It isn't brown, because I matched it to my morning dress, nor red like Clippy's, who lives next door, nor black like Martha's. I'm sorry, Mother Dear, but I can't seem to find out just what color it is meant to be, it's so queer. I asked Maggie, and she said sure she didn't know unless it was nutmeg. And I asked father, and he said "nondescript." Of course you know what that means, but I don't.

I wore all the jewelry, my bracelets and locket and chain and rings. Maggie said I looked just for all the world like a society lady. William, who had the party, lives in our block. He said all the *nice* children in town were asked. Maggie said then they ought to have been more dressed up. They only wore little plain-white frocks such as I wear Sunday—not party dresses at all. It was William's birthday, and I took him a present. Maggie wanted me to take him a bottle of perfume, but I insisted on choosing his present myself because he is always good to me. He sometimes comes over, when the other children are away, and plays quiet fairy-stories with me. The others make such fun of me and my books and games. They say I'm a worm—a book-worm; their mamas say so, too, and that Maggie ought to make me go outdoors more because it ain't healthy to be a worm. Maggie did try it once, but I just ran off and hid in the barn all day reading, and it scared her so that she's afraid to do it any more. William and I play lovely together. I let my hair down—he says he doesn't mind because it's drab color. He is a beautiful prince. His hair is short, but he can't help that; anyway when the sun shines on it, it looks just like the library roof. His eyes are big and blue, like the sky, and when he kisses me on the forehead he does it as soft and gentle like. So I took him a book. I picked it out myself and wrote in it myself: "My Prince, William, from his Sleep-

ing Princess." His mama laughed awful funny when she read it. She said: "Queer child! Sleeping Princess!" Then she laughed again. William's auntie, the young lady with lovers, said, "She has beautiful eyes, anyway." "Oh, but the complexion and mouth!" said William's mama, and she laughed some more.

She left the book on the table, and after a while I went and brought William to come and look at it. He read it very slowly—William isn't as smart at school as I—then he shook his head. "I'm only your play prince," he said. "Susy's my real princess. Gee! Geraldine, ain't her hair just like this picture?" I don't think it was very polite, anyway. I shall look for another prince, a polite one next time. Princes ought to be polite. Just then, though, William's auntie called us to play Drop the Handkerchief. It is a lovely game, almost as nice as the ones I make up. You know, all the children hold hands in a big circle while some one, William did it first, goes around and drops his handkerchief behind the one he loves the best. Then the finder tries to catch the one who dropped it before he gets back to the empty place. William dropped it behind Susy, but I didn't care. I kept thinking who I'd drop it behind when it came my turn. I decided on Green McAllister. He is tall and awful polite, I noticed. But first Alice got it, and she dropped it behind George, and he to Martha and she to Donald and he to Clippy and so on, but nobody gave it to me. It isn't any fun to play if you don't have it dropped to you.

Next we played London Bridge, and they asked me to choose—you know how to play that, Mother—between a diamond house and a gold wagon. I said, "Oh, I choose a wagon, 'cause then you can go on and on and see so much, and even if the house is diamonds—" they pushed me back behind Green. "This isn't lessons," they said to me. I pulled my best, but I just couldn't hold on tight, so our line broke first, and when Green was one of the leaders he wouldn't have me at all. William, the other leader, I guess, forgot me, because at the very last his auntie said: "Well, there's only Geraldine left. You'll have to take her, Green." It isn't nice to be chosen that way. At refreshments all the boys sat by little girls, 'cepting me and Jane Jones. We said we didn't like boys anyway and sat together. But I—I storied, Mother Dear, because I

do like boys. Why, if it wasn't for boys there couldn't be any princes, and Cinderellas and Sleeping Princesses wouldn't be much good without princes. Sometimes you most have to story, Mother. I do like boys, but I guess they—they don't like me. And, Mother, parties nor games nor even pink ice-cream and cakes aren't any fun if they don't anyone like you but Jane.

Mother Dear, what can little girls do to make boys like them if they don't? Isn't there something, Mother, angels might tell them to do? My pretty dress didn't do it, nor my pretty book. But there *must* be something. Oh, Mother Dear, I do need you so! Can't you come away from heaven just a little while and help me?

GIRLHOOD

MOTHER DEAR: Of course I know it is foolish of me to write you, but I just can't help thinking maybe you are not so very far away, after all, and that perhaps you can look over my shoulder when I write, and help me. Oh, I miss you and need you so!

Oh, Mother Sweet, if you only had not gone and left me, I think I might have been like other girls. But it is so hard with no one but Maggie to talk to and only William for a friend. I haven't any girl chums. I don't know why, for I've tried and tried to make them. Every time a new girl comes to school or moves to town, I go to see her and tease Maggie to have her to supper, hoping she may like me. She is always nice at first, but pretty soon the other girls ask her to go with them, and she doesn't care for me any more. I wonder sometimes if it's because I'm not pretty. I'm awfully sorry, Mother, because I know, of course, you'd rather I *was* pretty, but it isn't my fault, and I feel sure that *you* could love me anyway.

William is going to give another party, and he has invited me. He says he couldn't get a boy to take me, but that he will bring me home himself. I asked him if he was going to invite Harold—you remember Harold Johnson—and he said: "Pshaw! He wouldn't want to come." But I kept talking about it, and finally he said he would ask him for fun, because they needed some new boys in their crowd, so many were going away to school next year. I am so excited I can scarcely wait. I'm going to have a new dress like the other girls, low neck and short

sleeves. I shall have mine of yellow cotton crape—the other girls' are crape—but I won't make mine Empire, of course. That would be copying.

I can hardly wait for Thursday night.

MOTHER SWEET: Maggie helped me fix my hair and pinned my ribbons for me for the party last night. How I wished I could imagine she was you! William had to come early for me, and so I sat and talked with his mother until the others came. The guests were the C. C. C.'s, the girls' club in our school, and a few outsiders like me. I thought to myself: "Now I'm getting in. If I can only look nice enough and am entertaining they may find they like me." I could hardly think of anything to say to Mrs. Griggs, I was watching the door so close, with my heart going thump-a-thump-thump all the time. They came very quickly when once they began. William had gone for Susy, his own girl, after he brought me, and then George and Clippy came and Green McAllister and Martha and George Adams and Alice, and almost at the very last—I was afraid he wasn't coming—here was Harold by himself. "Oh," I thought, "now he will take me home." I was introduced to him with the rest. Though I'd gone to school with him I hadn't ever really met him. They began by playing kissing games—Post-Office and Forfeits. It was dreadfully embarrassing, for no one ever chose me. I sat in the corner till I was sick. Then it was Harold's turn. I felt my face get red, for I knew my time had come at last, and I smoothed out my dress and uncrossed my feet.

"A letter for Susy Burnett," the postman cried. There was a buzz of surprise and noise, and then Martha, Susy's chum, leaned across to whisper to Green: "Didn't you know? He's been writing her notes and putting them in her books for weeks. William'd better look out."

Of course I couldn't budge. I just had to sit there trying to keep back the tears. After a long, long time they danced a little, and William asked me. I know I can't dance, and besides my new high-heeled slippers hurt, but I didn't want anyone to think I wasn't asked, so I tried it. After we went around the room twice he asked, "Don't you want to rest a minute?" and took me back to my corner and talked the rest of the dance. "I think it is too hot to dance, don't you?" he said.

After that I sat there and watched them. Harold asked Susy to dance three times and Martha twice and every other member of the C. C. C. once. Mrs. Griggs sat by me a little while, and then William brought Alice over to me. She wanted to know if I would help pass refreshments at the reception for the visiting clergymen of the convention. I told her I wouldn't have any way to get home.

"Haven't you a minister staying with you? Couldn't you go home with him?" she asked. I said I would ask father. Ours is a young man who is very polite and nice to me. The convention only lasts three days.

MOTHER, sometimes I'm almost glad, after all, I haven't a "case." Mr. Laurens—he's the minister that stayed with us during the convention—was talking to me about it. We had lots of lovely talks. He knows a heap about girls and boys and their doings. He said that "cases" were not love at all, and he started me to reading a story called "My Novel." I believe I'll always think of those three volumes as a kind of tombstone over my admiration for Harold, for ever since I've been reading about Harley L'Estrange I see how silly the other was. It's very queer, but I think of him now before I go to sleep, and I like him better than



As I played with my ice I heard a familiar voice behind the palms say: "Bob, you are behaving like a scamp. I've rushed fellows up to the sacrifice until I'm worn out, and she thinks they are the ones on her card. Now you get busy and tend to your own dead-wood."

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any real person I ever knew. He makes Harold and William and all these little boys seem awfully trifling and boyish. A man like Harley L'Estrange could just tear your heart in two, while Harold just rumples it a bit. At night I play that Harley—I call him that to myself—makes these wonderful speeches to me, and every day I read a little with him.

I heard Maggie tell father, "She's not more than half alive now, always mooning and dreaming." Mother Dear, right now, isn't it strange? I feel more alive than I ever did.

I HAVE gotten so in the habit of writing out my thoughts and worries that I must keep it up, even though I am getting so much older that I can't feel sure any more that you, Mother Dear, see and know them. Yet sometimes I feel wonderfully near to you, now.

My cousin, Eleanor McCromb, has come to visit me. Father wrote and asked her mother to let her come because he thinks I need companionship. Eleanor isn't a single bit like me. She is little and dark and awfully pretty. She wears her hair pompadoured and curled—it takes her one hour to fix it, but it is worth while, I suppose, for it looks like a great black aura around her little face with its most beautiful "pansy steeped in dew" eyes and most wicked dimples. According to all the books I ought to hate her, but I don't, for she is as sweet as she is pretty, and I'm just crazy over her. So is William and nearly all the other boys. She hadn't been here a week before all the girls in the crowd came to call. Then by the next week they were making our house their meeting-place. They did not pay much attention to me at first, and it seemed to worry Eleanor, but very soon she managed so they counted me in, too. And now I am intimate friends with them. It's queer; I don't understand it, for Eleanor isn't one bit smart. She doesn't care to read, and she can't talk a bit, but I'm not smart enough to find out how she managed the change.

AFTER supper last night William took Eleanor out riding in the trap. Grant had Susan on the back seat when they came. Father won't allow Eleanor to go with one boy alone. A little later Harold came for her, too. He didn't ask me second choice, and I am glad. It shows he considers me a girl and not an old maid, anyway. So I've

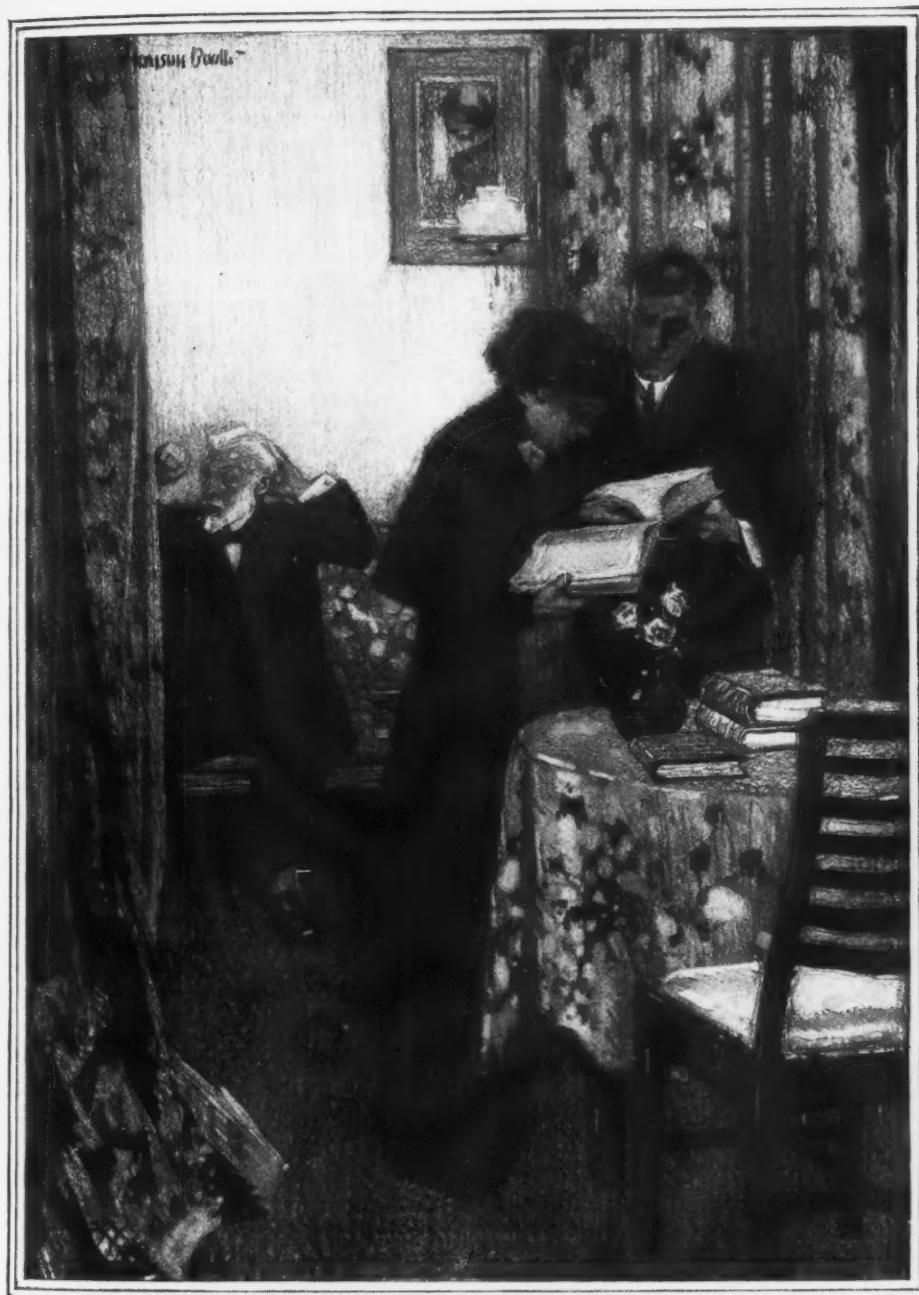
been reading Curtis's "Best Society." I guess I'll give up trying to go out any more. It isn't any use. No one really wants me. I'm just beginning to realize how plain, uninteresting, and unlovable I must really be.

JUST a week, and what a changed Geraldine! I told Eleanor that I had decided not to care for society any more, and of course I had never cared for boys. We have been quite distant all week. I am sorry she wishes to be so superficial and foolish, but I simply can't permit her to ruin my life. I must spend my time studying and improving. I've practised every day two hours and read my French and gone over my Latin Composition preparatory to college next fall. For dissipation I've been reading a book which says, in one place, "Don't come down on your friends like thunderbolts." That is very good. I shall be more particular about criticizing Eleanor. I went to church to-night while William was calling on Eleanor. I knew they wanted to be alone, anyway, so I got Martha to go with me. Coming out, I caught a glimpse of Mr. Laurens's smiling face. He is visiting the Hardings now. I do think he has the kindest, warmest, friendliest face I ever saw, and there is something so winning in his manner, too. Father says he is too young and dangerously handsome for an unattached clergyman, but it isn't just his good looks. He is a person to whom one feels instinctively drawn. I don't think anyone could dislike him, although some people might not admire his style. He might be too earnest. In the lobby were Green and George. I could hear them discussing whom to take home. They condescended a smile to me. I think Green might have asked me, but perhaps he remembers my saying that I do not approve of boys taking girls home from church. If Mr. Laurens had seen me he would have taken me, I know. I do not care for boys now that I have gone back to my books. I am living in "Vanity Fair." I wonder what Mr. Laurens thinks of that. I am glad I have made friends among the girls, though. Susan, Martha, and Eleanor are lovely girls, every one.

MAIDENHOOD

I'M home from school again now, and some way, Mother Dear, you always seem nearer to me here. There at school among

—Hanshaw Booth.



DRAWN BY HANSHAW BOOTH

One night father sat up suddenly, wiped his eyes, and stared at us. Mr. Smith was standing by me at the table. We had come across a French quotation and were hunting it up in my big dictionary. "Well, well," father said abruptly, "I believe I'll go to bed." His thought was so apparent that I reddened and looked apprehensively at Mr. Smith

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the chattering girls I have often almost lost you, but as I near home I feel that I'm coming back to you. I'm not any more like other girls than I used to be when I cried my heart out at night and prayed God to give me golden hair. The girls seemed to like me, though; on the whole, I enjoyed my college life in spite of many bitter times; that is, after I made up my mind that I was meant to be a wallflower and that there was no use in kicking against the pricks. But if I live to be a hundred years old I'll never forget that time—my freshman year—Eleanor's brother Robert asked me over to Annapolis for a hop and told me to bring another girl along for his chum's company.

After considerable thought I picked on Muriel Hobbs, one of my room-mates, hoping that her vivacity would atone for my social sluggishness, while at the same time her looks did not too far eclipse mine. We had a great time planning our gowns, Muriel finally deciding on a blue organdie and I on a green one. Aunt Margaret met us in Washington to chaperon us. It was a lovely Easter eve when we reached Annapolis, Robert meeting us at the station with a perfectly ridiculous ramshackle carriage. I was in a dream of bliss from that moment. The uniforms of the cadets, the quaint doorways, the blooming golden bell in the front yards, the gleam of the bay in the distance, delighted my very soul. Robert took us to a boarding-house located in a charming old mansion. After a delicious supper we began our toilets. Such curling and powdering and pinning and preening before we were ready to pass through a maze of passages and down a beautiful stairway to the parlor. It was exactly like a story and filled me with a self-possession I had never attained before. Robert's room-mate, Mr. Overstreet, was introduced to us in the long stately parlor with its pier-glass, and we entered another ramshackle carriage and rattled to the Boat House, where the dance was held.

The very atmosphere reeked with sentiment, my skirt set perfectly, my reflection in the dressing-room mirror was satisfactory, and I felt exactly like Cinderella at the ball. When Robert gave me a program already made out every last vestige of fear and bashfulness disappeared, and for the first time in my life I realized the effectiveness of eyes. We made our bow to the patronesses, the band struck up, and the dance began. I actually enjoyed that dance, and then Rob-

ert brought up my next partner, and he the next and he the next, or so I thought until Mr. Overstreet turned up again. He apologized when he saw me, but said they couldn't find the man whose name was down and he wished for the pleasure of taking his place. Robert's name was the next, but he did not appear and could not be found. Mr. Overstreet was lovely, but said he was engaged for that dance and we must find Robert. Just as the last strains of that waltz died away we came upon Robert and Muriel sitting out behind some boats in a—well, they were most suggestively embarrassed at discovery. Of course they tried to explain, did not know it was the next dance and all that, but Mr. Overstreet was quite unimpressed by their excuses. *He* had that dance with Muriel, it seemed, and wanted it. Robert then found me another partner, presumably the man on my card, who left me beside Aunt Margaret, and a young civilian sitting with her took us across the room for an ice. As I played with mine I heard a familiar voice (Mr. Overstreet's) behind the palms say: "Bob, you are behaving like a scamp. I've rushed fellows up to the sacrifice until I'm worn out, and she thinks they are the ones on her card. Now you get busy and tend to your own dead-wood." "But they are all on, now. I can't get any more to try it," was Bob's reply. "Well, thank the Lord it is 'most over. Even if she is a stilted pill, I don't like to see her snubbed openly."

From the feeling of my face I might have been going to have apoplexy, but I didn't, and knock-out of the pride is not fatal. I told Aunt Margaret I was too sick to dance any more, and asked her to excuse me to my partners while I lay down in the dressing-room. Luckily—fate often helps me out thus, postmortemly—the boys could not take us home and get back to quarters in time, so sent us home alone, the ramshackle carriage sounding like a tumbrel. I had too dreadful a headache to discuss the dance with Muriel; but—such are the hypocritical demands upon social failures—next day I had to go to church, eat dinner, and bid my hosts farewell with deep verbal gratitude for the lovely time they had given me.

I was bruised and hurt for weeks, and the scar will remain forever. Not that the thing itself mattered. It was what it did to my self-respect.

Not only this but many such experiences, differing only in degree of hurtness, have

rammed the truth home to me. Of course I fought against it at first. My, the times I've treated myself for my dancing and claimed that I was purely spiritual and made in the image of God and of course was graceful and light! I have practised up on conversation, even writing out a list of subjects and possible questions and replies. But it did no good. As soon as I appeared on a dancing-floor again my feet would drag and my weight increase, and every partner on whom I was inflicted would make his get-away quickly, though with varying degrees of politeness. And, oh, the agony, the cold disgrace, of those long hours against the wall! With what a hot flush of shame I would slide along, a chair at a time, to company—some happy girl sitting out a single dance or waiting for a partner—or would slink across the hall to my chaperon. And the loneliness of the dressing-room, where I finally was driven for refuge from the pitying eyes of more successful girls. The strength it required to hold back the tears with a square chin and gritted teeth! Once I heard a girl say coyly to a young man who had dropped down beside her between dances, "You haven't asked me for a dance, and I haven't the next one taken." "Sure," he laughed back at her, taking her program, "you can't afford to sit it out." I wondered if I could ever raise the courage to do that, even to William.

I FACED it as bravely as I could, Mother Dear, until, little by little, pride was killed in me, and by Commencement time I was able to endure the dances and other festivities with a perfectly hopeless, stony heart. It takes lots of neglect to instil that heavy, dead feeling in a romantic young girl's breast. But my heart ever beat a little faster when I would meet a man and girl walking slowly across the campus, the girl with eyes downcast or shining up at him, the man's with a tender, embracing admiration. The college is proud of its engaged girls, because they refute the theory that college education unsexes women, so men-callers are permitted every day and fiancés even on Sunday. They take their girls to the Inn. Oh, it's a glorious sight to see the couples there at supper Sunday night or at dinner on week-days. I never had a beau, but I often took the girls, and when father came on to see me he always invited my room-mates to a "real dining," as one of the

Southern girls called it, because his order began with blue-points and went clear through to coffee, crackers, and cheese. Once William came over from Cornell, and I took him to the Inn. I wanted to see how it felt letting my imagination—how thankful I've been for that imagination—supply the glances, tones, and manner that the other girls evoked from their escorts. But I was so busy pointing out the other girl guests and naming the pretty ones for him that all my hoped-for pleasure was spoiled. For once, though, I was obdurate and would not introduce him to a soul. I meant that this visit, which cost me a month's allowance, should at least remove the stigma of not having a male friend anywhere. They did not need to know he was my cousin's fiancé or that the shovels of sentimental talk we indulged in were about her, and there was no one to tell tales on me, for I had chosen a college where there were none of the other home girls on purpose. I had wanted to begin again.

I never flinched once through Commencement, taking father through all the doings as if he were the proudest beau of them all. We are getting quite chummy, father and I. Only the other day he patted my hand and said: "I must make the most of you while I can, daughter. I suppose some man will be carrying you away one of these days." I was glad no one heard him except Maggie. Even she looked as if she wanted to laugh. I did hear him telling Mr. Laurens—he has been our minister here several years now—one night when he was calling: "By George, I fell in love with her myself, coming home. I never dreamed she was so charming." I didn't mind Mr. Laurens. He understands. He sent me some books for Commencement with this quotation on his card:

O Youth and Beauty, loved of all!
Ye pass from girlhood's gate of dreams,
In broader ways your footsteps fall;
Ye test the truth of all that seems.

And prompt in duty; heed the deep
Low voice of Conscience; through the ill
And discord round about keep
Your faith in human nature still.

Be gentle: unto griefs and needs
Be pitiful as woman should,
And spite of all the lies of creeds
Hold fast the truth that God is good.

From one who loves the little girl Geraldine
grown to maidenhood.



DRAWN BY HANSON BOOTH

"God!" Richard almost moaned, walking up and down the room, while I twisted and untwisted my handkerchief

It would have been a joke from anyone else, but not from him, because his steady, serious eyes tell me that he is looking past everything into my soul and thinking of that, and understands and cares.

The idea that one has a soul is mighty consoling to me, in more ways than one, nowadays. But Mr. Laurens does not stop there. He always gives a hope. And so his poem does. It stirs a hope I thought was dead—that maybe, after all, some of my dreams may have a truth hidden in them somewhere, that maybe this womanhood into which I am stepping may have an answer to this yearning of mine to give something—I can't describe it—a complex mixture of hope, aspiration, and trust—something that in spite of lagging dance-steps and tied tongue I know to be worth giving, and to receive something—I don't know what; to lose myself and to find myself—to fit in—to belong. I feel now like a lost Pleiad wandering through space.

I'm not so homely any more. I am plump, but I am not fat. My eyes are pretty if my hair is just ordinary. It is not in looks. Other girls are worse-looking and yet are prized garden-flowers. It isn't that. I wonder, oh, how I wonder what it is. Do you know, Mother, Mother Dear?

YOUNG WOMANHOOD

OH, Mother, Mother Dear, it isn't any use!

I've been home two years now, completely shelved. In a small town like ours other crowds come up so quickly, and the older ones, even when they are not so old—I am only twenty-four—are soon put by and forgotten, if the others of their age are married off. Most of my old friends are, and I dangle on, a withered and neglected bud—or perhaps more like the lilac-bush we have had for ten years and which has never bloomed. Father would cut it down if I did not sympathize so with it and intercede for it. Fancy a poor, faded-looking corn-flower, alone on a bush, that has never had a single bee come near. That is the way I feel. I know just how it hopes and longs for even a fly to light on it.

Father has fixed the house over beautifully. Maggie has gone away, leaving me mistress of an establishment larger and handsomer than any of the married girls have, of an electric runabout and a touring-car—with a chauffeur, too. Father imag-

ines I am perfectly happy presiding over it and him and his few visitors. He does not understand that, after all, though I am richer and more honored than Maggie, I am only a housekeeper, and a housekeeper of an establishment, not a home. For I dimly sense, though I have never known it, what it takes to make a home: love, dependence, anticipation, sacrifice, and acceptance—then children.

William and Eleanor were married last year and now have a new baby, a dear little fatkins of a boy. Somehow I resent him so. It seems so unnecessary for them when they have each other. Last spring before he came, I used to whirl by them out walking at the edge of town, she hanging on to his arm with an adoring, satisfied look and he smiling down so tender and so proud. I have to steal such glimpses, for they imagine I would not understand and conceal them in my presence. They did not need a baby; they were complete as they were. God should have given babies to old maids, for they have no one else. Think how a darling, cuddly child would warm and vivify my barren heart. All these emotions that are simply atrophying would spring into life. And there would be some purpose in me in the future, in life.

A useless woman seems to me the most pathetic and the most wicked thing on earth. I would like to do something, but father will not hear of it, so I study French, architecture, and music until I think I'll just float away on a froth of culture some day. In the name of heaven, what can Mendelssohn, with his exquisite wordless melodies, or Wagner, with his passionate, chaotic tones, say for me, who have no emotions to express but one of filial affection or of a stifling soul! Everything, from the flowers in my garden to the great cathedrals I read about, is an expression of at-one-ment, of a perfect whole, of harmony, and that is a closed book to me. I know it is there with my mind, but my heart cannot enter in.

I do a great deal of church work, helping Mr. Laurens with a mission among the miners and a free kindergarten. That is my greatest happiness. I forget, when I am with him, that I am only a painfully neat, intellectual fragment of a human. I feel that I really belong. He is as wonderfully understanding and gentle and strong as ever. He makes me think of the prince I used to imagine would ride up some day on a fiery

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steed and, raising his hat, disclose a golden crown and demand my heart and hand. Only, under Mr. Laurens's hat would be a halo instead. But I do not suppose he will ever marry. In one way it seems the most natural thing in the world to imagine him, like the prince, demanding my heart and hand—I presume because he is the only one who has ever recognized that I have a heart. He found it when I was just a little girl, and I have always known that it was that heart he appealed to, that he was caring about. But in another way, because it is only the heart he is acquainted with, the thought seems a profanation. He is so impersonal, so distant, so blind to the fact that I have any hair or eyes or hands or body at all. Still, I cannot put the idea out of my mind. It would be so wonderful, so like my dreams come true.

I resent being a wallflower the very most of all because it makes me so silly to myself. I shall stop this and read Kant's Philosophy a bit.

I was out motoring with our Old Maids' Club lately. There are four of us "unattached" who solace our loneliness by an occasional jaunt together with a cup of tea afterward. We do not like tea, but we feel it is more appropriate. It is rather a ghastly joke to me, but they do not seem to mind. One woman made the statement that our great mistake was in refusing our last proposal.

"But how are you to know it *is* the last?" asked another. "'While there is life,' you know."

"Well," Martha retorted, "if anyone asked me *now* I'd know it was *my* last chance." She said it in her usual positive, funny way, and we knew how often she has been engaged.

And here was I, who had never had any chance, laughing with the rest. I wonder if popular girls or men ever appreciate the sting and shame in that. I think if I were a man I would go around proposing to neglected girls, just as a charity. There are societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals and for the prevention of cruelty to children, but none for the prevention of cruelty to young ladies, and the greatest cruelty of life is the stigma of being a wallflower.

Martha went on to say: "Oh, girls, there is a chance come to town. Have you seen him? It is Mr. Richard Henry Smith, Mr.

Fox's new cashier. My! but he is a spectacle to make old maids weep."

"Why?" they demanded.

"Oh, nothing, only he is cross-eyed. Wait till you see him. He acknowledges he wants to get married. And he plays a banjo!"

I did not say a word. Mr. Richard Henry Smith has called on me three times already. My first "gentleman caller" in three years!

WOMANHOOD

MR. RICHARD HENRY SMITH has declared himself. And now I am thinking it all out. It happened this way. At first he came to call on father and me together. He is cashier of father's bank, and they took a fancy to each other. Men admire father a great deal, and he is very fond of young men, which adds to the bitterness of my failure to attract them. He liked to come, and father liked to have him, and so did I. He is *not* funny or horrid, as Martha said, at all. He is only lonely, as I have always been, and if he is not appreciated by girls, surely I shall not blame him for that. We began reading together finally, which always put father to sleep. After a few months we drifted from father's favorites into poetry, and one night father sat up suddenly, wiped his eyes, and stared at us. Mr. Smith was standing by me at the table. We had come across a French quotation and were hunting it up in my big dictionary. "Well, *well*," father said abruptly, "I believe *I'll* go to bed." His thought was so apparent that I reddened and looked apprehensively at Mr. Smith. His eyes were twinkling, and we both laughed out loud. The ice was broken, and after that we did not read any more. He began to tell me about himself, his loneliness and longings. I was interested. Here was what I had always desired, to come into touch with another soul. I found myself talking to him of experiences, of hopes and feelings, with a freedom I had never dreamed of. The idea of Martha's calling him queer or funny! He is the most natural man I ever met.

Then gradually we grew more intimate, and he began to look at me in a way that made me blush and grow hot all over and feel fluttery and happy. He would start to say things and then stop, stammer, and change his mind. He misunderstood things I said, and imagined meanings I did not put

in them. How I remember the night I discovered I could hurt him! It was so strange to me, to think anyone should care for what I thought about his actions. I went down into the hammock after he left and sat for hours, half laughing and half crying. It seemed so impossible that I had to experiment to find if it were really true. And it was. I felt more important than ever before in my whole life. It was almost like driving a motor-car.

Then suddenly, it seemed, he changed right before my eyes from the acted upon to the actor. He became forceful, masterful, and I became uncomfortable. He was chasing me to cover. I felt frightened and fleeing from something—I didn't know just what, but something big, compelling, strong, and yet not pleasant. I have not been at home the last times he has come. I have begged Dad—I have taken to calling him that recently—to take me away on a long trip, and he has promised.

This evening while I waited in front of the bank for father, Mr. Smith came out to the car and asked if he might come home with us, too. Father looked very knowing and said: "Of course. Get in, Richard." And the first thing I knew, father had gone to bed, and there I was—cornered.

And it was not a bit like I always thought it must be. I cannot repeat now a single word he said. But I knew he wanted me to marry him, and I know I did not say anything definite because I could not. When he left he took my hands and pressed them, saying, "Until to-morrow night, then."

When I began to write this, I truly did not know what I should say to him. I mean I thought I did not. But of course there is only one thing to say, and that is, "Yes, thank you." This is the only chance I ever had in my whole life, or ever will have, to be a real, true woman. What he has told me and looked at me and given me is myself, my woman's rights, and I do thank him. I want to live to be a woman, and he is the only way. And a good way, too. I trust him, I admire, I believe in him, and I *know* him. I see he has not any crown under his hat, and even my imagination cannot make a prince out of him. It is not like I thought it would be, but I am very glad—and thankful.

If only—if only it did not mean shutting my door on my old, wonderful dream!

WELL, Mother Dear, I am happy, am I not? Richard is very satisfying and oh, so good to me. He calls me such beautiful names that I hardly recognize myself, and he is so patient with my idiosyncrasies. I hope I will overcome them when I am married, for it certainly would be uncomfortable to admire your husband and trust him and love him—yes, I do—as I do Richard and not really *want* him to kiss you. He says he loves me more because of it. He calls it maidenly reserve. I wish he was not quite so foolish—maidenly reserve at my age! It provokes me sometimes. I prefer to talk of his plans. We are congenial; he is ambitious, and so am I. He has not very much money, but I have enough for two. Father is more than pleased. He likes Richard, and he feels the need of a young man's help in managing his affairs. Besides it is one thing to be coy about losing a young daughter and another to have her wither on the parent stem, undesired and unsought. He would like for us to be married right away. So would Richard, but I—I do not know.

Yes, we might as well be married now. Richard and I are going to be very happy. This big house will be a home, just as I will be a woman, for even wallflowers bloom at last. Of course the old dreams will cease to annoy me then. Only, I wish it was not so hard to be loved. I suppose I have not the habit. Somehow, Mother Dear, it is kind of hard being a woman, anyway, isn't it? We can do so little for ourselves.

Yes, I will tell Richard to-night that he may set the day. It will be a quiet wedding, just father and Richard, Mrs. Griggs, William and Eleanor Griggs, Harold and Susan Johnson, and Mr. Laurens to marry us. I wonder what he will think. He has always looked clear into my soul. What will he read there now?

And Mother, Mothery Sweet, you will be there—I know you will. Will you be pleased, too?

MOTHER, my Mother, Richard has just been here with the most wonderful story to tell. And I am sitting here dazed and bewildered. Listen, Mother Mine, while I write it out to you. Then you will seem to place your cool hand on my brow, my beating heart will cease to flutter, and peace and understanding will come to me. It has been so ever since I wrote to you as a child

The Heart of a Wallflower

and doubly so since I read the little journal you kept before I came. Entertained an angel—that is the way I feel about you; I have entertained an angel—the thought of you—all these years. The love of you and the dear warm understandingness of you have entered my empty life and heart until you have made a sanctuary of it. Shall I not bring to you then this wonderfulest mystery and surprise that life has brought to me? Be gentle, be patient, dear, while I make it as plain as I can. There are some parts I cannot make very clear, even to myself.

This is what Richard told me, standing so straight by the fireplace: He had gone as I asked him to request Mr. Laurens to marry us in the little church at five o'clock, four weeks from Thursday. "It's the most amazing thing, Geraldine. I must tell you how it was, though the strangeness of it so bewildered me that I may not be able to give it exact." He unclasped his hands restlessly; then, knitting his brows, he went on: "When I explained my errand Mr. Laurens jumped up quickly, startled, then said very firmly, 'I am very sorry, but I cannot do that, Mr. Smith—I can't.' I was dumfounded, and demanded in no uncertain tones a reason for such an unheard-of stand. But he insisted: 'I can give you no reason—no reason at all—but I cannot. Man, that's asking too much.'

"But I persisted: 'Mr. Laurens, you must give me some reason. Your remark is an insult. I demand an explanation. It is my right, and I insist.' Finally, looking very pained and pale, he told me bluntly: 'Because I love her myself. Man, I've loved her for years—even since she was a confiding, queer little girl. I have watched her grow to womanhood and yearned for her and wanted her with all my man's nature.' 'But you never told her?' I asked. 'Told her? Can you imagine it?' He spread out his hands to include himself as he stood, his rectory, his calling, his means. 'What could I offer her? No, I made up my mind to lose her to a better man, one who could take care of her as she should be cared for; but to marry her to him! No, I can't.' He walked away and left me, standing there confused, abashed at what I had seen of another man's soul."

After Richard finished there was silence between us for a long moment, he looking at the carpet, I hunched there in a chair, limp.

"Whom shall I ask next, dear?" Richard looked up at me quickly.

My throat seemed to tighten as if a rope were being drawn around it. "Nothing to offer, nothing to offer," my thoughts kept repeating.

"Geraldine, look at me," Richard's voice demanded sternly. "Look up." I was scared, but I obeyed.

"Did you hear my question?" he now demanded.

I nodded yes.

"Why don't you answer?" I sat there looking at him. Then, far off in my mind, I saw Mr. Laurens lifting his hat and the halo underneath. I couldn't see Richard or the room—just Mr. Laurens looking down at me.

"God!" Richard almost moaned, walking up and down the room, while I twisted and untwisted my handkerchief. After a while he came back to me and tilted up my face till he could see into my eyes. "Do you care for him?" he questioned calmly.

The lumps in my throat came into my mouth, and the tears rolled down my face. His words were like the flash of lightning that liberates the storm. He took my hands in his very gently, but firmly. "Tell me all about it, Geraldine," he said.

And I did, beginning with my being a wallflower and including my dreams and ending with how much I liked him. He smiled queerly.

"I see, Geraldine, I see. And you never acknowledged this to yourself until this moment?" All the heat in my body rushed into my face, but I looked straight up at him and shook my head.

"You are not like other girls, Geraldine. That's certain. You're—you're—well, no matter. What is Mr. Laurens's number, do you know?"

I sat in a daze while he went to the 'phone. He came back presently into the room and said: "He is coming up at once. I shall not wait. Good-by."

He held out his hand to me, but for the first time I kissed him voluntarily and with all my heart.

HE came, Mother Dear. And I do not need to write any more. I understand now. And I will never be alone again. Good night, Dream Mother. Good night, all dreams. I am awake now—at last.

The Common Law

A STORY OF LOVE AND THE STRUGGLE AGAINST TRADITION

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Fighting Chance," "The Younger Set," "The Danger Mark," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

XV

IT was barely daylight when Valerie awoke. She lay perfectly still, listening, remembering, her eyes wandering over the dim, unfamiliar room. Through thin silk curtains a little of the early light penetrated; she heard the ceaseless chorus of the birds, cocks crowing near and far away, the whimpering flight of pigeons around the eaves above her windows, and their low, incessant cooing.

Suddenly, through the foot-bars of her bed, she caught sight of Stephanie lying sound asleep on the couch, and she sat up, swiftly, noiselessly, staring at her out of wide eyes from which the last trace of dreams had fled. For a long while she remained upright among her pillows, looking at Stephanie, remembering, considering; then, with decision, she slipped silently out of bed, and went about her dressing without a sound.

In the connecting bath-room and dressing-room beyond she found her clothing gathered in a heap, evidently to be taken away and freshened early in the morning. She dared not brush it for fear of awakening Stephanie; her toilet was swift and simple; she clothed herself rapidly and stepped out into the hall, her rubber-soled walking-shoes making no noise.

Below, the side-lights of the door made unbolting and unchaining easy; it would be hours yet before even the servants were stirring, but she moved with infinite caution, stepping out onto the veranda and closing the door behind her without making the slightest noise.

The sun had not yet risen; woods were foggy; the cattle in the fields stood to their

shadowy flanks in the thin mist; and everywhere, like the cheery rush of a stream, sounded the torrent of bird-music from bramble-patch and alder-swale, from hedge and orchard and young woodland.

It was not until she had arrived in sight of Estwich Corners that she met the first farmer afield; and, as she turned into the drive, the edge of the sun sent a blinding searchlight over a dew-soaked world, and her long shadow sprang into view, streaming away behind her across the lawn.

To her surprise the front door was open, and a harnessed buckboard stood at the gate; and suddenly she realized with a hot blush that the household must have been amazed and probably alarmed by her non-appearance the night before.

Hélène's farmer and her maid came out as she entered the front walk, and, seeing her, stood round eyed and gaping.

"I got lost and remained over night at Mrs. Collis's," she said, smiling. "Now, I'd like a bath if you please and some fresh clothing for traveling, because I am obliged to go to the city, and I wish to catch the earliest train."

When at last it was plain to them that she was alive and well, Hélène's maid, still-trembling, hastened to draw a bath for her and pack the small steamer-trunk; and the farmer sat down on the porch and waited, still more or less shaken by the anxiety which had sent him pottering about the neighboring woods and fields with a lantern the night before, and had aroused him to renewed endeavor before sunrise.

Bathed and freshly clothed, Valerie hastened into the pretty library, seated herself at the desk, pushed up her veil, and wrote rapidly:

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DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"I can't help it; I'm really frightened, dear," said Rita. "And you know well enough I'm no flighty alarmist.
550 her trunk. "It's packed; it has been packed for weeks. I'm all ready to go with him. Why can't



Besides, somehow, I feel certain that Sam's brother would tell John to go to Arizona." She pointed pitously to a man mold clay and chip marble and cast bronze as well in Arizona as in this vile pest-hole?"

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MY DEAR MRS. COLLIS: My gratitude to you, to Mrs. Neville, and to Miss Swift is none the less real because I am acknowledging it by letter. Besides, I am very certain that you would prefer it so.

You and your family have been kindness itself to me in my awkward and painful dilemma; you have sheltered me and provided medical attendance; and I am deeply in your debt.

Had matters been different I need scarcely say that it would have been a pleasure for me personally to acknowledge to you and your family my grateful appreciation. But I am very sure that I could show my gratitude in no more welcome manner than by doing what I have done this morning and by expressing that obligation to you in writing.

Before I close may I ask you to believe that I had no intention of seeking shelter at your house? Until I heard Mr. Neville's voice I had no idea where I was. I merely made my way toward the first lighted windows that I saw, never dreaming that I had come to Ashuelyn.

I am sorry that my stupid misadventure has caused you and your family so much trouble and annoyance. I feel it very keenly—more keenly because of your kindness in making the best of what must have been to you and your family a most disagreeable episode.

May I venture to express to you my thanks to Miss Swift, who so generously remained in my room last night? I am deeply sensible of her sweetness to an unwelcome stranger—and of Mrs. Neville's gentle manner toward one who, I am afraid, has caused her much anxiety.

To the very amiable physician who did so much to calm a foolish and inexcusable nervousness, I am genuinely grateful. If I knew his name and address I would write and properly acknowledge my debt.

There is one thing more before I close: I am sorry that I wrote you so ungraciously after receiving your last letter. It would have been perfectly easy to thank you courteously, whatever private opinion I may have entertained concerning a matter about which there may be more than my own opinion.

And now, please believe that I will never again voluntarily cause you and your family the slightest uneasiness or inconvenience; and believe me, too, if you care to,

Very gratefully yours,

VALERIE WEST.

She directed and sealed the letter, then drew toward her another sheet of paper:

DEAREST: I could die of shame for having blundered into your family circle. I dare not even consider what they must think of me now. You will know how innocently and unsuspiciously it was done—how utterly impossible it would have been for me to have voluntarily committed such an act even in the last extremity. But what *they* will think of my appearance at your door last night I don't know, and I dare not surmise. I have done all I could; I have rid them of me, and I have written to your sister to thank her and your family for their very real kindness to the last woman in the world whom they would have willingly chosen to receive and entertain.

Dear, I didn't know I had nerves; but this experience seems to have developed them. I am perfectly well, but the country here has become dis-

tasteful to me, and I am going to town in a few minutes. I want to get away—I want to go back to my work—earn my living again—live in blessed self-respect where, as a worker, I have the right to live.

Dearest, I am sorry about not meeting you at the station and going back to town with you. But I simply cannot endure staying here after last night. I suppose it is weak and silly of me, but I feel now as though your family would never be perfectly tranquil again until I am out of their immediate vicinity. I cannot convey to you or to them how sorry and how distressed I am that this thing has occurred.

But I can, perhaps, make you understand that I love you, dearly—love you enough to give myself to you—love you enough to give you up forever.

And it is to consider what is best, what to do, that I am going away quietly somewhere by myself to think it all out once more—and to come to a final decision before the first of June.

I want to search my heart, and let God search it, for any secret selfishness and unworthiness that might sway me in my choice—any overwhelming love for you that might blind me. When I know myself, you shall know me. Until then I shall not write you; but some time before the first of June, or on that day, you shall know and I shall know how I have decided wherein I may best serve you—whether by giving or withholding—whether by accepting or refusing forever all that I care for in the world—you, Louis, and the love you have given me.

VALERIE WEST.

She directed and sealed this, laid it beside the other, and summoned the maid.

"Have these sent at once to Ashuelyn," she said. "Let Jimmy go on his bicycle. Are my things ready? Is the buckboard still there? Then I will leave a note for the countess."

And she scribbled hastily:

HÉLÈNE DEAR: I've got to go to town in a hurry on matters of importance, and so I am taking a very unceremonious leave of you and of your delightful house. They'll tell you I got lost in the woods last night, and I did. It was too stupid of me; but no harm came of it—only a little embarrassment in accepting a night's shelter at Ashuelyn among people who were everything that was hospitable, but who must have been anything but delighted to entertain me.

In a few weeks I shall write you again. I have not exactly decided what to do this summer. I may go abroad for a vacation, as I have saved enough to do so in an economical manner; and I should love to see the French cathedrals. Perhaps, if I so decide, you might be persuaded to go with me.

However, it is too early to plan yet. A matter of utmost importance is going to keep me busy and secluded for a week or so. After that I shall come to some definite decision; and then you shall hear from me.

In the meanwhile—I have enjoyed Estwich and you immensely. It was kind and dear of you to ask me. I will never forget my visit.

Good-by, Hélène dear.

VALERIE WEST.

This note she left on Hélène's dresser, then ran down-stairs and sprang into the buckboard.

They had plenty of time to catch the train; and on the train she had plenty of leisure for reflection. But she could not seem to think; a confused sensation of excitement invaded her mind, and she sat in her velvet-armed chair alternately shivering with the memory of Cardemon's villainy and quivering under the recollection of her night at Ashuelyn.

Rita was not at home when she came into their little apartment. The parrot greeted her, shrieking from his perch; the goldfish goggled his eyes and swam round and round. She stood still in the center of her room, looking vacantly about her. An immense, overwhelming sense of loneliness came over her; she turned as the rush of tears blinded her and flung herself full length among the pillows of her bed.

Her first two or three days in town were busy ones; she had her accounts to balance, her inventories to take, her mending to do, her modest summer wardrobe to acquire, letters to write and to answer, engagements to make, to fulfil, to postpone; friends to call on and to receive, duties in regard to the New Idea Home to attend to.

Also, the morning after her arrival came a special-delivery letter from Neville:

It was a mistake to go, dear, because, although you could not have known it, matters have changed most happily for us. You were a welcome guest in my sister's house; you would have been asked to remain after your visit at Estwich was over. My family's sentiments are changing—have changed. It requires only you yourself to convince them. I wish you had remained, although your going so quietly commanded the respect of everybody. They all are very silent about it and about you, yet I can see that they have been affected most favorably by their brief glimpse of you.

As for your wishing to remain undisturbed for a few days, I can see no reason for it now, dear, but of course I shall respect your wishes.

Only send me a line to say that the month of June will mean our marriage. Say it, dear, because there is now no reason to refuse.

To which she answered:

Dearest among all men, no family's sentiments change overnight. Your people were nice to me, and I have thanked them. But, dear, I am not likely to delude myself in regard to their real sentiments concerning me. Too deeply ingrained, too basic, too essentially part of themselves and of their lives, are the creeds, codes, and beliefs which, in spite of themselves, must continue to govern their real attitude toward such a girl as I am.

It is dear of you to wish for us what cannot be; it is kind of them to accept your wish with resignation.

But I have told you many times, my darling, that I would not accept a status as your wife at any cost to you or to them—and I can read between the lines, even if I did not know, what it would cost them and you. And so, very gently, and with a heart full of gratitude and love for you, I must decline this public honor.

But, God willing, I shall not decline a lifetime devoted to you when you are not with them. That is all I can hope for; and it is so much more than I ever dreamed of having that, to have you at all—even for a part of the time—even for a part of my life, is enough. And I say it humbly, reverently, without ignoble envy or discontent for what might have been had you and I been born to the same life amid the same surroundings.

Don't write to me again, dear, until I have determined what is best for us. Before the first day of summer, or on that day, you will know. And so will I.

My life is such a little thing compared to yours—of such slight value and worth—that sometimes I think I am considering matters too deeply—that if I simply fling it in the scales the balance will scarcely be altered—the splendid, even tenor of your career will scarcely swerve a shade.

Yet my life is already something to you; and, besides, it is all I have to give you; and if I am to give it—if it is adding an iota to your happiness for me to give it—then I must truly treat it with respect, and deeply consider the gift, and the giving, and if it shall be better for you to possess it, or better that you never shall.

And whatever I do with myself, my darling, be certain that it is of you I am thinking and not of the girl who loves you.

V.

By degrees she cleared up her accounts and set her small house in order.

Rita seemed to divine that something radical was in progress of evolution, but Valerie offered no confidence, and the girl, already deeply worried over John Burleson's condition, had not spirit enough to meddle.

"Sam Ogilvy's brother is a wonder on tubercular cases," she said to Valerie, "and I'm doing my best to get John to go and see him at Dartford."

"Won't he?"

"He says he will, but you know how horridly untruthful men are. And now John is slopping about with his wet clay again as usual, an order for a tomb in Greenwood—poor boy, he had better think how best to keep away from tombs."

"Why, Rita!" said Valerie, shocked.

"I can't help it; I'm really frightened, dear. And you know well enough I'm no flighty alarmist. Besides, somehow, I feel certain that Sam's brother would tell John

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to go to Arizona." She pointed piteously to her trunk. "It's packed; it has been packed for weeks. I'm all ready to go with him. Why can't a man mold clay and chip marble and cast bronze as well in Arizona as in this vile pest-hole?"

Valerie sat with chin on hands looking at her. "How do you think *you* could stand that desolation?"

"Arizona?"

"Yes."

"There is another desolation I dread more."

"Do you really love him so?"

Rita slowly turned from the window and looked at her. "Yes," she said.

"Does he know it, Rita?"

"No, dear."

"Do you think—if he did—"

"No. How could it be—after what has happened to me?"

"You would tell him?"

"Of course. I sometimes wonder whether he has not already heard—something—from that beast—"

"Does John know him?"

"He has done two fountains for his place at El Naúar. He had several other things in view"—she shrugged—"but the *Mohave* sailed suddenly with its owner for a voyage around the world—so John was told; and, Valerie, it's the first clear breath of relief I've drawn since Penrhyn Cardemon entered John's studio."

"I didn't know he had ever been there."

"Yes; twice."

"Did you see him there?"

"Yes. I nearly dropped. At first he did not recognize me—I was very young—when—"

"Did he speak to you?"

"Yes. I managed to answer. John was not looking at me, fortunately. After that he wrote to me—and I burned the letter. It was horrible; he said that José Querida was his guest at El Naúar, and he asked me to get you because you knew Querida, and be his guest for a week-end. I cried that night; you heard me."

"Was that it!" asked Valerie, very pale.

"Yes; I was too wretched to tell you."

Valerie sat silent, her teeth fixed in her lowerlip. Then, "José could not have known what kind of a man the—other—is."

"I hope not."

"Oh, he *couldn't* have known! Rita, he wouldn't have let him ask us."

"Men seldom deceive one another."

"You *don't* think José Querida *knew?*"

"I—don't—think. Valerie, men are very—very unlike women. Forgive me if I seem to be embittered. Even you have had your experience with men, the men that all the world seems to like—kind, jolly, generous, jovial, amusing men, and clever men; men of attainment, of distinction. And they—the majority of them—are, after all, just men, Valerie, just men in a world made for men, a world into which we come like timid intruders; uncertain through generations of uncertainty—innocently stupid through ages of stupid innocence, ready to please though not knowing exactly how; ready to be pleased, God knows, with pleasures as innocent as the simple minds that dream of them. Valerie, I do not believe any evil first came into this world of men through any woman."

Valerie looked down at her folded hands—small, smooth, white hands, pure of skin and innocent as a child's. "I don't know," she said, troubled, "how much more unhappiness arises through men than through women, if any more. I like men. Some are unruly—like children; some have the sense and the morals of marauding dogs. But, at worst, the unruly and the marauders seem so hopelessly beneath one, intellectually, that a girl's resentment is really more of contempt than of anger—and perhaps more of pity than of either."

Rita said: "I cannot feel as charitably. You still have that right."

"Rita! Rita!" she said softly, "we both have loved men, you with the ignorance and courage of a child—I with less ignorance and with my courage as yet untested. Where is the difference between us—if we love sincerely?"

Rita leaned forward and looked at her searchingly. "Do you mean to do—what you said you would?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because he wants me."

Rita sprang to her feet and began pacing the floor. "I will not have it so!" she said excitedly. "I will not have it so! If he is a man, a real man, he will not have it so, either. If he will, he does not love you; mark what I say, Valerie—he does not love you enough. No man can love a woman enough to accept that from her; it would be a paradox, I tell you!"

"He loves me enough," said Valerie, very pale. "He could not love me as I care for him; it is not in a man to do it, nor in any human being to love as I love him. You don't understand, Rita. I *must* be a part of him—not very much, because already there is so much to him and I am so—so unimportant."

"You are more important than he is," said Rita fiercely, "with all your fineness and loyalty and divine sympathy and splendid humility—with your purity and your loveliness; and in spite of his very lofty intellect and his rather amazing genius and his inherited social respectability *you* are the more important to the happiness and welfare of this world—even to the humblest corner in it!"

"Rita! Rita! What wild, partisan nonsense you are talking!"

"Oh, Valerie, Valerie, if you only knew! If you only knew!"

Querida called next day. Rita was at home, but flatly refused to see him.

"Tell Mr. Querida," she said to the janitor, "that neither I nor Miss West is at home to him, and that if he is as nimble at riddles as he is at mischief he can guess this one before his friend Mr. Cardemon returns from a voyage around the world."

Which reply slightly disturbed Querida. All during dinner—and he was dining alone—he considered it; and his thoughts were mostly centered on Valerie. Somehow, some way or other, he must come to an understanding with Valerie West. Somehow, some way, she must be brought to listen to him. Because, while he lived, married or single, poor or wealthy, he would never rest, never be satisfied, never wring from life the last drop that life must pay him, until this woman's love was his.

He loved her as such a man loves; he had no

idea of letting that love for her interfere with other ambitions. Long ago, when very poor and very talented and very confident that the world, which pretended to ignore him, really knew in its furtive heart that it owed him fame and fortune and social position, he had determined to begin the final campaign with a perfectly suitable marriage. That was all years ago; and he had never swerved in his determination—not even when Valerie West surprised his life in all the freshness of her young beauty. And, as he sat there leisurely over his claret, he reflected, easily, that the time had come for the marriage, and that the woman he had picked out was perfectly suitable, and that the suitable evening to inform her was the present evening.

Mrs. Hind-Willet was pre-possessing enough to interest him,



Querida's thoughts were mostly centered on Valerie. Somehow, some way or other, he must come to an understanding with Valerie West

clever enough to stop gaps in a dinner-table conversation, wealthy enough to permit him a liberty of rejecting commissions, which he had never before dared to exercise, and fashionable enough to carry for him what could not be carried through his own presentable good looks and manners and fame.

This last winter he had become a frequenter of her house on Sixty-third Street; and so carelessly assiduous, and so delightfully casual, had become his attentions to that beautifully groomed widow that his footing with her was already an intimacy, and his portrait of her, which he had given her, had been the sensation of the loan exhibition at the great Interborough Charity Bazaar.

He was neither apprehensive nor excited as he calmly finished his claret. He was to drop in there after dinner to discuss with her several candidates as architects for the New Idea Home. So when he was entirely ready he took his hat and stick and departed in a taxicab, pleasantly suffused with a gentle glow of anticipation. And when Mrs. Hind-Willet received him in a rose-tinted reception-corner, audaciously intimate and secluded, he truly felt that he was really missing something of the pleasures of the chase, and that it was a little too easy to be acutely enjoyable.

However, when at last he had gently retained her hand and had whispered, "Alma," and had let his big, dark, velvet eyes rest with respectful passion upon her smaller and clearer and blacker ones, something somewhere in the machinery seemed to go wrong—annoyingly wrong. Because Mrs. Hind-Willet began to laugh—and evidently was trying not to—trying to remain very serious; but her little black eyes were glistening with tears of suppressed mirth, and when, amazed and offended, he would have withdrawn his hand, she retained it almost convulsively.

"José! I beg your pardon!—I truly do. It is perfectly horrid and unspeakable of me to behave this way; but listen, child! I am forty; I am perfectly contented not to marry again; and I don't love you. So, my poor José, what on earth am I to do if I don't laugh a little? I can't weep over it, you know."

The scarlet flush faded from his olive skin. "Alma," he began mournfully, but she only shook her head vigorously.

"Nonsense," she said. "You like me

for a sufficient variety of reasons. And, to tell you the truth, I suspect that I am quite as madly in love with you as you actually are with me. No, no, José. There are too many—discrepancies—of various kinds. I have too little to gain—to be horribly frank—and you—alas!—are a very cautious, very clever, and admirably sophisticated young man. There, there! I am not really accusing you, or blaming you, very much. I'd have tried the same thing in your place—yes, indeed, I would. But, José dear, if you'll take the mature advice of fair, plump, and forty, you'll let the lesser ambition go.

"A clever wealthy woman nearer your age, and on the edge of things, with you for a husband, ought to carry you and herself far enough to suit you. And there'd be more amusement in it, believe me. And now, you may kiss my hand, very good-humoredly and respectfully, and we'll talk about those architects. Shall we?"

For twenty-four hours Querida remained a profoundly astonished man. Examine, in retrospective, as he would, the details of the delicately adjusted machinery which for so many years had slowly but surely turned the interlocking cog-wheels of destiny for him, he could not find where the trouble had been—could discover no friction caused by neglect of lubricants; no over-oiling, either; no flaw.

Wherein lay the trouble? Based on what error was his theory that the average man could marry anybody he chose? Just where had he miscalculated?

Now, reviewing matters, deeply interested to find the microscopic obstruction which had so abruptly stopped the machinery of destiny for him, he was modest enough and sufficiently liberal minded to admit to himself that Alma Hind-Willet was the exception that proved this rule. There were women so constructed that they had become essentially unresponsive. Alma was one. But he concluded that if he lived a thousand years he was not likely to encounter another.

And the following afternoon he called upon Mrs. Hind-Willet's understudy, the blue-eyed little Countess d'Enver.

Hélène d'Enver was superintending the definite closing of her beautiful duplex apartments—the most beautiful in the great château-like, limestone building. And

José Querida knew perfectly well what the rents were.

"Such a funny time to come to see me," she had said laughingly over the telephone. "I'm in a dreadful state, with skirts pinned up and a motor-bonnet over my hair, but I will *not* permit my maids to touch the porcelains; and if you really wish to see me, come ahead."

He really wished to. Besides, he adored her Ming porcelains and her Caledon, and the idea of any maid touching them almost gave him heart-failure. He himself possessed one piece of Ming and a broken fragment of Caledon. Women had been married for less.

She was very charming in her pinned-up skirts and her dainty head-gear, and she welcomed him and entrusted him with specimens which sent pleasant shivers down his flexible spine. And, together, they put away many scores of specimens which were actually priceless, inasmuch as any rumor of a public sale would have excited amateurs to the verge of lunacy, and almost any psychopathic might have established a new record for madness at an auction of this matchless collection.

They breathed easier when the thrilling task was ended; but emotion still enchain them as they seated themselves at a tea-table—an emotion so deep on Hélène's part that she suffered Querida to retain the tips of her fingers for an appreciable moment when transferring sugar to his cup. And she listened, with a smile almost tremulous, to the fascinating music of his voice.

"I am so surprised," she said softly—but his dark eyes noted that she was still busy with her tea-paraphernalia—"I scarcely know what to think, Mr. Querida."

"Think that I love you," breathed Querida, his dark and beautiful head very near to her blond one.

"I—am—thinking of it. But—"

"Hélène," he whispered musically; and suddenly stiffened in his chair as the maid came clattering in over the rugless and polished parquet to announce Mr. Ogilvy, followed *sans façon* by that young man, swinging a straw hat and a Malacca stick.

"Sam!" said the pretty countess, changing countenance.

"Hello, Hélène! How-do, Querida! I heard you were temporarily in town, dear lady." He kissed a hand that was as falter-

ing and guilty as the irresolute eyes she lifted to his.

Ten minutes later Querida took his leave. He dismissed the expensive taxi which had been devouring time outside, and walked thoughtfully away down the fashionable street.

Because the machinery had chanced to clog twice did not disturb his theory; but the trouble with him was local; he was intensely and personally annoyed, nervous, irritated unspeakably. Because, except for Valerie, these two, Alma Hind-Willet and Hélène d'Enver, were the only two socially and financially suitable women in whom he took the slightest physical interest.

There is, in all women, one moment—sometimes repeated—in which a sudden yielding to caprice sometimes overturns the logical plans laid out and inexorably followed for half a lifetime. And there was much of the feminine about Querida. And it chanced to happen on this day—when, no doubt all unsuspected and unperceived, some lurking jettatura had given him the evil eye—that he passed by hazard through the block where Valerie lived, and saw her mounting the steps.

"Why, José!" she exclaimed, a trifle confused in her smiling cordiality as he sprang up the steps behind her—for Rita's bitterness, if it had not aroused in her suspicions, had troubled her in spite of her declaration of unbelief.

He asked for a cup of tea, and she invited him. Rita was in the room when they entered; and she stood up coolly, coolly returned Querida's steady glance and salutation with a glance as calm, as detached, and as intelligent as a surgeon's. Neither he nor she referred to his recent call; he was perfectly self-possessed, entirely amiable with that serene and level good-humor which sometimes masks a defiance almost contemptuous.

But Rita's engagements required her to leave very shortly after his advent; and before she went out she deliberately waited to catch Valerie's eye; and Valerie colored deeply under her silent message.

Then Rita went away with a scarcely perceptible nod to Querida; and when, by the clock, she had been gone twenty minutes, Querida, without reason, without preparation, and perfectly aware of his moment's insanity, yielded to a second's flash of caprice—the second that comes

once in the lives of all women—and now, in the ordered symmetry of his life, had come to him.

"Valerie," he said, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

She had been leaning sideways on the back of her chair, one hand supporting her cheek, gazing almost listlessly out the open window. She did not stir, nor did her face alter, but, very quietly, she turned her head and looked at him.

He spoke breathlessly, eloquently, persuasively, and well; the perfect machinery was imitating for him a single-minded, ardent, honorable young man, intelligent enough to know his own mind, manly enough to speak it. The facsimile was flawless.

He had finished and was waiting, long fingers gripping the arms of his chair; and her face had altered only to soften divinely, and her eyes were very sweet and untroubled.

"I am glad you have spoken this way to me, José. Something has been said about you—in connection with Mr. Cardemon—which disturbed me and made me very sad and miserable, although I would not permit myself to believe it. And now I know it was a mistake—because you have asked me to be your wife."

She sat looking at him, the sadness in her eyes emphasized by the troubled smile curving her lips.

"I can't marry you, José, because I am not in love with you. If I were I would do it. But I do not care for you that way."

For an instant some inner flare of madness blinded his brain and vision. There was, in his face, something so terrible that Valerie unconsciously rose to her feet, bewildered, almost stunned.

"I want you," he said slowly.

"José! What in the world—"

His dry lips moved, but no articulate sound came from them. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, poured out a torrent of passion, of reproach, of half-crazed pleading—incoherency tumbling over incoherency, deafening her, beating in upon her, till she swayed where she stood, holding her arms up as though to shield herself.

The next instant she was straining, twisting, in his arms, striving to cry out, to wrench herself free, to keep her feet amid the crash of the overturned table and a falling chair.

"José! Are you insane?" she panted, tearing herself free and springing toward

the door. Suddenly she halted, uttered a cry as he jumped back to block her way. The low window-ledge caught him under both knees; he clutched at nothing, reeled backward and outward, and fell into space.

For a second she covered her white face with both hands, then turned, dragged herself to the open window, forced herself to look out. He lay on his back on the grass in the rear yard, and the janitor was already bending over him. And when she reached the yard Querida had opened both eyes. Later the ambulance came, and with its surgeon came a policeman. Querida, lying with his head on her lap, opened his eyes again.

"I was—seated—on the window-ledge," he said with difficulty, "and overbalanced myself. Caught the table—but it fell over. That's all."

The eyes in his ghastly face closed wearily, then fluttered.

"Awfully sorry, Valerie—make such a mess—in your house."

"Oh-h—José!" she sobbed.

After that they took him away to the hospital; and nobody seemed to find very much the matter with him, except that he'd been badly shocked. But the next day all sensation ceased in his body from the neck downward.

And they told Valerie why.

For ten days he lay there, perfectly conscious, patient, good-humored, and his almond-shaped and hollow eyes rested on Valerie and Rita with a fatalistic serenity subtly tinged with irony.

John Burleson came to see him, and cried. After he left, Querida said to Valerie,

"John and I are destined to remain near neighbors; his grief is well meant, but a trifling premature."

"You are not going to die, José!" she said gently.

But he only smiled.

Ogilvy came, Annan came, the Countess Hélène, and even Mrs. Hind-Willet. He favored them all with his shadowy and mysterious smile, answered them gently; deep in his sunken eyes a somber amusement seemed to dwell. But there was in it no bitterness.

Then Neville came. Valerie and Rita were absent that day, but their roses filled the private ward-room with a hint of the coming summer. Querida lay looking at Neville, the half-smile resting on his pallid

face like a slight shadow that faintly waxed and waned with every breath he drew.

"Well, Neville," he said quietly, "you are the man I wished to see."

"Querida," he said, deeply affected, "this thing isn't going to be permanent."

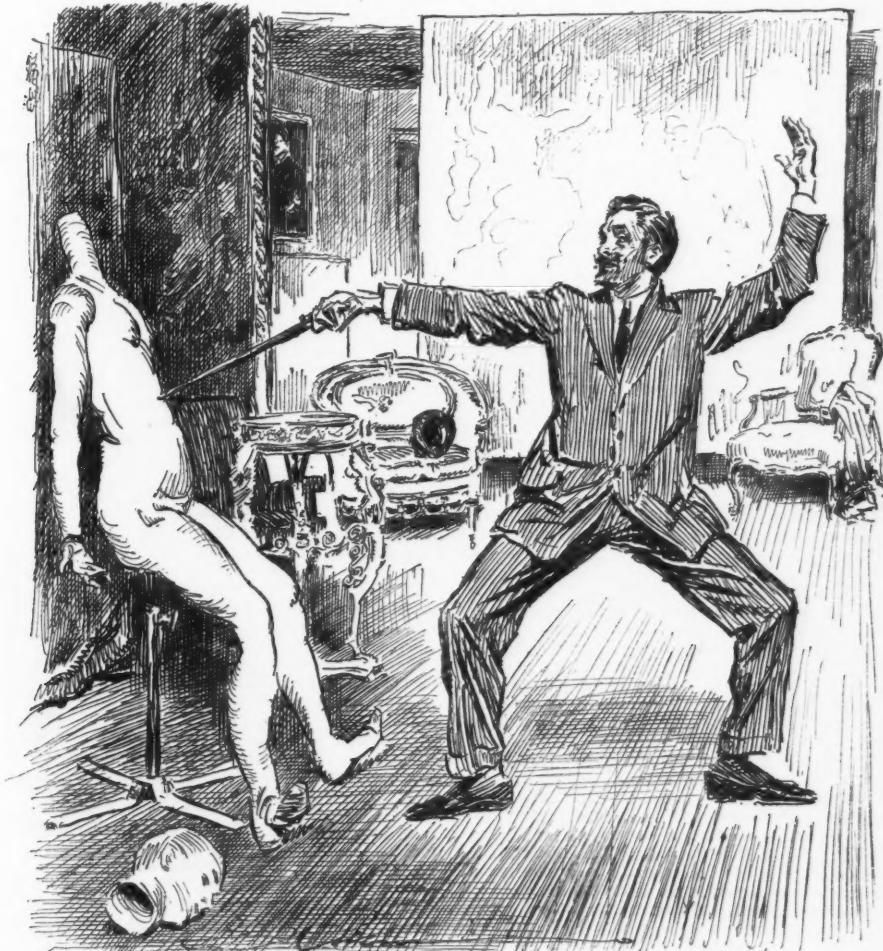
"No; not permanent. It won't last, Neville. Nothing does last—unless you can tell me whether my pictures are going to endure. Are they? I know that you will be as honest with me as I was—dishonest with you. I will believe what you say. Is my work destined to be permanent?"

"Don't you know that it is?"

"I thought so. But *you* know. Because, Neville, you are the man who is coming into what was mine, and what will be your own; and you are coming into more than that, Neville, more than I ever could have attained. Now answer me; will my work live?"

"Always," said Neville simply.

Querida smiled. "The rest doesn't matter then. Even Valerie doesn't matter. But you may hand me one of her roses. No, a bud, if you don't mind—unopened."



Ogilvy pirouetted, picked up a mahlstick, and began a lively fencing bout with an imaginary adversary.
"I'm going to get married," he said amiably

When it was time for Neville to go Querida's smile had faded, and the pink rose-bud lay wilted in his fingers.

"It is just as well, Neville," he said. "I couldn't have endured your advent. Somebody *has* to be first; I was—as long as I lived. It is curious how acquiescent a man's mind becomes—when he's like this. I never believed it possible that a man really could die without regret, without some shadow of a desire to live. Yet it is that way, Neville. But a man must lie dying before he can understand it."

XVI

ON the morning of the first day of June Neville came into his studio and found there a letter from Valerie:

DEAREST: I am not keeping my word to you; I am asking you for more time; and I know you will grant it.

José Querida's death has had a curious effect on me. I was inclined to care very sincerely for him; I comprehended him better than many people, I think. Yet there was much in him that I never understood. And I doubt that he ever entirely understood himself. I believe that he was really a great painter, Louis—and have sometimes thought that his character was medieval at the foundations—with five centuries of civilization thinly deposited over the bed-rock. In him there seemed to be something primitive, something untamable and utterly irreconcilable with the fundamental characteristics of modern man.

He was my friend. Friendship, they say, is a record of misunderstandings; and it was so with us. But may I tell you something? José Querida loved me—in his own fashion. What kind of a love it was—of what value—I cannot tell you. I do not think it was very high in the scale. Only he felt it for me, and for no other woman, I believe. It never was a love that I could entirely understand or respect; yet—it is odd but true—I cared something for it—perhaps because, in spite of its unfamiliar and sometimes repellent disguises, it was love, after all.

And now, as at heart and in mind you and I are one; and as I keep nothing of real importance from you—perhaps *cannot*—I must tell you that José Querida came that day to ask me to marry him. I tried to make him understand that I could not think of such a thing; and he lost his head and became violent. That is how the table fell: I had started toward the door when he sprang back to block me, and the low window-sill caught him under the knees, and he fell outward into the yard.

I know of course that no blame could rest on me, but it was a terrible and dreadful thing that happened there in one brief second; and somehow it seems to have moved in me depths that have never before been stirred. The newspapers, as you know, published it merely as an accident—which it really was. But they might have made it, by innuendo, a horror for me. However, they put it so simply and so unsuspiciously that José Querida might have been any nice man calling on any nice woman.

Louis, I have never been so lonely in my life as I have been since José Querida died; alas! not because he has gone out of my life forever, but because, somehow, the manner of his death has made me realize how difficult it is for a woman alone to contend with men in a man's own world. Do what she may to maintain her freedom, her integrity, there is always—sometimes impalpable, sometimes not—a steady, remorseless pressure on her, forcing her unwillingly to take frightened cognizance of men; to take into account their inexorable desire for domination, the subtle cohesion existent among them which, at moments, becomes like a wall of adamant, barring, limiting, inclosing, and forcing women toward the deep-worn grooves which women have trodden through the sad centuries—and which they tread still, and will tread perhaps for years to come before the real enfranchisement of mankind begins.

I do not mean to write bitterly, dear; but, somehow, all this seems to bear significantly, ominously, upon my situation in the world.

When I first knew you I felt so young, so confident, so free, so scornful of custom, so wholesomely emancipated from silly and unjust conventions, that perhaps I overestimated my own vigor and ability to go my way, un vexed, unfettered, in this man's world, and let the world make its own journey in peace. But it will not.

Twice, now, within a month—and not through any conscious fault of mine—this man's world has shown its teeth at me; I have been menaced by its innate scorn of woman, and have, by chance, escaped a publicity which would have damned me so utterly that I would not have cared to live.

And, dear, for the first time I really begin to understand now what the shelter of a family means; what it is to have law on my side—and a man who understands his man's world well enough to fight it with its own weapons, well enough to protect a woman from things she never dreamed might menace her.

When that policeman came into my room—dear, you will think me a perfect coward, but suddenly I seemed to realize what law meant, and that it had power to protect me or destroy me. And I was frightened—and the table lay there with the fragments of broken china—and there was that dreadful window—and I—I who knew how he fell! Louis! Louis! guiltless as I was—blameless in thought and deed—I died a thousand deaths there while the big policeman and the reporters were questioning me.

If it had not been for what José was generous enough to say, I could never have thought out a lie to tell them; I should have told them how it had really happened. And what the papers would have printed about him and about me, God only knows.

Never, never had I needed you as I needed you at that moment. Well, I lied to them, somehow; I said to them what José had said—that he was seated on the window-ledge, lost his balance, clutched at the table, overturned it, and fell. And they believed me. It is the first lie, since I was a little child, that I have even knowingly told. And I know now that I could never contrive to tell another.

Dear, let me try to think out what is best for us. And forgive me, Louis, if I cannot help a thought or two of self creeping in. I am so terribly alone. Somehow I am beginning to believe that it may sometimes be a weakness totally to ignore oneself. Not that I consider myself of importance compared to

you, my darling; not that I would fail to set aside any thought of self where your welfare is concerned. You know that, don't you?

But I have been wondering how it would be with you if I passed quietly and absolutely out of your life. That is what I am trying to determine. Because it must be either that or the tie unrecognized by civilization. And which would be better for you? I do not know yet. I ask more time. Don't write me. Your silence will accord it.

You are always in my thoughts.

VALERIE.

Ogilvy came into the studio that afternoon, loquacious, in excellent humor, and, lighting a pipe, detailed what news he had while Neville tried to hide his own deep perplexity and anxiety under a cordial welcome.

"You know," said Ogilvy, "that all the time you've given me and all your kindness and encouragement have made a corker of that picture of mine."

"You did it yourself," said Neville. "It's good work, Sam."

"Sure it's good work—being mostly yours. And what do you think, Kelly; it's sold!"

"Good for you!"

"Certainly it's good for me. I need the mazuma. A courteous multi purchased it for his Long Branch cottage—said cottage costing a million. What?"

"Oh, you're doing very well," laughed Neville.

"I've got to. I've—h'm—undertaken to assume obligations toward civilization—h'm—and certain duties to my—h'm—country."

"What on earth are you driving at?" asked Neville, eying him.

"Huh! Driving single just at present; practising for tandem—h'm—and a spike—h'm—some day—I hope—of course."

"Sam!"

"Hey?"

"Are you trying to say something?"

"Oh, Lord, no! Why, Kelly, did you suspect that I was really attempting to convey anything to you which I was really too embarrassed to tell you in the patois of my native city?"

"It sounded that way," observed Neville, smiling.

"Did it?" Ogilvy considered, head on one side. "Did it sound anything like a—h'm—a man who was trying to—h'm—to tell you that he was going to—h'm—to try to get somebody to try to let him try to tell her that he wanted to—marry her?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Neville, bewildered, "what do you mean?"

Ogilvy pirouetted, picked up a mahlstick,

and began a lively fencing bout with an imaginary adversary. "I'm going to get married," he said amiably.

"What?"

"Sure."

"To whom?"

"To Hélène d'Enver. Only she doesn't know it yet."

"What an infernal idiot you are, Sam!"

"Ya-as, so they say. Some say I'm an ass, others a bally idiot, others merely refer to me as imbecile. And so it goes, Kelly, so it goes."

He flourished his mahlstick, neatly punctured the air, and cried "Hah!" very fiercely. Then he said, "I've concluded to let Hélène know about it this afternoon."

"About what, you monkey?"

"About our marriage. *Won't* it surprise her though! Oh, no! But I think I'll let her into the secret before some suspicious gink gets wind of it and tells her himself."

Neville looked at the boy, perplexed, undecided, until he caught his eye. And over Sam's countenance stole a vivid and beautiful blush.

"Sam! I—upon my word I believe you mean it!"

"Sure I do!"

Neville grasped his hand. "My dear fellow," he said cordially, "I was slow, not unsympathetic. I'm frightfully glad—I'm perfectly delighted. She's a charming and sincere woman. Go in and win, and God bless you both!"

Ogilvy wrung his hand, then, to relieve his feelings, ran all over the floor like a spider and was pretending to spin a huge web in a corner when Harry Annan and Rita Tevis came in and discovered him.

"Hah!" he exclaimed, "flies! Two nice, silly, appetizing flies. Pretend to fall into my web, Rita, and begin to buzz like mad!"

Rita's dainty nose went up into the air, but Annan succumbed to the alluring suggestion, and presently he was buzzing frantically in a corner while Sam spun an imaginary web all over him.

Rita and Neville looked on for a while.

"Sam never will grow up," she said disdainfully.

"He's fortunate," observed Neville.

"You don't think so."

"I wish I knew what I did think, Rita. How is John?"

"I came to tell you. He has gone to Dartford."

"To see Dr. Ogilvy? Good! I'm glad, Rita. Billy Ogilvy usually makes people do what he tells them to do."

The girl stood silent, eyes lowered. After a while she looked up at him; and in her unfaltering but sorrowful gaze he read the tragedy which he had long since suspected. Neither spoke for a moment; he held out both hands, she laid hers in them, and her gaze became remote.

After a while she said in a low voice, "Let me be with you now and then while he's away, will you, Kelly?"

"Yes. Would you like to pose for me? I haven't anything pressing on hand. You might begin now if it suits you."

"May I?" she asked gratefully.

"Of course, child. Let me think—" He looked again into her dark blue eyes, absently, then suddenly his attention became riveted upon something which he seemed to be reading in her face.

Long before Sam and Harry had ended their puppy-like scuffling and had retired to woo their respective deputy-muses, Rita was seated on the model-stand, and Neville had already begun that strange and somber picture afterward so famous, and about which one of the finest of our modern poets wrote:

Her gold hair, fallen about her face,
Made light within that shadowy place,
But on her garments lay the dust
Of many a vanished race.

Her deep eyes, gazing straight ahead,
Saw years and days and hours long dead,
While strange gems glittered at her feet,
Yellow, and green, and red.

And ever from the shadows came
Voices to pierce her heart like flame,
The great bats fanned her with their wings,
The voices called her name.

But yet her look turned not aside
From the black deep where dreams abide,
Where worlds and pageantries lay dead
Beneath that viewless tide.

Her elbow on her knee was set,
Her strong hand propped her chin, and yet
No man might name that look she wore,
Nor any man forget.

All day long in the pleasant June weather they worked together over the picture; and if he really knew what he was about, it is uncertain, for his thoughts were of Valerie; and he painted as in a dream, and with a shadowy splendor that seemed even to him unreal.

They scarcely spoke; now and then Rita came silently on sandaled feet to stand behind him and look at what he had done. The first time she thought to herself, "Querida!" But the second time she remained mute; and when the daylight was waning to a golden gloom in the room she came a third time and stood with one hand on his arm, her eyes fixed upon the dawning mystery on the canvas—spellbound under the somber magnificence already vaguely shadowed forth from infinite depths of shade.

Gladys came and rubbed and purred around his legs; the most recent progeny toddled after her, ratty tails erect; sportive, casual little optimists frisking unsteadily on wavering legs among the fading sunbeams on the floor.

The sunbeams died out on wall and ceiling; high through the glass roof above, a shoal of rosy clouds paled to saffron, then to a cinder-gray. And the first night-hawk, like a huge, erratic swallow, sailed into view, soaring, tumbling aloft, while its short rauous cry sounded incessantly above the roofs and chimneys.

Neville was still standing before his canvas, palette flat across his left arm, the sheaf of brushes held loosely. "I suppose you are dining with Valerie," he said.

"No."

He turned and looked at her inquiringly. "Valerie has gone away."

"Where?"

"I don't know, Kelly. I was not to know."

"I see." He picked up a handful of waste and slowly began to clean the brushes, one by one. Then he drove them deep into a bowl of black soap. "Shall we dine together here, Rita?"

"If you care to have me."

"Yes, I do."

He laid aside his palette, rang up the kitchen, gave his order, and slowly returned to where Rita was seated.

Dinner was rather a silent affair. They touched briefly and formally on Querida and his ripening talent prematurely annihilated; they spoke of men they knew who were to come after him—a long, long way after him.

"I don't know who is to take his place," mused Neville.

"You."

"Not his place, Rita. He thought so; but that place must remain his."



They scarcely spoke; now and then Rita came silently on sandaled feet to stand behind him and look at what he had done

"Perhaps. But you will carve out your own niche in a higher tier. You are already beginning to do it; and yesterday his niche was the higher. Yet, after all—after all—"

He nodded. "Yes," he said, "what does it matter to him, now? A man carves out his resting-place, as you say, but he carves it out in vain. Those who come after him will either place him in his proper sepulcher or utterly neglect him. And neglect or transfer will cause him neither happiness nor pain. Both are ended for Querida—let men exalt him above all, or bury him and his work out of sight—what does he care about it now? He has had all that life held for

him, and what another life may promise him no man can know. All reward for labor is here, Rita; and the reward lasts only while the pleasure in labor lasts. Creative work, even if well done, loses its savor when it is finished. Happiness in it ends with the final touch. It is like a dead thing to him who created it; men's praise or blame makes little impression; and the aftertaste of both is either bitter or flat and lasts but a moment."

"Are you a little morbid, Kelly?"

"Am I?"

"It seems to me so."

"And you, Rita?"

The Common Law

She shook her pretty head in silence.

After a while Gladys jumped up into her lap, and she lay back in her armchair, smoothing the creature's fur and gazing absently into space.

"Kelly," she said, "how many, many years ago it seems when you came up to Delaware County to see us."

"It seems very long ago to me, too."

She lifted her blue eyes. "May I speak plainly? I have known you a long while. There is only one man I like better. But there is no woman in the world whom I love as I love Valerie West. May I speak plainly?"

"Yes."

"Then—be fair to her, Kelly. Will you?"

"I will try."

"Try very hard. For, after all, it is a man's world, and she doesn't understand it. Try to be fair to her, Kelly. For—whether or not the laws that govern the world are man-made and unjust—they are, nevertheless, the only laws. Few men can successfully fight them; no woman can—yet. I am not angering you, am I?"

"No. Go on."

"I have so little to say—I who feel so deeply—deeply. And the laws are always there, Kelly, always there—fair or unfair, just or unjust—they are always there to govern the world that framed them. And a woman disobeys them at her peril."

She moved slightly in her chair and sat supporting her head on one pretty, ringless hand.

"Yet," she said, "although a woman disobeys any law at her peril—laws which a man may often ignore with impunity—there is one law to which no woman should dare subscribe. And it is sometimes known as 'The Common Law of Marriage.'"

She sat silent for a while, her gaze never leaving his shadowy face.

"That is the only law—if it is truly a law—that a woman must ignore. All others it is best for her to observe. And if the laws of marriage are merely man-made or divine, I do not know. There is a din in the world to-day which drowns the voices preaching old beliefs. And a girl is deafened by the clamor. And I don't know. But it seems to me that, back of the laws men have made—if there be nothing divine in their inspiration—there is another foundation solid

enough to carry them. Because it seems to me that the world's laws—even when unjust—are built on natural laws. And how can a girl say that these natural laws are unjust because they have fashioned her to bear children and feed them from her own body?

"And another thing, Kelly; if a man breaks a man-made law—founded, we believe, on a divine commandment—he suffers only in a spiritual and moral sense. And with us it may be more than that. For women, at least, hell is on earth."

He stirred in his chair, and his somber gaze rested on the floor at her feet. "What are we to do?" he said dully.

Rita shook her head. "I don't know. I am not instructing you, Kelly, only recalling to your mind what you already know; what all men know, and find so convenient to forget. Love is not excuse enough; the peril is unequally divided. The chances are uneven; the odds are unfair. If a man really loves a woman, how can he hazard her in a game of chance that is not squeaf? How can he let her offer more than he has at stake—even if she is willing? How can he permit her to risk more than he is even able to risk? How can he accept a magnanimity which leaves him her hopeless debtor? But men have done it, men will continue to do it; God alone knows how they reconcile it with their manhood or find it in their hearts to deal so unfairly by us. But they do. And still we stake all; and proudly overlook the chances against us; and face the contemptible odds with a smile, dauntless and—damned!"

He leaned forward in the dusk; she could see his bloodless features now only as a pale blot in the twilight.

"All this I knew, Rita. But it is just as well, perhaps, that you remind me."

"I thought it might be as well. The world has grown very clever; but, after all, there is no steadier anchor for a soul than a platitude."

Ogilvy and Annan came mincing in about nine o'clock, disposed for flippancy and gossip; but neither Neville nor Rita encouraged them; so after a while they took their unimpaired cheerfulness and horse-play elsewhere, leaving the two occupants of the studio to their own silent devices.

It was nearly midnight when Neville walked back with Rita to her rooms.

The last instalment of "*The Common Law*" will appear in the October issue.

Just Boy

by Paul West



Illustrated by Worth Brehm

(V)

Brookdale mass january 7d

ERE DWITE:

Wel how are you Dwight,
happy Noo Yere, and I hoap it wil
be an hapier Noo Yere foar me
than the last wun waz, it coudent be anny
wurs. I doant kno but sense you mooved
away I nevver hav a good time anny moar,
all the fellers say so two, and thay wisht you
wood moove back, coudent you? I ast my
farther if you coudent come and maik me a
vissit, and he sed grate scots, why doant you
ast me to let you have a live allegater in the
howse insted, so I did, and praps he is going
to get me wun. If he dussent I wil ast him
agen if you can come, I hoap you can, so you
can see Persy Willis, you wil understand why
Loo Strong and me and all the fellers want to
get even with him and praps you can think
upp sum other way besides the way you sed
in yore leter, you kno Dwite, tar and fether
him. We tried that and it was fine, oanly I
dident get my slide tromboan for Christmuss
becaws we did it. It was like this Dwite.

I toald Loo Strong what you sed about tar
and fether, how thay did it to hoarse theeves
and he sed fine, we wil do it to Persy if we
can ketch him, and I sed but whare wil we
get the tar, I wisht we had thot of it when
thay was puting the noo roof on the school
howse, we cood of got slathers of ta then,
but Willie Bowker sed say my farther has
sum gloo in his carpenter shop, you kno
Mister Bowker is a carpenter, Dwite, so Loo
sed fine that wil be sticky enuff I gess, but
how abowt the fethers?

And I sed praps my muther wil let me
borow wun of her noo fether pillers and Loo
sed sure, so we took the gloo over to our
barn and I borred wun of my muthers pil-

lers, and we heeted the gloo. Then Loo sed
now who wil get Persy, if I went after him he
wood think it was a lie, you go Willie, you
can kepe a strate faise, so Willie did, and
Persy came over the fense, and we sed come
in the barn Persy, we aint mad anny moar
at you, and Persy sed, I am so glad, my lads,
and I eckstend the rite hand uv fellership.

And he did and Loo grabed it and puled
him into the barn, and then Eddie Rooney
and me and Willie Bowker and all the fellers
we jumped on him and riped off sum of his
close, and he sed what is the mening of this,
if you strike me it is a staits prissen offense
becaws I ware glasses, so we took them off,
and then Loo sed now hold him tite, and he
put sum of the gloo on Persy, and he yeld,
I gess praps it was hot, and then Eddie
Rooney riped my muthers piller open and
pored the fethers awl over him, I mene
Persy not Eddie, and Persy got away and
ran out of the barn.

And that nite thay was my Ant Nellie, she
is my fathers sister hoam from wellslly col-
lidge whare she goes, she was to hour howse
foar super, and she sed I wunder whare awl
thoase fethers in the yard come from, did you
see them Sammy? and I sed yes, and my farther
sed thay hasent annybody bin killing
chickins in hour yard has thay Sam? and I sed
not as I kno on farther, praps thay come offen
Persy Willis, gee, Dwite, I sed it befoar I thot.

And my farther sed Persy Willis hay, I noo
Persy was a burd, but sense when did he hav
ploomage? and I was neerly busting out cry-
ing becaws I thot I wood get a licking but
my Ant Nellie sed O its just sum innersent
fun uv the boys, Sam, lets not tawk abowt it.

So my farther dident say anny moar and
I went upstairs to do my lessens, and the bel
rung and it was Mister Willis, and my father
sed Merry Christmuss Mister Willis, it was

too days befoar, Dwite, but Mister Willis sed poastpoan yore greetings naybor untill I tel you the perpoart of my vissit and what yore sun has dun to my pure innersent boy, and he did.

And my farther sed what my sun do sutch a deed uv barberism, impossible, and Mister Willis sed hear is the evidents, and he cawled Persy in, say Dwite I looked over the bannustairs, and I coedent hardly kepe frum laffing, he looked like a owl, all fethers with his eyeglasses on, down to his waste whitch was all the far we had fethered him.

And my farther laffed and Uncle Walter laffed, but my muther and my Ant Nellie sed you poor boy, and Persy sed I forgiv them, and when he spok the fethers got in his mouth and he maid a gerbling sound. So my farther sed I am serprised at you Walter foar laffing at so serious a matter, and Uncle Walter sed I wassent laffing, sumthing was tickling my throte, I gess it was wun uv thosas fethers, and Mister Willis sed, as a minnister uv the gospil I wood tawk to yore sun myself, but being as Persy is my sun I will leve the matter in yore hands trusting you wil do yore dooty and my farther sed if you wil wate a few minnits you wil have the pleasure of seeing me do it.

But Mister Willis sed no, I shal now talk my sun and exhibbit him to Mister Strong and Mister Bowker and uthers whoseo suns were in the vile affare, come on Persy, and thay did.

So when thay waz gone, my farther and Uncle Walter I thot thay wood die laffing, and Uncle Walter sed gee, dident he look like a lambasting big plummuth rock rooster, and my farther sed Mister Willis is going to exhibbit him hay? If he wood charge admishun and cawl him the hooman chickin he wood pay off the det on the church, and then thay laffed sum moar, and I thot thay thot it was so funny that I laffed out lowd so thay wood hear me, and I come down stares.

But my farther stoped laffing rite away and grabed me, and sed now we wil settle this matter and my muther sed Sam, do yore dooty but do not loose yore temper, you kno how it gets the best uv you and he sed you kepe out of this, go upstairs if you doant want to here the fireworks, and he took me in his libry and gee Dwite, you know!



WORTH BREHM

We sed we aint mad anny moar at you, and Persy sed, I am so glad, my lads, and Ileckstend the rite hand uv fellership. And he did and Loo grabed it and puled him into the barn

Then he sed now you go to bed and that is not awl, I had a grate serprise for your Christmuss but now you doant get it, and I sed what was it farther, I thoat praps it waz the allegater, but he sed it was a slide tromboan, and you woant get it even if I haf to giv it to the Rooneys.

So you see Dwite, Persy always gets the best uv it sumhow, and besides he woant haf to go to school untill all the fethers haz woar off him.

But I gess I wil soon hav munny enuff to by a slide tromboan or annything I want becaus my Uncle Walter is going to give me sum if I do sumthing for him whitch it is this. Thay is a nuther young man in luv with my Ant Nellie, he is Mister Rejjinuld Baker and he is a harvud stootent, my Uncle Walter ses. And Uncle Walter ses, Sam, if that stootent shose up around this plaiice when I am at my offis I want you to maik it so hot foar him he wil not come agen, do you think you can do it? And I sed how, and Uncle Walter sed, wel if you cant think uv sum way thay aint anny, you cood diskuridge the angel Gaybrull frum showing up if you and yore gang took it into yore heds, so do it and I wil reward you with annything. So we are wating for Mister Baker to come and see my Ant Nellie, I wisht you waz hear to help us Dwite.

Wel, I hav got to do my lessuns now so I wil cloase, hoaping you are the sain.

yore aff. frend

SAMUEL TORREY, jr.

(VI)

Brookdale mass feb. 31 (I mene march 3)
DERE DWITE:

Wel how are you Dwite, I am pritty wel becaus I hert my hand and cannot taik anny moar pianno lessuns frum old Miss Cushman till it gets wel whitch I hoap wil be a long time. But it is my left hand Dwite, so it duz not kepe me frum havving fun, even if it duz kepe me frum playing, you

woodent understand it Dwite, but you haf to use yore left hand as mutch as yore rite when you play the pianno. It issent so bad oanly it taiks yore time when you cood be havving fun. I wil tell you how I hert my hand.

You know Dwite I toald you abowt that Mister Rejjinuld Baker, he is the harvud stootent whitch is in luv with my Ant Nellie, wel she got a leter frum him at brekfust the uther day and she sed to my muther

Rejjinuld Baker is cumming oaver frum Caimbridge today to taik me skaiting, and my muther sed I think it is mene the way you let him cum arownd to maik poor Walter jellus, but my Ant Nellie laffed and sed o praps it wil hurry wun or the uther uv them a littel, and I thoat if Uncle Walter had knew abowt it, it wood hurry him hoam.

Then I rememburd abowt how he toald me to kepe Rejjinuld away and diskuridge him, so I toald Loo

Strong and he sed darn it how can we, woant we be in school? but I sed cooden't we play hookey, I wil giv you haff the munny frum Uncle Walter if you wil play it with me, so Loo sed allrite, and after noon recess we hooked it hoam onaly we didnt go up hour strete you bet Dwite, but over thro Brookseys yard, and in a littel while we looked

oaver Brookseys fence and we saw my Ant Nellie and Rejjinuld go out of my howse with thare skaits, and Loo sed I bet they are going to Baileys pond, we can sneke ahed of them.

So we did and we hid behind thoaas pine trees you kno Dwite, and thay come along and Mister Baker put on my Ants skaits, and Loo sed lets us hit him with a sno ball, but I sed that woodent diskuridge him, and Loo sed if I put a hunk of ice in it I bet it wood, but I maid him wate.

Wel pritty soon thay went out skaiting,



Persy looked like a owl, all fethers with his eyeglasses on, down to his waste whitch was all the far we had fethered him

and Loo sed gee woodent it be fine if thay went nere that thin plaice and got ducked, and I sed wate, so I sneked around the pond and went out on the ice as nere the thin plaice as I dast, and then yeld o saive me. And my Ant Nellie sed o thare is a boy in dainger, and hevvinis he looks lik our Sammy, saive him, Mister Baker.

So Rejjinuld skaited lickety split rite whare I waz and he had to go over the thin plaice and gee Dwite it waz fine, he went rite in. But he broak the ice and I went in too, and he had to saive the boath of us.

So my Ant Nellie sed o you nobel hero, come rite hoam and get sum dry close, are you all rite Sammy, and I sed yes, so we went hoam quik, and my Ant Nellie toald my muther and sed he must have a soot of Walter's close, so my muther toald him what room to go into, and she kissed me and gaiv me sum hot lemmunaid and maid me go to bed. And evvery minnit it seemed like

Loo wood fire a sno ball up at my windo and when I oapend it wood say, is he diskurridged? but I sed no, he is down in hour parler singing the Spanish cavalleer and my Ant is playing the pianno, and Loo sed I wil fire a sno ball thro the parler windo, but I woodent let him.

Wel bimby my farther caim hoam and he sed thank the lord you are spaird to us, but wate, what time of day was this and my muther sed about wun oklock, and my farther sed aha, and how hapend it you wazent in school, and I didnt say annything, and he sed I see, and he terned down my bed close and gee Dwite, wel you kno.

Wel in a littel while my Uncle Walter com up to my room and he was hopping mad, and he sed Sam, how comes it this laddy da boy is rownd hear waring my best close and singing Upidee and acting like he oaned the hole shooting galry, and I toald him awl abowt it, and he sed well yore a good feller and even if you didnt diskurridge him this time you did yore best, I wil reward you, what do you want? and I sed wel I wood like a live allegater, so he sed I wil get wun tomorrer, and he did, but he sed you must kepe it hiden in the barn or thay wil taik it away frum you. It was a fine allegater Dwite, not verry big abowt 1 fut and $\frac{1}{4}$, I gess, but awful savidge so you cooden't put yore hand nere it.

Wel I thanked Uncle Walter a lot and he sed yore welkum, and after tonite I gess Rejjinuld woant nede to be diskurridged becaswe I am going to taik her to the church soshable, so he did.



WORLD BREATH

Rejjinuld skaited lickety split rite whare I waz and he had to go over the thin plaice and gee Dwite it waz fine, he went rite in. But he broak the ice and I went in too, and he had to saive the boath of us

And we awl went, all us fellers except Eddie Rooney whitch gose to the cathlick churcrh and dasent come to hours, so he staid outside and we sneked sum ice creme out to him. And I took my allegater with me, I had it in my pocket and it nerely got out, and when I put my hand in to push it down it bit me, whitch ishowIhert my hand.

Wel I waz wundering whare to hide him and just then my Uncle Walter sed Samm my, that con-fownded rah rah boy is hear, cant yore gang do annything to him, if thay doant his blud wil be on my hands and I wil be hung foar merder. And I sed I will as soon as I get my allegater hiden, and Uncle Walter sed what is the mater with the allegater, thay sed he waz helthy, and I sed he is, he is hungry thats awl, he nerely et my fingers off, and Uncle Walter sed wel you hide him and then report to me.

So I hid the allegater in a big gunny sack oaver to wun coarner of the room, and I waz just in time becaus just then Decon Chase, you kno the sooperintendent of the Sunday school, Dwite, he come and took the bag and he sed now this is the grate tressure stoar, fild with wunderful things onaly ten sents a grab, who wil be the furst?

And Rejjinuld he wanted to sho off and he sed let me, and sumbody ast my Uncle Walter, and he was going to, but I sed let Rejjinuld and I winked, so he did, and my Ant Nellie sed to Rejjinuld, now be sure

you get sumthing fine, and Rejjinuld sed whatever it is I wil giv it to you, and he put his hand in the bag and I wisht you had herd the yel he let out Dwite.

Wel he jump awl a round that room and he was yeling talk it off, talk it off, I am bit, and he skatterd all the things in the bag and all us fellers got them, and peopple waz saying o what is it? and the next thing thare was my allegater on the flore and Rejjinuld was oaver in the coarner awfull mad, and my Uncle



I wisht you had herd the yel he let out Dwite. Wel he jump awl a round that room and he was yeling talk it off, talk it off, I am bit

Walter waz laffing and he sed, wel Decon Chase that is a fine way to trete yore frends, puting daingerus wild reptiles in a grab bag, if that is yore idee of a goke I cannot see it, and Decon Chase sed do you think I wood do sutch a thing? Sum miskreent has dun this, who is it, and I waz going to say it waz mine, but Uncle Walter sed it is the property of Mister Baker, I gess, and Rejjinuld sed if you think yore funy you are mistaiken, I doant want it, and I sed can I hav it, and he sed with pressure, so I got my allegater back.

I am traning him Dwite, and that is his naim, too, Dwite, I naimed him after you, I new you wood like me to, becaus he is all rite, onaly a little savvidge.

Wel rite soon and tel me if you can come and pay me that vissit if my farther ses yes, so no moar now.

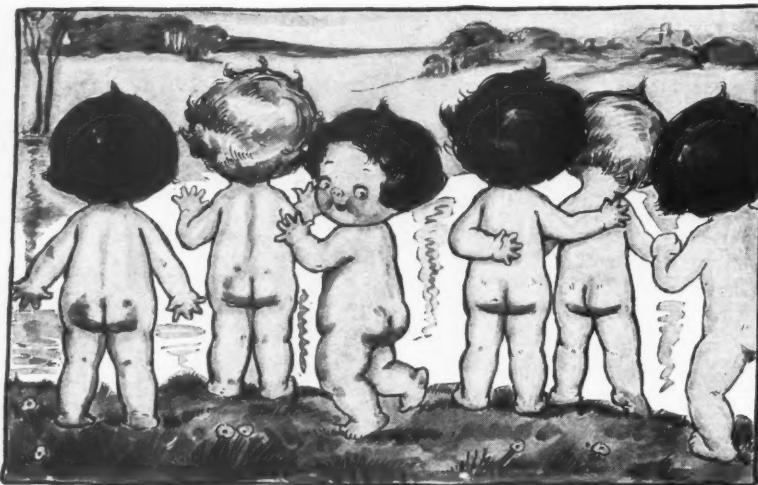
Yore aff. frend,

SAMUAL TORREY, JR.

The next instalment of "**Just Boy**" letters will appear in the October issue.

Men Are Deceivers Ever

Drawings by Grace G. Wiederseim. Verses by Key Cammack



Six little naked boys standing on a bank—
Each has a mother who, strangely, is a crank.



Swimming makes her fearful, so they do it on the sly
(Going home quite unaware that heads are far from dry!)



Six little splashes and the water is aquiver—
Six little bobbing heads in the friendly river;



Six, drying in the sun and scrambling into clothes;
Six, marching home again with no remorseful throes.



ARTHUR C. A. HALL

ARTHUR C. A. HALL, Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, is a witty story-teller. Here is one of his latest:

"There was a venerable Dr. Thurston who was much more at home in the mazes of theology than in the amenities of social life. Not long ago he was introducing to a younger clergyman, a handsome widower, a former parishioner of his own, no longer young, and extremely sensitive to the fact.

"My brother," said Dr. Thurston, leading the lady forward while his face beamed with genuine affection, "this is Miss Emma Lee, one of my old sheep."

JAMES WILSON, Secretary of Agriculture, tells this story:

About noonday a farmer met a boy who was struggling with a load of overturned hay. "Come home with me, feed your horses, and eat your dinner, and we will come back and put it on the wagon," said the horny-handed one.

"I'm afraid pappy might not like it," rejoined the bucolic youth. The farmer urged, and finally, although still protesting that he was "afeared pappy might not like it" the boy unhitched and accepted the invitation. An hour later they returned to the scene.

"Isn't this better than staying here hungry and tired?" exclaimed the farmer, as he tossed a fork full of hay on the wagon. "Yes, but I'm afeared pappy might not like it," was the rejoinder.

"Where is your pappy anyhow?"

"Pappy, he's under the hay."

CHAMP CLARK champions equal suffrage as being A A I + in theory, but in practice it has always reminded him of a devout constituent out in Missouri who once confessed that he and his wife had agreed to tell each other their faults—to be perfectly frank with each other in everything, as the ideal marriage state demands.

Asked by the sympathetic minority leader whether the plan had succeeded or failed, the other confided dolefully,

"Would you believe, Brother Clark, that she—she actually hasn't spoken to me for nearly a month."



JAMES WILSON

The Story-Tellers'

Sallies and Smiles from

Editor's Note.—Everybody has a "pet" story, and nearly everybody has been the subject of a laugh-provoking anecdote. In the case of noted men and women especially it will be discovered that at least one good story, either personal or attached to some one equally prominent, is cherished by each one for occasions. In this department we strive to print only the

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM H. EMORY, while attached to the navy yard, New York, had under his command a young Barbadoes negro whom he enlisted as a mess attendant while at the Islands. The admiral was busily engaged with a large amount of official mail when the mess attendant came in hurriedly announcing, "A message from de general, sah."

"General who?" inquired the admiral.

"General deliberry, sah," replied the innocent-looking negro, handing the admiral a general-delivery letter.

MAYOR DUNNE, of Chicago, says that he recently visited a barber-shop where the barber, failing to recognize him, was very talkative.

"Have you ever been here before?" asked the barber.

"Once," said the mayor.

"Strange that I don't recall your face."

"Not at all," the mayor assured him. "It altered greatly in healing."

OLLIE JAMES, the famous Kentucky Congressman and raconteur, hails from a little town in the western part of the state, but his patriotism is state-wide, and when Louisville made a bid for the last Democratic national convention she had no more



WILLIAM H. EMORY

enthusiastic supporter than James. A Denver supporter was protesting,

"Why, you know, Colonel," said he, "Louisville couldn't take care of the crowds. Even by putting cots in the halls, parlors, and dining-rooms of the hotels there wouldn't be beds enough."

"Beds!" echoed the genial Congressman, "why, sir, Louisville would make her visitors have such a thundering good time that no gentleman would think of going to bed!"



OLIE M. JAMES

Hall of Fun

People Worth While

best. We want genuinely funny stories as narrated by or told about living men and women whose names are universally familiar. We are glad to pay liberally for those that are found available. If you know a truly famous person ask him for his favorite anecdote, or find out the best one about him, and send it to the Anecdote Editor of the *COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE*.

SENATOR HALE, of Maine, met Senator Spooner one day when there was to be a night session of the Senate. "Spooner," said Hale, "I suppose you will be at the night session?"

"I don't see how I can," Spooner replied. "I have a dinner engagement that prevents."

"Spooner," remonstrated Senator Hale, "that isn't the right spirit. We have an enormous quantity of work to do, and we must give up our pleasures for the duties our constituents have entrusted us to perform. We are needed at our desks."

Senator Spooner thought it over and telephoned his wife that he could not get to the dinner because of the night session. He told her to go and have a good time, and he remained at his desk until the Senate adjourned. When he reached home he asked Mrs. Spooner if she had a good time.

"Delightful," said she.

"Who took you in to dinner?" asked Spooner.

"Senator Hale," Mrs. Spooner replied.

NEHEMIAH D. SPERRY, who is in Congress from Connecticut, in answer to some pointed questions regarding woman-suffrage, told this story:

"It was at a Washington dinner. The hostess, a pronounced believer that women should vote, smiled a smile of rare pleasure. She reflected complacently that she had captured a cabinet officer for the dinner. The



EUGENE HALE

conversation was bowling along smoothly, and she leaned forward to listen.

"With due regard to the fair sex," said the guest of honor, pleasantly, "still I must insist that no woman can devote all her time to the question of suffrage without neglecting her household and children."

"Not at all," smiled the hostess. "I think I can persuade you to the contrary if you—" She paused, observing that he was staring with wide-open eyes at the doorway. A tiny, nude figure stood there.



NEHEMIAH D. SPERRY



WILLIAM S. KENYON

conversation was bowling along smoothly, and she leaned forward to listen.

"With due regard to the fair sex," said the guest of honor, pleasantly, "still I must insist that no woman can devote all her time to the question of suffrage without neglecting her household and children."

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EBEN S. DRAPER

"Mama," piped a shrill voice, "Mary's in the kitchen, and I can't find my nighty."

E X - G O V E R N O R DRAPER, of Massachusetts, has an amusing anecdote about a friend who is the owner of a large manufacturing plant near Hopedale.

"One day," said Mr. Draper, "through his own carelessness, a man was injured in the mill. My friend took the accident very much to heart; paid all the expenses incurred, and when the man became convalescent he stopped in to read aloud to him.

"'Thot's foine,' said the patient, as the first chapter was completed; 'read it agin.' After the second reading, the man said earnestly, 'Plaze, sor, if ye do not moind, wud ye sit on th' bed by me an' read it agin?"

"'Certainly,' said the visitor, 'but before I do, tell me why the opening chapter comforts you so.'

"'Because, sor, ye've a rich breath, an' whin Oi closes me eyes Oi seems to be out wid th' b'ys.'"

SENATOR KENYON, who was recently elected to the lamented Dolliver's place in the Senate, is credited with this story:

"Judging from the stuff printed in the newspapers, we are a pretty bad lot. Almost in the class a certain miss whom I know unconsciously puts us in. It was at a recent examination at her school that the question was put, 'Who makes the laws of our government?'

"'Congress,' was the united reply.

"'How Congress divided?' was the next query.

"'My young friend raised her hand.'

"'Well,' said the teacher, 'what do you say the answer is?'

"Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the Miss replied, 'Civilized, half civilized, and savage.'"

"THE evidence," said the judge, "shows that you threw a stone at this man."

"Sure," replied Mrs. O'Hoolihan, "and the looks at the man shows more than that, yer honor; it shows that Oi hit him."

MAGAZINE SHOP-TALK

WE are proud of our fiction showing in the present number and prouder still of our fiction plans for the coming year. Both in short stories and in serials the *COSMOPOLITAN*, without regard to expense, has secured for the next twelve months the best work of the best writers, both English and American. In the list of good things to come let us mention, first, a novel of American life, by David Graham Phillips, that begins serially next month (October) and sets forth the problems of an American young woman with a vividness and power that will, we believe, stir in our readers the same compelling interest that was aroused by "The Common Law."

A New Rival for Valerie West

We realize that it is claiming much for Phillips's new heroine to say that she will do what Valerie West of "The Common Law" has done; that is, set half the women in the country talking about her, sympathizing with her, and wondering how in the world she is going to escape from

her troubles and perplexities. And yet we venture the prophecy that Phillips's heroine will do that very thing, for the same great appeal is there, the same heart-throbs and the same endlessly interesting struggle of a young woman beset by perils within and perils without—all these are present in this forthcoming novel that Phillips finished just before his death.

The title of this new serial we will not yet reveal, nor much about the heroine, except that, in her desire to be true to what is best in her, she deliberately abandons a life of ease and luxury with an impossible husband and, single handed, begins the fight for existence in New York City and the working out of her own destiny. It is an unconventional and in some ways a painful story, but it will go straight to the hearts of thousands of women who feel themselves bound by shameful shackles that they fain would break, but dare not. And it will be read with absorbed attention by tens of thousands who know only too well the heart-breaking obstacles, the cunningly hidden pitfalls, that thwart and deceive and often destroy an attractive young woman when she faces the city struggle alone.



Charles Dana Gibson and Robert W. Chambers working out the plans for illustrations of Mr. Chambers's new serial, beginning in *Cosmopolitan* in the November issue

**New Chambers-Gibson Serials
for *Cosmopolitan***

In addition to this vital story by David Graham Phillips, which will be illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, we take pleasure in announcing two great new serials by Robert W. Chambers—one to begin in November and one immediately following this to begin in one of our mid-winter numbers and to run through next year. Both these new serials will be illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson, whose illustrations of "The Common Law" have so charmingly aided our readers to visualize Mr. Chambers's character creations. The immense popularity of these two, artist and novelist, gives particular value to their collaboration in the *Cosmopolitan* and also to an arrangement that we have made by which their entire serial output for a period of five years will appear exclusively in these pages.

Already Gibson has begun the important work of selecting the living models that will pose for the characters in Chambers's new serials, for each character has its flesh-and-blood counterpart, and for one model that is chosen a dozen eagerly apply at the red-painted door of the artist's studio overlooking Central Park. Sometimes Chambers himself is present at these selective séances and gives his opinions pro or con as to the fitness of the various applicants. In view of the important collaboration of Chambers and Gibson in this magazine there is a certain significance in the fact that these two met first years ago at the American Art Students' League, where they worked side by side at companion easels. This was in the winter of 1883 when Chambers aspired to be a painter, not a novelist.



David Graham Phillips's favorite method of work. Mr. Phillips's new novel begins in *Cosmopolitan* next month



A characteristic snap-shot of Howard Chandler Christy, who has joined the *Cosmopolitan* family of "top-notchers" and who is illustrating the new David Graham Phillips serial beginning next month

We make bold to say that these forthcoming novels by David Graham Phillips and Robert W. Chambers, constitute the most attractive combined feature in serial fiction that has ever been offered by an American magazine.

The Best Stories Money Can Buy

In looking ahead for the best features for *COSMOPOLITAN* readers and in studying the offerings of other popular magazines from month to month, we are struck by the constant and increasing demand for good short stories that is indicated everywhere. Fifty, sixty, eighty, even one hundred per cent. of their available space is devoted by our leading magazines to this form of

literary entertainment. They may or may not publish serials and serious articles, but all of them, with scarcely an exception, publish short stories, more and more short stories. The same is true of our weekly periodicals, of our Sunday newspapers, and, to some extent, of our daily papers. Which points to an insatiable short-story demand on the part of the American public, a demand that keeps growing and must continue to grow as more and more of our eighty million or so possible readers discover the allurements of the brief and diverting tale.

Unfortunately, it is one thing to recognize this almost universal demand for good short stories and quite another thing to supply it. Short stories that are really worth while are surprisingly hard to find, when one considers how many men and women are trying to write them; indeed, the number of authors that can be counted upon to turn out such really worthwhile short stories is alarmingly limited. The *COSMOPOLITAN* does not presume to say that it has in its service *all* the best short-story writers, but it has *most* of them—such brilliant craftsmen as Jack London, George Randolph Chester, Arthur B. Reeve, Bruno Lessing, Virginia Terhune Van de Water, Maurice Leblanc, creator of the famous "Lupin," Sir Gilbert Parker, and a host of others—for the excellent reason that as soon as a short-story writer of the first class appears, anywhere, the *COSMOPOLITAN* gets him and keeps him for these pages—*at any price*.

